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Pennsylvania German Society



VOLUME I

NORRISTOWN, PA.

1844

Pennsylvania German
Society

PROCEEDINGS and ADDRESSES

at

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Lancaster, Pa., October 17, 1941

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VOL. L

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

1944



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Pennsylvania German Society

NORRISTOWN HERALD, Inc.

Norristown, Pa.

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Lancaster: Gedruckt bey Francis Bailey

Des Landes Vater.



EXPLANATION OF CUT

The Frontispiece of the 1779 Almanac, printed in German at Lancaster, by Francis Bailey, shows a winged figure of Fame, holding in one hand a medallion with the picture of Washington and in the other hand a long tuba to her lips from which issues a blast with the printed legend "Des Landes Vater"—the Father of his Country. To leave no doubt as to the identity of the laurel-crowned head on the medallion, the name of Washington is printed besides it, quaintly spelled "Waschington." It is said this is the first reference in print to George Washington as the Father of his Country.

The Almanac was compiled by David Rittenhouse.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY
FOR 1941

President HENRY S. BORNEMAN
Vice-President CHARLES R. ROBERTS
Secretary REV. SCOTT BRENNER
Treasurer FREDERICK S. FOX

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WILLIAM S. TROXELL



PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SOCIETY MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL MEETING

Franklin & Marshall College,
Lancaster, Pa.
October 17, 1941.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the organization of the Pennsylvania German Society was held at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., on October 17, 1941.

BUSINESS MEETING

The Society was called to order in the Little Theatre of the Fine Arts Building of Franklin and Marshall College at 10 A. M. Henry S. Borneman acted as Chairman of the meeting.

Scott Brenner, the Secretary, read the Minutes of the Annual Meeting of the Society, held at State College, October 18, 1940, and they were on Motion approved.

The Report of Frederick S. Fox, as Treasurer, was presented through the Secretary and, on Motion, referred to C. H. Martin and A. M. R. Angstad, as a Committee to audit the accounts presented and to make return of its report to the Board of Directors.

The Secretary reported that the Auditing Committee appointed at last year's meeting, finding the accounts of the Treasurer to be correct, had been filed with the Board of Directors.

The Secretary then read his Annual Report, copy of which is hereto annexed, in accordance with the provisions of the By-Laws.

The term of office of Messrs. Roberts, Smith, Strassburger, Cope and Brenner having expired, nominations to fill their vacancies were declared to be in order and, thereupon, Messrs. Roberts, Strassburger, Cope, Brenner and Harry B. Hostetter were nominated and the nominations were, upon Motion, closed. On Motion, the Directors so nominated were unanimously elected by acclamation for the term of three years.

Upon Motion, the Secretary was instructed to extend to those who have contributed to the program of this meeting the sincere thanks of the Society.

There being no further business, the Business Meeting closed, and, thereupon, the following program was carried out.

HISTORICAL PROGRAM

10.30 A. M.

Mr. Harold F. Diffenderffer, Honorary Chairman.

Biography of Rev. Caspar Stoeber, by Rev. Leroy R. Winters.

Address by G. Edwin Brumbaugh on the Restoration of the Ephrata Cloisters.

Address on the Life of Rev. Henry Harbaugh by Elizabeth Clarke Kieffer.

President's Annual Address by Henry S. Borneman.

EXHIBITS IN FACKENTHAL LIBRARY

Mr. Herbert B. Anstaett, Mrs. A. K. Hostetter and their Associates have arranged in the Fackenthal Library a Special Exhibit of Books, Manuscripts and Relics of

Pennsylvania German Interest. The Members are invited and urged to inspect this Exhibit, which will be open throughout the Day.

LUNCHEON

Hotel Brunswick, 1 P. M.

Rev. Scott Brenner, Presiding.

253 persons were present at the Luncheon.

Invocation by Rev. Titus S. Alspach, Pastor of St. Paul's Reformed Church, Lancaster.

Address by Dr. Dale Carey, Mayor of Lancaster.

Reading of Poem by Miss Mabel G. Sayer, of Reading, Pa.

Dr. H. M. J. Kline, of Franklin & Marshall College, delivered an address.

William S. Troxell read a dialect report of the first meeting of the Society written by A. R. Rauch.

Music was rendered by instrumental trio.

SIGHT-SEEING

A Folder, describing the places of Historical Interest to be visited in and about Lancaster, was given to those present and they could then determine the places which they desired to visit.

Scott Brenner,
Secretary.

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SOCIETY ANNUAL
REPORT SUBMITTED BY SCOTT BRENNER,
SECRETARY

Lancaster, Pa., October 17, 1941.

To the Members of the Pennsylvania German Society:

The By-Laws of the Society require that the Secretary shall submit at each Annual Meeting a Report of the activities of the Board of Directors during the year, which has just closed. In accordance with that direction, the following Report is respectfully submitted:

Meetings of the Board of Directors

The Board of Directors held four stated meetings during the year for the transaction of current business in fulfillment of the requirement of the By-Laws. At these meetings action was taken upon Applications for Membership, and consideration was given to the current business of the Society leading up to its Annual Meeting.

Minutes of all meetings have been kept, as required by the By-Laws.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF THE SOCIETY

The following is a list of the Directors now in service:

Charles R. Roberts, 520 N. 6th St., Allentown, Pa.
Alfred Percival Smith, 6391 Overbrook Ave., Phila., Pa.
Ralph Beaver Strassburger, Gwynedd Valley, Pa.
Jacob Erdman Cope, Sellersville, Pa.
Rev. Scott Brenner, 611 Walnut St., Reading, Pa.
Henry S. Borneman, 1018 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Phila., Pa.
H. Winslow Fegley, 952 N. 5th St., Reading, Pa.
David A. Miller, "Allentown Call," Allentown, Pa.
Harold F. Diffenderffer, R. D. 3, Lancaster, Pa.
William S. Troxell, 727 N. 20th St., Allentown, Pa.
Frederick S. Fox, Times-Herald Bldg., Norristown, Pa.
Frederic A. Godcharles, Milton, Pa.
Rev. Thomas R. Brendle, Egypt, Pa.
Dr. John B. Ludy, Medical Arts Bldg., Phila., Pa.
W. Emmert Swigart, Huntingdon, Pa.

In accordance with the provision of the By-Laws, the Directors met after the last Annual Meeting and elected the following Officers:

Henry S. Borneman, President.
Charles R. Roberts, Vice-President.
Scott Brenner, Secretary.
Frederick S. Fox, Treasurer.

The Board of Directors wishes to put upon its records an expression of appreciation of the service of Mr. Ralph Beaver Strassburger as President during a period of twelve years, during which time, with his assistance, meetings of outstanding interest were held and publications of the greatest historical value were distributed to the Members of the Society. Mr. Strassburger having indicated his desire to retire from the Presidency, Henry S. Borneman, Esq., who had served as Secretary for many years, was elected as the President of the Society, and Scott Brenner was elected as Secretary.

MEMBERSHIP

Applications for Membership had been received during the year and added to the rolls of the Society.

There have been losses, through resignations and deaths.

It is noteworthy that only nine members have resigned during the year.

It is with sorrow that a record has to be made of the loss of 15 members through death.

DEATHS SINCE LAST ANNUAL MEETING

Mrs. Charles P. Abraham, Lancaster.
Paul B. Anspach, Easton.
B. F. Fackenthal, Jr., Riegelsville (former President).
E. Foster Heller, Wilkes-Barre.
John L. Hertz, Lititz.
Jacob H. Hoffman, Doylestown.

Garson M. Huyett, Reading.
Cyrus Kehr, Washington, D. C.
Claude W. Kress, New York, N. Y.
Edward L. Osterstock, Easton.
Ralph C. Sharadin, Ardmore.
Henry S. Snyder, Bethlehem.
Reginald C. Snyder, Norwalk, O.
John H. Waidelich, Sellersville.
Charles D. Weirick, Lebanon (Director).

The Active Membership at the present time approximates 550 men and women.

FINANCES

Mr. Frederick S. Fox presents his report, which is attached hereto, as Treasurer of the Society. It shows a cash balance of \$2,753.25 on October 16, 1940. It is suggested that in accordance with the practice heretofore prevailing, an Auditing Committee be appointed at this meeting to audit the Treasurer's account. An Auditing Committee, consisting of Mr. C. H. Martin and Mr. L. B. Herr, was appointed at the last Annual Meeting and they rendered their report to the Board of Directors wherein they approved the account of the Treasurer submitted at the last Annual Meeting.

ACTIVITIES

Aside from the current business transacted at the meetings by the Board of Directors, constant consideration was given by the members of the Board looking to the carrying out of the purposes of the Society. It has again been the policy of the Board to procure definitive papers or theses to be published in the Proceedings of the Society. The sense of the Board still is that the most permanent value of the work of the Society is best reflected in the preparation of theses or papers which are

comprehensive and definitive by authors who make their work so complete that the subject will not have to be treated again.

The last of the Proceedings distributed is Volume 48. This volume was taken up with the publication of Pennsylvania German Verse, an Anthology of representative selections in the Dialect, popularly known as Pennsylvania Dutch. This was prepared under the direction of Dr. Harry S. Reichard. The Volume has received commendation and praise from the highest authorities.

There is now running through the press Volume 49, which will contain a comprehensive treatise on the "Old Order Amish of Lancaster County, Pa.," prepared by Rev. Calvin G. Bachman. This volume will be distributed before the close of the year.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Society is this year celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary of its founding and, in view of the fact that the Society was organized in the City of Lancaster, the Board of Directors is pleased to report the happy co-operation of the authorities of Franklin & Marshall College and the Members of the Society and citizens of Lancaster who have so willingly given of their time and energy in arranging for the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary in the City of the founding of the Society.

APPRECIATION

The sincere appreciation of the Society is extended to the authorities of Franklin & Marshall College for permission to hold the Annual Meeting at the College, and also for the assistance which the Officers of the College have so kindly rendered in completing the arrangements for this meeting.

The thanks of the Society are also extended to the local committee and to those who are taking part in the exercises of the day and whose names appear upon the printed program of the meeting.

Respectfully submitted,

SCOTT BRENNER,
Secretary.

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SOCIETY
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Lancaster, Pa.
October 17, 1941.

ADDRESS OF HENRY S. BORNEMAN, PRESIDENT

Ladies and Gentlemen:

FOUNDING OF THE SOCIETY

The Pennsylvania German Society was organized in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1891. The celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the first meeting which was held in the Court House of that city, naturally brings into the foreground a recital of the circumstances surrounding its organization.

It is an impressive fact that each of the Founders of the Society has paid the toll of time during the half century which has passed and not a single one of them remains to tell the story of their labors. Frequently origins are vague and traditional and the subject of conjecture. Happily for us, the beginnings of the Society were recorded with accuracy and they have been preserved with care.

Frank R. Diffenderffer, the Editor of the "Lancaster New Era," was the Secretary of the Society from its beginning until October of 1894. His Minutes were kept with painstaking care and the story of the organization of the Society, as prepared and recorded by him in the first Minute Book of the Society, is as follows:

COPY OF MINUTES

"During the months of December, 1890, and January, 1891, articles appeared in various Pennsylvania journals, more particularly in the *Lebanon Report*, *Lancaster New Era* and the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, advocating the formation of a

Pennsylvania German Society. The New Era was especially earnest in the matter, and finally a correspondence was opened by one of its editors, Mr. F. R. Diffenderffer, with Dr. William H. Egle, then State Librarian, on the subject and he was invited to visit Lancaster to discuss the matter. The result was he came to Lancaster on February 14th, 1891, and in the editorial rooms of the New Era found the following gentlemen who had been invited to meet him: Rev. Dr. John S. Stahr, president of Franklin and Marshall College; Dr. R. K. Buehrle, City School Superintendent; Rev. J. Max Hark, Dr. E. O. Yyte, Principal of the State Normal School at Millersville, and Frank R. Diffenderffer, of the New Era. After a full and free discussion of the whole question, it was decided to invite a number of representative men in the German counties of Eastern Pennsylvania to an informal conference in the City of Lancaster on Friday, the 26th of February.

"That was done, and on the above mentioned day, Feby. 26, 1891, a number of men met in the Study of Dr. J. Max Hark, in the Moravian parsonage. It was found that nine counties were represented as follows: Lehigh County by Judge Edwin Albright and Dr. A. R. Horne. Northampton County by Hon. Jeremiah S. Hess and Rev. Paul deSchweinitz. Carbon County by E. H. Rauch. York County by Hiram Young. Lebanon County by Rev. Theodore Schmauk and Lee L. Grumbine. Luzerne County by Rev. F. K. Levan. Chester County by Julius F. Sachse. Dauphin County by Dr. William E. Egle, E. W. Parthemore and Maurice C. Eby. Lancaster County by Dr. J. Max Hark, Rev. H. A. Brickenstein and F. R. Diffenderffer.

"On motion, Dr. Egle was called to preside over the preliminaries of the meeting. In assuming the chair he made a few brief remarks in which he outlined the purposes of the conference. On motion, F. R. Diffenderffer was elected temporary Secretary.

"Mention was made that several gentlemen who were prominent in issuing the call for this conference were unavoidably absent. A large number of letters having been received from prominent persons, residing in various parts of the State, who felt a deep interest in the present movement but who were unable to attend, their reading was called for. Among them were letters from Governor James A. Beaver. Rev. Dr. M. Sheeleigh, Judge Joseph C. Bucher, Judge Samuel H. Pennypacker, Rev. Dr. C. L. Weiser, H. L. Fisher and others. All were full of approval and encouragement of the contemplated project, offering the hearty co-operation of the writers in every possible way to further the cause under consideration.

"The Chairman having called for an expression of views, Dr. Horne responded in a brief but enthusiastic speech in which he declared the modesty of the Pennsylvania-Germans

had been one of the main obstacles to their fuller recognition. He paid a glowing tribute to the men of German birth who had done so much to lay broad and deep the foundations of Pennsylvania's prosperity and greatness. Judge Albright followed in a vigorous address in which he outlined his views, as to the aims and objects of an association like the one under consideration, and how its success could best be assured. Mr. J. S. Hess suggested that the Association which it was proposed to organize, should be the parent Society, Local ones might also be established where it seemed desirable. He advocated the name of "*Pennsylvania-German Society*."

"This suggestion at once called forth an animated discussion. Mr. E. H. Rauch thought a more appropriate name would be "*Pennsylvania Dutch Society*," and gave his reasons at length for preferring that name. This point was debated at great length and with no little animation and spirit, by Messrs. Levan, DeSchweinitz, Hark, Horne, Brickenstein and others, almost every person taking part in the discussion, on one side or the other. The suggestion to defer the matter to a subsequent meeting was not agreed to, and a resolution to use the name "*Pennsylvania-German Society*" in the general call to be issued was finally carried.

"Mr. Parthemore moved that a call for a general Convention be issued, suggesting the city of Lebanon as the place in which to hold it. Several gentlemen advocated Philadelphia as a more suitable place from its being more accessible from all points, and the metropolis of the State. Considerable discussion ensued, when the matter was finally settled by naming Lancaster as the place of meeting.

"On motion the Chairman was instructed to appoint a committee of five, of which he should also be a member, to prepare a call for a general Convention, and Wednesday, April 15th, was the time agreed upon to hold it. This committee, subsequently named, consisted of Messrs. Schmauk, Stahr, Young, Buehrle and Diffenderffer.

"On motion of Mr. Schmauk, those present were requested to prepare lists of persons in their respective localities, who were known to be enlisted in this cause, and forward them to the Secretary. There being no further business the meeting then adjourned.

"The Committee provided for by the proceedings of the meeting of February 20th, as named by the Chairman, was composed of Dr. W. H. Egle, Hiram Young, George F. Baer, Theodore E. Schmauk and F. R. Diffenderffer. It was called together on March 9th, and met in the New Era Building in Lancaster. All the members were present except Mr. Baer, who sent a note explaining his absence. The opinions of the several members of the Committee were given as to the nature and phraseology of the address to be issued. The call on the next page was agreed upon, and it was at once decided to issue and circulate it as widely as

possible among the persons of Pennsylvania-German descent in this State. It was also sent to several hundred newspapers in Eastern and Central Pennsylvania.

"The following is a summary of the printed notice or call, which was mailed at large to persons interested:

"At the preliminary conference held in Lancaster, February 26, 1891, it was resolved to call a meeting to be held on April 15, 1891, at 10 A. M. in the City of Lancaster to organize a Pennsylvania-German Society. The call was issued by the following:

W. H. Egle, M. D., Dauphin County.
E. W. S. Parthemore, Dauphin County.
R. K. Buehrle, Lancaster County.
H. A. Brickenstein, Lancaster County.
F. R. Diffenderffer, Lancaster County.
T. C. Zimmerman, Berks County.
A. R. Horne, Lehigh County.
Paul de Schweinitz, Northampton County.
Hiram Young, York County.
L. L. Grumbine, Lebanon County.
S. P. Heilman, Lebanon County.
Julius F. Sachse, Chester County.
Benjamin Whitman, Erie County.
C. P. Humrich, Cumberland County.
Benjamin M. Nead, Franklin County.
Daniel Eberly, Adams County.
Maurice C. Eaby, Dauphin County.
John S. Stahr, Lancaster County.
J. Max Hark, Lancaster County.
E. O. Lyte, Lancaster County.
George F. Baer, Berks County.
Edwin Albright, Lehigh County.
Jere. S. Hess, Northampton County.
E. H. Rauch, Carbon County.
Theodore E. Schmauk, Lebanon County.
Grant Weidman, Lebanon County.
F. K. Levan, Luzerne County.
James A. Beaver, Centre County.
Boyd Crumrine, Washington County.
S. W. Pennypacker, Philadelphia.
H. A. Muhlenberg, Berks County."

"Recorded by Frank R. Diffenderffer, Secretary."

That is the record in detail, of the facts surrounding the founding of the Society.

As thus established the Society continued as an unincorporated body until the year 1930 when the Society was organized as a corporation under the Laws of the State of Pennsylvania and a Charter was granted by the Court of Common Pleas of Lancaster County.

I will not attempt to detail the activities of the Society during the last 50 years inasmuch as a full account thereof recorded year by year, appears in the printed publications of the Society comprising 49 volumes.

NAME OF THE SOCIETY

During the last half century there has been a constant discussion as to the propriety of the name of the Society adopted by its Founders. May I point out three interesting and instructive facts applicable to this discussion? Parenthetically I may say that not all interesting facts are instructive, as is well known by those who listen to the radio programs of "Information Please, "Take It or Leave It" or the "Quiz Kids."

First, those who support the use of the term "Pennsylvania German" assert that that term is the proper translation of the word "Deutsch." They also say that the name gives recognition to the ethnic origin of this racial group. Furthermore, that historians hold that the word "German" is in accord with the scientific terminology of historical writing. Second, there are those who would use the term "Pennsylvania Dutch." Their argument is that the long usage of that term has given it a definite meaning, which is well understood by writers of American history; furthermore, that the term refers to a group of citizens of the United States who have become thoroughly Americanized and that the use of the term is free from implications of foreign influence.

It is to be observed in the third place that no one has urged the use of a name different from either of the two just referred to and all are in entire accord with the broad purposes of the Society. This may be in analogy to domestic circumstances with which we are all familiar, when a name is to be bestowed upon the first-born babe. The mother and her branch of the family advocate the

name "John"; the father and his branch of the family advocate the name of "William." Of course, the child is named "John." The discussion never ceases but the sweet thing is that both branches of the family love the child.

MEMBERSHIP AND OFFICERS

Active Membership in the Society has always been limited to descendants from an ancestor of Germanic origin who arrived on American shores in early days. The year 1808 has come to be regarded as the terminal date of arrival of the immigrant. This date was probably suggested when considering the clause of the Constitution of the United States regulating immigration after that date.

There are on file in the records of the Society approximately two thousand application blanks in which are set forth facts relating to ancestry. These applications constitute a rich mine to be worked by the genealogist. So numerous are the family names referred to in these applications that they are rapidly becoming indispensable. I am reminded of the publication by Harvard College in former days of a tri-ennial catalog in which appeared the names in Latin of the Officers, the Faculty and the Graduates of the College. Edmund Quincy, a New England gentleman of the old school, kept this catalog on his desk and he applied its measurements for the unmistakable identification of every person who was introduced to him; for he said: "If a man is in it, that's who he is; if he isn't in it, then who is he?"

Men of great distinction in the educational, religious, military, industrial, political, professional, social and civil life of the country have served as Directors and Officers of the Society. Strongest support of that state-

ment lies in the mere calling of the roll of 42 men who have served as President of the Society:

- 1891—Hon. George F. Baer.
- 1892—William H. Egle, M. D.
- 1893—Henry L. Fisher, Esq.
- 1894—Rev. George C. Heckman, D. D.
- 1895—Hon. Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker.
- 1896—Frank R. Diffenderffer, Litt. D.
- 1897—Rev. Theodore E. Schmauck, D. D.
- 1898—Rev. Nathan C. Schaeffer, Ph. D., D. D.
- 1899—E. Winfield Scott Parthemore.
- 1900—Rev. Franklin J. F. Schantz, D. D.
- 1901—Rev. Thomas C. Porter, D. D.
- 1902—Professor Charles F. Himes, Ph. D.
- 1902—Rev. Joseph H. Dubbs, D. D.
- 1903—Rev. Joseph A. Seiss, D. D.
- 1904—Rev. John S. Stahr, Ph. D., D. D.
- 1905—Hon. James A. Beaver.
- 1906—Hon. Gustav A. Endlich.
- 1907—Benjamin M. Nead, Esq.
- 1908—Hon. John Wanamaker.
- 1909—Thomas C. Zimmerman, Litt. D.
- 1910—General John E. Roller.
- 1911—Rev. Henry E. Jacobs, D. D.
- 1912—Capt. Henry M. M. Richards, Litt. D.
- 1913—Benjamin F. Fackenthal, Jr., Sc. D.
- 1914—Julius F. Sachse, Litt. D.
- 1915—Hon. William U. Hensel, Litt. D.
- 1915—William F. Muhlenberg, M. D.
- 1915—Hon. Harmon Yerkes.
- 1916—Prof. George T. Ettinger, Ph. D.
- 1917—Rev. Jacob Fry, D. D.
- 1918—Rev. L. Kryder Evans.
- 1919—Rev. Paul deSchweinitz, D. D.
- 1920—General Harry C. Trexler.
- 1921—Rev. George W. Sandt, D. D.
- 1922—Dr. Edgar Fahs Smith.
- 1923—Prof. Edgar Dubs Shimer, Ph. D.
- 1924—Hon. Charles I. Landis.
- 1925—Rev. Charles B. Schneder, D. D.
- 1926—Elmer E. S. Johnson, Ph. D., D. D.
- 1927—Hon. Martin G. Brumbaugh.
- 1928-40—Ralph Beaver Strassburger, LL.D.
- 1941—Henry S. Borneman, LL.D.

THE PURPOSES OF THE SOCIETY

The broad purposes of the Society are the collection, preservation and making known of the language, arts, folklore, customs, biography and general history of

settlers of Germanic origin in the colonial and early days of Pennsylvania and of their descendants, and the preserving of the landmarks, books, records and source material and publishing theses connected therewith.

The annual publications of the Society (numbering forty-nine volumes) are the best witnesses to the fidelity with which those purposes have been carried out.

A descriptive list of the publications of the Society, with a running index of titles, is available for distribution and makes further reference to the publications unnecessary at this time.

A NARRATIVE AND CRITICAL HISTORY

Many years ago the Officers of the Society resolved to publish what they termed "A Narrative and Critical History" of the Pennsylvania Germans. It is comparatively easy to produce historical writings in the narrative form. The addition of the "critical" element presents a more difficult phase of historical writing. It is not altogether clear what definition should be given to the word "critical." I am sure, however, that those who suggested its use did not intend to encourage the "debunking" of history. I am also convinced that it was not intended to trace, in the Freudian manner, Pennsylvania German conduct to hex and sex. It is to be regretted that so many modern writers think that the public can be seduced to buy their writings by painting them in sexy and hexy colors. I take it that the word "critical" means something more real. It brings into play, through research, the assembling and arrangement of all relevant material; an apprehension of the foundations upon which rest faith and practice; an ability to draw conclusions which are the result of cause and effect and not merely suggested by coincidence; and an understanding of the atmosphere of Pennsylvania German life.

THREE PHASES OF PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN LIFE

Let me give you an example of historical discussion which, in my opinion, will illustrate this critical spirit in its larger meaning. Pennsylvania German history divides itself into three phases. The first is that of the Pennsylvania German as an immigrant. The second, Pennsylvania German Life as it developed in this country; and third place, the Pennsylvania German place in the mass life of the moderns.

The first phase referred to has to do with the life of the immigrant as a pioneer. He had received his education, his religious beliefs, his social, civic and political ideals in his Fatherland. All of a sudden he brings his temperament and foreign training into a new country, under pioneer conditions. Each condition influences the other.

Frederick Jackson Turner in 1893 published an essay entitled "The significance of the Frontier in American History." The following quotation is pertinent for our purposes:

"In the settlement of America we have to observe how European life entered the continent, and how America modified and developed that life and reacted on Europe. Our early history is the study of European germs developing in an American environment. Too exclusive attention has been paid by institutional students to the Germanic origins, too little to the American factors. The frontier is the line of most rapid and effective Americanization. The wilderness masters the colonist. It finds him a European in dress, industries, tools, modes of travel, and thought. It takes him from the railroad car and puts him in the birch canoe. It strips the garments of civilization and arrays him in the hunting shirt and the moccasin. It puts him in the log cabin of the Cherokee and Iroquois and runs an Indian palisade around him. Before long he has gone to planting Indian corn and plowing with a sharp stick; he shouts the war cry and takes the scalp in orthodox Indian fashion. In short, at the frontier the environment is at first too strong for the man. He must accept the conditions which it furnishes, or perish, and so he fits himself into the Indian clearings and follows the Indian trails. Little by little he transforms the wilderness, but the outcome is not the old Europe, not simply the development of Ger-

manic germs, any more than the first phenomenon was a case of reversion to the Germanic mark. The fact is, that here is a new product that is American."

In this phase of life we think of such men as Pastorious, Kelpius and Beisel, and also of the thousands of immigrants who brought their foreign ideals to these shores. As a concrete example we may point to the Cloister Buildings at Ephrata, Pennsylvania, erected two hundred years ago. They have lines of architecture distinctively foreign. A profound study of the life of the immigrant must take into account conditions which prevailed in the Fatherland from which he came, as well as the conditions prevailing in the land of his adoption.

The second phase of Pennsylvania German history is American in character. It reached its largest development when they were, for the most part, dwellers in the country. During this period, covering less than one hundred years, this racial group largely living in rural communities were uninfluenced by other racial groups. This gave an opportunity for the worship of Almighty God by adherents of sect and denomination free from restraint. The dialect commonly referred to as "Pennsylvania Dutch" began to be written and printed and exploited. Illuminated writing with a European germ was revived and reached a development not theretofore attained. Scores of printing presses were set up and turned out books, newspapers, and broadsides for the Pennsylvania German group. The arts and crafts were expanded and refined, so that they acquired characteristics of their own now so greatly esteemed. Buildings were erected according to lines of architecture developed by the Pennsylvania German group, differing from those elsewhere and being adopted by architects today. Fabrics were woven with distinctive designs and individual costumes were fashioned and are streamlined by the modern devotees of fashion.

For the purpose of supplying a concrete example, I wish to make reference to the Pennsylvania German Community which lived in the south-eastern section of Berks County, Pennsylvania, in what was known as "Butter Valley." The valley, roughly speaking, was 12 miles long and two or three miles wide, with spurs running off in several directions. The time is about 1880; the land was divided into farms of not more than 125 acres each. Superficially the people who resided in the valley would be referred to as farmers. It must be borne in mind, however, that a farmer cannot subsist alone on what is being cultivated. He not only needs food, but he requires shelter and clothing for his physical wants, and, as he develops, he must look to the higher things of the mind and the spirit. The result is that there were many occupations in the valley beside that of farming. He had to be clothed and his clothing was made by a local tailor. The tailor obtained his fabrics from the mill of the fuller. He had to be shod, and this gave the local shoemaker a place. Of course, he had to obtain his leather for the making of boots and shoes from the local tannery. Bread had to be baked and the wheat which was raised on the farm was sent to the local mill for the purpose of being ground into flour. Houses had to be built and lumber was obtained from the local saw-mill. The soil had to be fertilized and limestone was obtained from a quarry on the farm and burned in the kiln. Horses had to be shod and tires kept on the wheels of the wagons and this set up the local blacksmith. Iron ore was mined nearby and hauled to a local forge. Fabrics which were worn were made out of flax, grown on the farm, and finally sent to the local weaver. Children were educated in the local school, which was presided over by someone who lived in the locality. The spiritual aspirations of the people established churches in charge of ministers of varying faiths.

All this indicates a homeogenous community life, where each person became intimately acquainted with the other; a life in which the children observed at first-hand how things were fashioned and made; a community in which the sick were ministered unto and the dead laid away with loving neighborly care.

This was the period when the Pennsylvania German with a slight modification, had reached the ideal of William Morris (magnetic Master-Craftsman and Socialist after his own order) expressed by him in his *Roots of the Mountains*, when he said:

"Thus then lived this folk in much plenty and ease of life, though not delicately or desiring things out of measure. They wrought with their hands, and wearied themselves; and they rested from their toil and were merry; tomorrow was not a burden to them, nor yesterday a thing which they would fain forget: life shamed them not, nor did death make them afraid."

The second phase of Pennsylvania German history had virtually come to an end when this Society was organized in 1891. One of the underlying reasons for this rests in the fact that the population of the United States began to drift from the country into the city. Prior to that time the country dominated the city and the tide finally became so strong that the city has ever since dominated the country. Under the old order, life was lived on the basis of the worth of the individual. Under the new order, human conduct is controlled and regulated by the mass.

This brings us to the third phase, which is now in full progress. Of this we are part and the future outcome no one can foretell. I rejoice to say, however, that while the descendants of the Puritans of New England seem to have lost their original vigor, as is portrayed by such books as "The Education of Henry Adams," "The Last

Puritan" by Santayama, and "The Late George Apley" by Marquand. Each of these books illustrates that the old New Englander has lost his hold of himself and he is uncertain as to what he should do.

I rejoice to say that in the third phase, of which I now speak, the Pennsylvania German has not lost his faith, that he is still virile, that he feels that he has a work to do, and that the time has not yet come when it is necessary for him to banish himself from the face of the earth.

THE FUTURE OF THE SOCIETY

The high character of the publications of the Society during the last fifty years of themselves should be an inspiration for still higher accomplishments during the next fifty years. The importance of the accomplishments of the Pennsylvania Germans in the history of the United States has not yet been properly recognized by the public at large, or even writers of history. To gain proper recognition is the work of this Society in the immediate future. Historians must somehow be brought to a willingness to study and portray the true place of the Pennsylvania German in American history and of the contributions made by this particular racial group.

This is the day for the writer of fiction. Many attempts have been made to delineate Pennsylvania German life through this medium of expression. Unfortunately, some of the work was written with prejudice and with deliberate intent to display the rough side of character. There have been many productions of particular phases of Pennsylvania German life of splendid quality, but the truth is that a work of fiction which will adequately portray the life and character of the Pennsylvania German in pleasing and readable style still remains to be written.

After all there seems to be only one real method of gaining recognition and that method has two elements—thoroughness and time. The members of the Society must be willing to devote themselves to this work through the adoption of those two elements. The publication of comprehensive and definitive papers, based upon scientific research and presented in readable language, must be pursued with vigor and hope.

EXPRESSION OF APPRECIATION

It has been my privilege to serve as a Member of the Board of Directors of the Society since 1920, and this year I have been honored with the Presidency of the organization. I have always regarded that the word "honor" has a spiritual synonym, if I may so term it, and that is "responsibility." For the honors conferred upon me I express my sincere thanks and appreciation.

HENRY S. BORNEMAN,
President.

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN FOLK TALES,
LEGENDS, ONCE-UPON-A-TIME STORIES,
MAXIMS, and SAYINGS

Spoken in the dialect popularly known as
Pennsylvania Dutch



Collected, Translated, and Edited

by

REV. THOMAS R. BRENDLE

and

WILLIAM S. TROXELL



NORRISTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

Pennsylvania German Society

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FOREWORD

The Folk-tale knows neither sun-dial nor clock but it tells a story which did happen once upon a time. The realm of the Folk-tale is nowhere. Curiously enough, however, it is composed of airy kingdoms where giants occupy strong castles and princesses have their palaces in the rainbow. Free from the servitude of reason and from the penalties of man-made law, that country has a Constitution with but a single word—Enchantment. The citizens of that realm are those who, in the language of Dr. Samuel Johnson, "listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope."

The delicate substance of fairy-land is unchanging but its stories are told in languages and dialects suited to the understanding of peoples in lands far distant. In Orient and Occident alike these tales charm children as well as those who happily have the spirit of childhood.

Mention must here be made of the scholarly work of Jacob Ludwig Carl Grimm (1785-1863) and Wilhelm Carl Grimm (1786-1859). Having collected the epic traditions and popular tales of the Germanic races, they through their scholarly studies, placed the entire subject upon a permanent scientific basis. Since their day Societies for the study of Folk lore, in England and the United States, have exhaustively collected texts of fairy-land, folk-tales and popular sayings told throughout the world. Twelve hundred have been found in Germany; fifteen hundred in Russia and seven hundred in India. This publication by the Pennsylvania German Society may be regarded as a tribute to the Brothers Grimm.

Thackeray feelingly portrays the art of telling traditional narratives as follows:

“Stories exist everywhere: there is no calculating the distance through which stories have come to us, the number of languages through which they have been filtered, or the centuries during which they have been told. Many of them have been narrated almost in their present shape for thousands of years to the little copper-colored Sanskrit children, listening to their mothers under the palm-trees by the banks of the yellow Jumna—their Brahmin mother, who softly narrated them through the ring in her nose. The very same tale has been heard by the northern Vikings as they lay on their shields on deck; and the Arabs couched under the stars of the Syrian plains when their flocks were gathered in, and their mares were picketed by the tents.”

One of the most important elements of the collection made by Reverend Thomas R. Brendle and Mr. William S. Troxell is the least obvious and must not be overlooked. The tales and related material here published which passed current among the Pennsylvania Germans were told in the Dialect commonly referred to as Pennsylvania Dutch. The assembling of these tales spoken in the Dialect required tact and great patience. The authors have exercised discriminating editorial supervision and they have made painstaking translations.

The collectors, editors and translators have thus made a substantial contribution to the scholarship and enjoyment of Folk Lore. Fortunately, their work was done in the very nick of time; for, with the vanishing use of Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, these tales will be no longer told by the descendants of this racial group.

Upon the removal of certain artificial fountains behind the South Sea House, Charles Lamb touchingly wrote: “They are gone and the spring choked up. The

fashion, they tell me, is gone by and these things are esteemed childish. Why not then gratify children by letting them stand? Why must everything smack of man and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left to respond to its earliest enchantments?"

HENRY S. BORNEMAN,
President of Pennsylvania German Society.

INTRODUCTION

This collection of stories is presented in the hope that it may stimulate interest in a hitherto neglected phase of Pennsylvania Dutch folklore.

Folk stories arise when phantasy plays around the beliefs and interests which are current in folk life. When beliefs and interests change, the stories which grew up around them die out or linger on as memories.

Superstitions rise up along the border line between the known and unknown. As the line of the known advances, the line of the unknown is pushed back and the dark region peopled with fantastic beings is seen in the light of common day.

This is the history of our folk stories. There was a time when people believed in a spectral night life on the country side, in good and evil spirits associated with the activities of men, and in buried treasures, but when modern knowledge illumined the fields of human activity these beliefs crumbled and disintegrated. When such beliefs are held today, they are only instances of individuals who have not fully assimilated modern knowledge or realized its implications.

Our collection consists, therefore, in large part of stories that arose in the past and belong to the past. The old folk stories such as those in our first group passed on and left in their wake a motley array of ghost, buried treasure, etc., stories; and as these passed on there came the humorous anecdote and the tall story with which the creative spirit of folk stories is now occupied.

Our search for folk stories has been like the search for wood in the burnt out area of a forest. It was in

great part a stimulation of memories, but, at that, we feel that we have been not unsuccessful in our search.

Many of our stories are both local and type stories—local, because they are associated with persons and events of a certain community—type, because the same motif comes to a local expression in many communities. This we have occasionally illustrated by showing how a story varies from county to county.

All the stories were originally given in the dialect. In our translations we have endeavored faithfully to preserve the spirit and form of the originals, without alteration or elaboration.

The atmosphere of reality is imparted to a story by the use of names of persons or of localities. Except in a few instances we have not retained such names but have merely indicated their use with N. N., *notetur nomen*. In a folk story one name is as good as another.

Unusual words or expressions used by the narrators, which might be of interest to the student of the dialect or to the reader conversant with the dialect, have been given in footnotes. In our spelling of the dialect we have followed Lambert's dictionary.

The place where the story was heard and sometimes the name of the narrator have been given. This was felt to be in place on account of the extensiveness of the Pennsylvania Dutch region, and particularly for the sake of comparative study.

We have not made a comparative or an historical study of the stories but have contented ourselves with a faithful reproduction of what we heard, fearing that if we became involved in a discussion of historical sources and comparisons we might be led to assume the role of author and present something that we had fashioned to our liking.

We have felt that the greatest service we could render towards a study of our folk stories was to make a faithful record of what we heard and thus afford a true source for future comparative study. This we have done.

The collection is far from complete. Some groups could have been largely expanded from material which we have in hand. However, we were always confronted with the problem of what to include and what to discard.

We felt that additional material could wait until its publication became desirable.

We, here, want to express our obligations to the many persons who may have become tired of hearing the oft repeated request, "Tell us another."

THE AUTHORS.

GROUP I

LONG AGO

THE ENCHANTED SISTERS

Long ago, there was a woman who always wept as she rocked her little son to sleep. One day he asked her why she wept. She, with tears and sobs, answered, "You have three sisters and they are all enchanted."

"When I am grown, I will free them," said the boy.

"You cannot free them, and do not try," answered the mother.

"I can, and I will," said the boy.

Now, the names of the three sisters were *Hilldegadd*, *Gaddelheid*, and *Beaddrees*.

When the boy was grown, he took a tomahawk and a horse, and rode away into the black forest. The forest was thickly grown with underbrush, and often the boy had to cut a way through with the tomahawk. When he could no longer cut a path for his horse, he tied him to a tree, and then forced his way through the undergrowth until he came to a very tall hollow tree.

He called, "*Hilldegadd, Hilldegadd.*" There was no answer. He called again, "*Hilldegadd, Hilldegadd.*" Then came a voice, "What do you want?"

He answered, "I am your brother, and I am come to set you free."

"Go away! Go away!" said his sister. "Here lives an eagle, and the other day he bored the eyes out of a little boy. Go away, before he returns home."

The boy would not leave, and his sister, thereupon, let down a silken ladder, and the boy climbed up into the hollow tree, where she hid him away.

"My husband," said his sister, "is an eagle for one whole week, and then a man for the next week, and when he is an eagle, he is very cruel and merciless."

The eagle came flying home. He sensed that something was not as it should be, and restlessly peered around in the hollow tree. His wife, however, quieted him and got him to lie down and sleep. When he awoke, he was a man. Then the boy came out of his hiding place and was received with great kindness. He spent a very happy time with his sister and her husband. When the week was almost over, the man told him to depart, saying, "I shall soon become an eagle, and then I will harm you."

But before the brother left, he gave him three eagle feathers, saying, "When you are in danger rub these feathers in your hands, until they are warm, and then you will receive help."

The boy left the hollow tree and travelled on until he came to a huge cliff, in which there was a bear cave. He called. "*Gaddelheid, Gaddelheid.*"

She answered, "Go away! Go away! Here lives a fierce bear. The other day he came home with his nose covered with blood."

The boy pleaded with her, and finally she took him into the cave and hid him. "My husband," said his sister, "is a bear for two weeks, and then a man for two weeks. At this time he is a bear, and very, very fierce."

After a little the bear returned, sniffed the air, and growled, "I smell human flesh."*

"No! No! You do not. Lie down and sleep," said his wife. He did so, and upon awaking was a man.

The boy came out of his hiding place and was kindly received. There he stayed two weeks, and they were happy ones, even happier than the week he spent with *Hildegadd* and her husband. When the two weeks were

almost up, the man came to the boy and said, "I shall soon become a bear, and then I will harm you. Go away."

But before the boy left, he gave him three bear hairs and told him, "When you are in danger rub these hairs in your hands until they are warm, and then you will receive help."

The boy journeyed on until he came to a large body of water. Far out in the water he saw a smoking chimney. He swam out, looked down the chimney, and saw a glass house. He called, "*Beaddrees, Beaddrees.*" No answer. He called again.

"What do you want," came the answer.

"I am your brother, and I have come to free you," said the brother.

"Go away! Go away! The whale will soon come home and kill you," cried his sister. He, however, went down the chimney into the house.

The whale returned and saw that his wife was ill at ease and troubled, and though he spoke to her, she would not answer. So he went out and swam around the house, lashing the water in his rage until it became murky. Then he came in. His wife, feeling that the murky water concealed the presence of her brother, spoke to the whale and told him to lie down and sleep. When he awoke, he was a man. For three weeks he was a whale and for three weeks a man.

The boy spent a happy time with them in the glass house under the water, even happier than with the other two sisters. Towards the end of three weeks the man told him that he was to go away. "Soon," said he, "I shall again become a whale and then I will harm you."

He gave him three fish scales, telling him, when in danger, to rub them in his hands until warm and help would appear.

The boy left and went back through the forest until

he came to the tree where he had tied his horse. He found the horse torn to pieces. This had been done by the bear.

So he went on through the forest until he came to a beautiful piece of ground in the midst of which stood a beautiful small house. He saw nothing living about the place except a large bull that was grazing on the green grass before the house.

The boy bravely walked toward the house, but he had not gotten very near before the bull rushed on him. The boy quickly rubbed the three bear hairs, and immediately the bear appeared and tore the bull into pieces.

Then out of the body of the bull a goose arose and flew away. Seeing this, the boy rubbed the eagle feathers, and the eagle came swiftly through the air and killed the goose.

A golden egg fell from the body of the goose down through the sky into the water; and the boy rubbed the fish scales, and the whale came and brought the golden egg.

The boy took the golden egg, broke it open and found a golden key. Thereupon, the enchantment was broken, and his three sisters and their husbands appeared at his side.

Together they went to the beautiful house, which they found locked. The boy took the golden key and unlocked the door. Within they found a beautiful girl who had been enchanted. She had been asleep, but when the door was unlocked, the enchantment was broken and she became free from all her bonds.

The boy took the girl for his wife, and together they all went home to the mother who cried for joy when she beheld them.

—*Mrs. Kate Moyer, Egypt, Pa.*

* "Ich widdre Menschefleisch."

We have retained the names of the three sisters as they were given by the narrator.

"SCHNEEWEISCHEN"

LITTLE SNOW WHITE

Long ago, there was a mother, who, while sewing, pricked her finger so that it bled. Looking at the blood she made a wish that she might have a daughter whose skin would be as white as snow, whose hair would be black as coals, and whose lips would be red as blood.

Her wish came true, for there was born to her a baby girl of marvelous beauty, whose skin was like the snow, whose hair was like coals, and whose lips were like blood. The mother called her "Little Snow White."

The mother died. After a while, Little Snow White's father took a second wife who became very envious of Little Snow White's beauty which increased day by day.

The step-mother went repeatedly to a mirror on the wall and said,

"Little mirror, little mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest one of all?"*

The mirror always answered,

"Lady Queen, thou art fair,
But Little Snow White is a thousand times fairer
than thou."**

This embittered the step-mother very much, and she made life so miserable for Little Snow White that she ran away into the forest. She went on and on until she could hardly go any farther. Then she caught sight of a house; and to it she went. There was no one at home, but she entered, ate of the table which was set, and, because she was weary, lay down on one of the beds to sleep.

In this house lived seven dwarfs who were away work-

ing in a mine. When they came home, they found that someone had been in their home.

"Who has sat on my chair?" cried the first dwarf.

"Who has eaten from my plate?" cried the second dwarf.

"Who has eaten with my knife?" cried the third.

"Who has eaten with my fork?" cried the fourth.

"Who has eaten with my spoon?" cried the fifth.

"Who has drunk from my little cup?" said the sixth.

"Who has drunk out of my saucer?" said the seventh.

Then they searched the house and found Little Snow White lying asleep in one of the beds. They looked at her and liked her; and one of them watched at her bedside all through the night while the others slept.

In the morning, before they went to their work in the mine, they told Little Snow White to stay indoors, not to let any one enter the house, and if someone came along to sell anything she was not to buy, not even take anything as a gift.

Meanwhile the step-mother, not knowing what had become of Little Snow White, went to the mirror, and asked:

"Little mirror, little mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest one of all?"

The mirror answered,

"Lady Queen, thou art fair,
But Little Snow White who is across the mountains
With the seven dwarfs, is a thousand times
fairer."***

The wicked step-mother became more angry and determined to do evil to Little Snow White. She dressed as a woman peddler and, filling a basket with different

articles, went over the mountains to the home of the dwarfs.

Little Snow White, remembering the injunction of the dwarfs, would not let the peddler enter the house, even though she tried hard to do so, nor would she buy any of the things which were offered for sale. Then the step-mother took an apple out of the basket, and taking Little Snow White unawares, thrust it against her lips and into her mouth. Thereupon, Little Snow White fell over as if dead.

When the dwarfs came home in the evening, they found her body. With deep grief they put it into a casket of gold which they kept in their house.

One day a prince came along, and when he had seen the golden coffin with beautiful Little Snow White in it, he bought it from the dwarfs. As he carried it across the sill of the door, he stumbled, and the apple was jarred from the mouth of Little Snow White who straightway came to life.

Then the prince took Little Snow White for his wife.

When the step-mother heard of what had befallen Little Snow White, she killed herself by jumping from a high cliff.

—Mrs. Kate Moyer, Egypt, Pa.

* In the dialect, the step-mother said to the mirror:

“Schpiechlein, Schpiechlein an dar Wand,
Wer is des Schennschte im ganze Land.”

** The first time the mirror answers,

“Frau Keenichen ihr seid scheen, awwer Schneeweischen is
en tausend mohl scheener ass ihr.”

*** The second time,

“Frau Keenichen ihr seid scheen, awwer Schneeweischen
iber die Bargaen bei denn sieben Zwerchen is en tausend-
mol scheener ass ihr.”

THE MAGICIAN*

Long, long ago there was a poor man who had an only son. One day the father said to his son, "I must have you hired out so that we may have money to live." The son was willing, and together they set out to find a place where the son could be a hired servant.

As they travelled along, inquiring at this home and at that, without any success, they came to a house that stood alone, far away from other houses. Upon their knocking, the door was opened by a man who asked, "What are you seeking?" The father answered, "Do you need a hired boy? I would like to have my boy in service."

"Yes," said the man, "I am the Magician, and I have need for just such a boy as this one to watch my house when I am away."

He turned to the boy, and asked, "Can you read, cipher and write?"

"Yes," said the boy, "all that I can do."

"Then I do not want you," answered the magician as he closed the door.

The father and the boy, astonished at this answer, returned to their home. After several days, the father said to the boy, "Change your clothes and go again to the Magician, and ask whether he cares to hire you, and should he ask you whether you can read, cipher, and write, answer, "No.'"

The boy changed his clothes and went to the Magician, and when the Magician saw the boy he took a liking to him. But again asked, "Can you read, cipher, and write?"

The boy answered, "No."

"I need a boy like you," said the Magician and hired him then and there for one year.

He told the boy that his work was to watch the house in his absence, and permit no one to enter. He continued, "I am often away from home, but I shall always tell you the hour when I shall return, and if I should come to the door before that time, you are not to let me in."

Then he took the boy through the house, showed him all the rooms and told him that he might go into every room save one.

The following day, the Magician went away, after telling the boy the exact hour when he would return. When the boy was alone, he went to the forbidden room, looked at the door, and wondered what was back of it. His curiosity became so great that he finally opened the door and went into the room which was filled with all kinds of books.

He opened one of the books and read how one could be changed into a dog or into a horse or into many other different shapes and forms. He got a pencil and paper and copied all the directions. Then he replaced the book, set all things as they had been, closed the door as it had been, and went into another part of the house.

Soon there was a knock on the door. The time had not come at which the Magician had said that he would return and the boy didn't open the door. The person outside knocked again, and said in a commanding voice. "Let me in, I am your master."

"It may be so, but you have not come at the set time," answered the boy and refused to open.

This refusal of the boy pleased the Magician very much, for it was evidence that he was trustworthy.

Thus the boy lived with the Magician for one year, and after he had served that length of time, he returned to his father with the money which he had earned.

After the money had been spent, the father said to his son, "You must again go and earn money."

The boy answered, "I know how to get money. I shall change myself into a hunting dog and you shall lead me into the city and sell me. But don't give the neckband to the purchaser, or I shall not be able to come back home."

The son changed himself into a dog, and the father took the dog into the city and tried to sell him. Many persons admired the dog, but when they heard the price which was high they would not buy. Then the Magician came along, saw the dog, and said, "How much do you want for this beautiful dog?"

The father told the price and the Magician bought the dog. The father said that he would not part with the neckband.**

"All right," said the magician, "for this beautiful dog I shall buy a beautiful collar."

The father returned home with the money and the collar, and the Magician set out towards his home with the beautiful dog. All at once the dog began to run ahead of the Magician, and at the crossroad changed into a young boy. When the Magician came to the crossroad, he asked the boy, "Did you see a hunting dog go by?"

"Yes," said the boy, "He was chasing a doe as fast as he could run."

"Would that the devil had that dog," said the magician as he rode on home.

The boy returned to his father and they lived happily until the money was all spent.

Again the father said to the boy, "You must go and earn money."

Said the boy, "Now I'll turn myself into a beautiful saddle horse, and you are to take me into the city and sell me; but don't give the bridle to the purchaser or I can't come back."

The father took the saddle horse into the city to sell,

but on account of the high price no one would buy until the Magician came along.

"What do you ask for the beautiful horse," said he.

The father told his price and the Magician bought the horse. Then the father wanted to keep the bridle, but the Magician said, "If I have to pay so much for a horse, I want the bridle also. Without the bridle I don't want the horse."

The father surrendered the bridle.

The Magician mounted the horse and rode away. Riding through the forest, he tried repeatedly to kill the horse by riding him head-on against a tree, but everytime the horse turned and veered away. Then, the Magician rode to a smithy and ordered the smith to shoe the horse with four red hot irons.

"No! No!" said the smith, "that I cannot do to such a beautiful horse."

"If you want my money, you must do as I say," replied the Magician.

"So be it," said the smith, as we went to work. Meanwhile the Magician went across the street to the inn.

While the smith was working, his little son who played around the smithy came to him and said, "This horse has talked to me."

"Ah! What did he say?" asked the smith in alarm.

"He said that I should loosen the neckband at the bridle," answered the boy.

"Ah! Do as the horse told you," said the smith.

The boy went up and loosened the neckband; and the horse made a quick jerk, tore loose from the bridle, and was free. At that very moment the Magician came running out of the inn to catch the horse.

When the horse was almost caught he changed into a mouse and ran into a little hole; and the Magician immediately changed into a cat and watched the hole. Then

the smith's dog came along and fought with the cat, and the mouse changed into a bird, and flew away into the air. Straightway the cat changed into a larger bird and flew in pursuit. When the little bird was almost caught, it changed into a finger ring and dropped down at the feet of a woman in a garden. She picked up the ring and put it on her finger, and soon thereafter she became ill.

One day the Magician came along and told the woman that if she would give him the ring she would become well again. This she would not do. As soon as the Magician had left, the ring spoke to the woman.

"If the Magician comes again and asks for the ring, give it to him, but don't give it into his hand, throw it on the ground."

The Magician came again and asked for the ring. Thereupon the woman threw the ring to the ground where it changed into three grains of wheat. Quickly the Magician changed into a bird so that he might eat the wheat, but the wheat changed into a greater bird, which bit the head off the little bird.

That was the end of the day for the Magician * * *, and the boy, supposedly, went home to his father.

—*Mrs. Kate Moyer, Egypt, Pa.*

*"Dar Schwaz Kinschdler."

**"Halsband."

***"Sell war Feierowed fa dar Schwaz Kinschdler."

FROM GOOD TO BAD

Once upon a time there was a hired man who had served his master long and well. One day he came to his master and asked leave to go home to his parents who lived far away. The master was willing and gave him as a reward for his faithful services a lump of pure gold.

The servant set out on his journey. As he travelled on, the gold became heavier and heavier. He saw a man on horseback coming towards him, and thought, "If I only had a horse and could ride instead of walk; this gold is so heavy and makes me so tired. I'll swap with him. My gold for his horse!" So he swapped his gold for the horse, and rode away.

After a while he came upon a man milking a cow in the shade of a tree. "How good," thought the servant, "to have a cow which one can ride, and which one can milk when one is thirsty." So he swapped the horse for a cow, and rode away.

Becoming thirsty, he rode the cow under a tree and got down to milk her. He took his hat as a pail and milked away. The cow, however, kicked him over and would not let herself be milked. About this time a man came along with a goose; and the servant swapped his cow for the goose, thinking of the good dinner that he would have when he got home.

As he went on, the goose became more and more of a burden and he became more and more tired. Nevertheless, he kept plodding along. There came a man towards him, who, when he was nearby, stooped down and picked up an object lying in the road.

"What is that?" asked the servant.

"That is a luck stone," said the man, "and he who carries it in his pocket will have great luck in the future.

"I'll swap my goose for that stone," said the servant.

The swap was made and the servant went on. He had put the luck stone in his pocket, and he found after a while that the stone was rubbing him sore. Thereupon he took the stone out of his pocket and carried it in his hand.

He came to a deep spring, and being very thirsty, lay

down to drink, but in doing so, the luck stone dropped out of his hand into the deep water of the spring.

Whereupon he cried out, "God be praised! That trouble is at an end."*

—*Richard Peters, Allentown, Pa.*

* "Gott sei dank, sell Elend is verbei."

THE BLIND MAN AND THE GIANT

Once upon a time a lamb said to a blind man, "You are no use to the world." Whereupon the latter answered, "Let us go and travel together and you will see."

Now as they started, the blind man offered to take the lamb on his back, and having done so they traveled on thus until they came to a strange country. There they found an ass tied to a fence, and as the blind man said they should take all along that they found, he put the lamb on the ass, and getting up behind on its back the two rode away. As they journeyed on, they found a plough and put it also on the ass. When they had gone on still further they saw a heavy rope, and the lamb said to the blind man: "See! There lies a rope," and the blind man said, "We will take it along."

By that time it was growing dark and they had ridden into a forest where they saw a great palace. Dismounting there they went to the door and knocked, but no one answered for there was no one within. They went in then, taking all their things with them, and closed the door.

When it was night the King of the house came and wanted to go in but found the door locked.

Then he knocked and said (in English), "Who is in there?"

Those inside called back (English), "Who is out there?"

Then he, outside said, "I am a giant."

He within said, "I am the grandfather of the giant."

At this the King of the palace said that he inside should let the sound of his voice be heard, and the blind man heated a bar of iron hot in the fire and struck the ass with it, so that the ass gave a horrible bray.

Then the king said, "Surely from your voice you must be the grandfather of a giant, but pull one of your teeth and throw it out that I may know you."

At these words the blind man threw out the plow-share. "Now pull one of your hairs and throw it out," said the King and the blind man threw out the rope.

Then said the King, "By your voice and your tooth and your hair you must surely be the grandfather of a giant so stay where you are. The palace is yours as long as you live. Thus did the two get a good house to live in.

—*Mercer, Bucks County Historical Society, Vol.2, 406.*

Mercer heard the story at Macungie, Pa.

THE WHITE HORSE

There was a very rich man who lived in a great castle with his young wife whom he loved very much. One day she seemingly died, and he laid her body away in the vault with all her jewelry.

A band of robbers went at night to rob the corpse. In trying to take the rings off her fingers they pulled so hard that they brought the corpse to life. The robbers fled in fright.

The woman made her way out of the vault to the door of the castle, which she found locked. She rapped

at the door, and her husband who was upstairs in his bedroom called down, "Who is there?"

She answered, "I, Madam."*

"Who?" he asked, in surprise.

She answered, "Madam."

Thereupon he said, "As surely as my horse is not on the inside looking out, so surely is madam not on the outside looking in."

To this day, in the old country,** one can still see the figure of a horse looking out of the window of that castle.

—*Ray Meissner, Lehighton, Pa.*

* Pronounced in the dialect as if Ma dawm, with accent on the second syllable.

** "Im alde Land." At one time this was a common designation for Germany.

THE BEAR AND THE FOX

A fox and a bear went one night into a farmer's cellar to eat sauerkraut. The fox acted as if he were a very good friend to the bear, but secretly he disliked him.

While they were eating, the fox went in and out the window, trying to attract the attention of the farmer to what was taking place in the cellar.

The bear asked the fox, "Why this jumping in and out the window?"

"I am watching," replied the fox, "to see whether the farmer is awake."

The bear ate on and on, and became fuller and bigger. Then, all at once, the farmer was upon them. The fox jumped out the window and escaped, but the bear had eaten so much that he could not get through the window, and the farmer clubbed him until he was almost dead.

Finally the farmer booted him out through the open door into the yard.

—*Mrs. Harry Wolford, Salfordville, Pa.*

GENOEVA

Genoeva was a beautiful and a good woman, who was married to a prince, and who lived happily with him. The prince had many servants and among them was one—either the jester* or the butler—who wanted to lead Genoeva into the path of sin. He tempted her, but she would not in the slightest way yield to his evil designs.

Then the butler—I know now, it was the butler and not the jester—became full of hatred towards Genoeva, and he went to her husband and told him that Genoeva was an unfaithful and a deceitful wife.

The husband believed the butler, and became infuriated at Genoeva. He drove her and her baby boy out of the palace into the dark forest.

Genoeva, carrying her baby in her arms, walked on and on through the forest, not knowing where to go for there were no homes among the dark trees.

Finally, she came to a bear cliff * * in which there was a bear den. Here she sought refuge, and here she made her home.

She lived on berries, herbs, bark, and roots, and every day there came to the cliff a doe from whom she got milk for her baby.

Thus she lived for many years. Her baby boy grew up into manhood and then he supplied her with food and clothing. She had often told him how she had been falsely accused by the butler and had been unjustly driven from the palace. When the boy was grown up and strong, he determined to go to his father, to defend his mother and to accuse the false butler.

After the father heard the son's story, he went for the butler, who, when brought face to face with the son and hearing the accusation, broke down and confessed the evil which he had done.

Then, straightway, the prince went into the forest for Genoeva. He brought her back to the palace, where she lived happily with him the rest of her life.

As for the butler, the prince took four wild oxen and chained the butler to the oxen, one limb to each ox; and as the oxen sprang apart they tore the body of the butler to the four winds.***

—*Mrs. Kate Moyer, Egypt, Pa.*

* "Hofnarr."

** "Beregliffs."

*** "ausnanner grisse noch di vier Wind."

THE THREE BROTHERS

Once upon a time there were three brothers who set out from home to travel into other parts of the world. On their journey they came to a large forest. They travelled on and on through the forest without seeing a house or meeting a human being.

Finally they came to a hut where an ugly old woman dwelt. Out in the yard a kettle with food was hanging over a fire.

The brothers were very hungry and they straightway went to the kettle to get food. But before they were able to touch the food, the old woman cried shrilly, "Don't taste that food.* Come into the house and I shall give you food."

They went into the house and the old woman gave them food to eat. She used a burning sliver** for a light—though, when she opened her mouth, she showed such long ugly teeth that they would have been better faggots than the sliver.

After they had eaten, she besought them to stay for the night. To this they consented, but because there was

no room for all of them in the hut only one, the eldest, slept there and the other two slept outside.

The next morning the brothers were surprised to see that the old woman had become ten years younger.

She made breakfast for them and asked them to stay there during the day and over night. That night the second brother slept in the hut and the other two outside, and in the morning when the woman made breakfast for them they saw that she had become another ten years younger.

They remained there another day and at night the youngest brother slept inside and the other two out in the yard, and in the morning when she made breakfast for them they saw that she had become another ten years younger, and was a young and beautiful woman.

After breakfast she gave them presents to take along on their travels. To one she gave a cent, to the second, a tablecloth, and to the third a thumbstall.***

They continued on through the forest, but the way was long and lonely with no houses and no people. They became tired and hungry, and sat down by the road to rest.

As they sat there, the one who had received the tablecloth, said, "I have a tablecloth but nothing to put on it."

While he thus spoke, he idly spread the cloth out on the ground and said, "I wish we had this and that to eat," and straightway, to the utter amazement of the brothers, the very food for which he had wished appeared on the tablecloth.

They feasted heartily, and when they had their fill, the brother to whom the tablecloth belonged pulled at the edge of the cloth and all the remaining food disappeared.

They went on and he who had received the penny, becoming disgusted with its value compared to the tablecloth, took it, and saying, "Of what benefit is it to me?"

threw it to the ground; but one of the other two went and picked it up, and found to his surprise that under the cent lay another cent.

They continued their journey and the one who had received the thumbstall said, as he put the thumbstall down over his thumb, "What use have I for this?"

However, when he had pulled the thumbstall down over his thumb, he became invisible.

They came to an inn, where they stayed for some days. When they were hungry, the tablecloth was spread; when they wanted money, the cent was cast to the ground; and when the third desired to make a clandestine visit to the innkeeper's wife, he put on the thumbstall!

—*Mrs. Kate Moyer, Egypt, Pa.*

* "Duhn nix nasche."

** "Schpâ."

*** "Deimling."

THE PRINCESS THAT WOULDN'T LAUGH

Once upon a time there was a king who had a daughter that wouldn't laugh. Though many ways were tried to make her laugh, all were unsuccessful. Then the king proclaimed that she would be given for a wife to the first young man who could make her laugh.

One young man went to a wise old woman for counsel. She gave him a string, saying, "Take this string and go to the house of the precentor* of the church and call him out of bed early in the morning so that he is still in his night clothes. Give him the string and when he has taken hold of it say 'Hold and hold on,' * * and then he must follow you. Then go to the daughter of the king."

The young man did as he was told. He roused the precentor from his sleep, gave him the string, and then turned to go. The precentor, when he found that he had to follow, yelled mightily and his daughters came in their night clothes to tear him loose. But the young man said, "Hold and hold on," and they had to follow.

They went past the pastor's house, and he also tried to tear them loose, but again the young man said, "Hold and hold on," and the pastor had to follow.

The young man went on and came to the king's house, early in the morning. The daughter was out on the porch, and beholding the young man with his following,** laughed so much that she could hardly stop.

The young man received the daughter as his wife, and they lived happily together, and if they did not die are still living.

—*E. Weiser, Bowers, Pa.*

* "Vorsinger."

** "Heeb un gleeb."

*** "Fuhr."

THE GREAT NEED

Years ago there lived out in the back country a couple that was very saving. The man would often say to his wife, "We must save for the time when the great need comes."*

One day the man went to work and his wife was left alone. There was a knock at the door. She opened the door, and, not knowing the one who knocked, asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Mr. Need," came the answer.

"Are you he whom the people call the 'Great Need?'" asked the woman.

"Yes, I am he," was the answer.

"Oh! My husband has been waiting a long time for you, and now I shall give you all the money that we have saved for you," said the woman.

She got all the money that they had saved and gave it to him. When her husband came home, she said, "Mr. Great Need was here and I gave him all that we had saved for him."

After the husband had recovered from his surprise, he said, "You are so stupid that I do not care to live with you. I am going away, and I shall never come back unless I find a person more stupid than you."

So he went away and travelled on until he came to a big barn where some men were busily at work.

"What are you doing?" he inquired.

"We are putting the white horse up on the hayloft for a nest egg,"** they replied.

"They are very stupid but not as stupid as my wife," said the man as he continued on his way.

He came to a high hill, and went down into the valley. There a little hut stood, with its windows open, and a little old woman sitting inside. He entered the hut.

When the woman saw him she said, "From where do you come?"

"Down from above,"*** he answered.

"I am glad to see you. Tell me, how is my son Michael getting along up there?" she said.

"Not so well," answered the man. "He is very poor. He has no money, no clothes and no food."

"Oh," said the woman as she rose from her chair, "I am so happy that somebody has come with whom I can send things to my Michael."

She gathered food and clothes and all the money she had and told him to take them along for her Michael.

The man concluded that he had now met someone who was more stupid than his wife, and he went home and lived with his wife happily ever after.

—*Hattie Lerch, Allentown, Pa.*

* "Die gross Nod." An old dialectal expression for famine. The woman took it to be the name of a person.

** "En Neschtoi." When eggs were lifted out of a nest, one was always left in the nest as a nest egg. This was supposed to induce the hen to keep on laying. The white horse was put on the loft as a nest egg to induce some imaginary animal to lay a colt.

*** "Vun owwe runner." This expression means "to come down from a hill into a valley," "to come down from the uplands," and also "to come down from Heaven." The woman took the last meaning.



THE HYPOCRITE

A fox was fleeing from a hunter, and came to a field where a farmer was plowing.

"Hide me. Oh, please hide me, or the hunter will shoot me," said the fox to the farmer.

The farmer said to the fox, "Lie in the furrow and I shall cover you with ground. Then the hunter will not see you."

The fox lay in the furrow, and the farmer plowed the furrow shut. Just then the hunter came up. "Have you seen a fox?" he asked.

"No!" answered the farmer, as he nodded his head toward the spot where the fox lay hidden.

"Didn't he come this way?" asked the hunter.

"No!" Again answered the farmer, motioning all the while towards the hidden fox.

The hunter didn't get the meaning of the farmer's motions and went on, and the fox emerged from the furrow.

"I was good to you," said the farmer, "I didn't say where you were hidden."

"Yes! Beautiful words but ugly actions,"* said the fox as he ran on.

—*Jeremiah Troxell, Cementon, Pa.*

* "Schee gschwetzt awwer schlecht gewisse." A not infrequently heard proverb.

THE ENDLESS STORY

A man sentenced to death was promised his life if he would tell a story that had no end. He agreed, and this is the story that he told.

"There was a large room full of wheat. There was no opening in the room except a small hole through which only a cockroach could crawl. And a cockroach came, crawled in through the hole and carried away a grain of wheat; soon thereafter another came, crawled in through the hole and carried away another grain of wheat; then a third came, crawled in through the hole, and—"

"But there is no end to this," cried his executioners.

"Then give me my life," cried the man.

He was freed.

—*Mrs. Emma Diehl, Freeburg, Pa.*

The same story is heard at Alburtis, in Lehigh County, with this difference, a "weevil" carried away the wheat instead of a cockroach.

THE RABBIT AND THE BEAR

A little old rabbit* built a nest, and had four young. Whenever the mother rabbit went away she warned the young not to let anyone in that did not have white paws.

Upon her return she would call to her young,

“My little hand full of leaves,
And my little nipple full of milk.”**

Thereupon the young rabbits would say, “Show us your little paw.”*** The mother rabbit would show her white paw, and they would let her in.

One day the bear came along and said,

“My little hand full of leaves,
And my little nipple full of milk.”

The young rabbits said, “Show us your paw.” The bear showed his black paw, and they would not let him in.

The bear went away to a mill, and had his paws whitened with flour. Then he came back and said,

“My little hand full of leaves,
And my little nipple full of milk.”

The young rabbits replied, “Show us your paw.” The bear showed his whitened paw, and the young rabbits let him in. Thereupon he ate them up.

When the mother rabbit came home, she said,

“My little hand full of leaves,
And my little nipple full of milk.”

The bear growled, “Come in and I’ll eat you up also.” The mother rabbit, hearing the bear’s voice, became so frightened that she ran away as fast as she could go.

She met a dog, and told the dog that the bear had eaten her young ones. The dog joined her and they went on until they met a cat. The rabbit told the cat that the bear had eaten her young. The cat joined the dog and the rabbit, and they went on until they met the wasps. The rabbit told the wasps that the bear had eaten her young. The wasps joined them, and they went on.

After the rabbit had collected a large company of animals and insects, she led them back to her nest.

The wasps flew in and stung the bear so severely that he became helpless. Thereupon the others pounced upon him and rolled him down the hill.

The mother rabbit slit open the belly of the bear and rescued her young, and took them home to her nest.

—Mrs. Emma Diehl, Freeburg, Pa.

* "Hessli."

** "Mei Hannli voll Lâb,
Un mei Dittli voll Millich."

*** "Weis dei Deebil."

THE LITTLE ROOSTER

A little rooster and a little hen went to shake down hazelnuts. Said the little rooster to the little hen, "Don't look up, lest a hazelnut fall down into your throat, and you choke to death."

The little hen, however, was very inquisitive and looked up, and a hazelnut fell down into her throat, and she choked to death."

The little rooster got his little wagon which had little red wheels, and laid the body of the little hen upon it. Then he started off to bury the body.

He had not gone far before he met a dog.

"Oh, little rooster," said the dog, "why are you so sad so early this morning?"*

"My little hen choked to death on a hazelnut, and I am on my way to bury her,"** answered the little rooster.

"May I go along with you?" asked the dog.

"Yes, if you do not spit on my red wheels," answered the little red rooster.

They went on, and met a cat.

"Oh, little rooster," said the cat, "why are you so sad so early this morning?"

"My little hen choked to death on a hazelnut, and I am on my way to bury her," answered the little rooster.

"May I go along with you?" asked the cat.

"Yes, if you do not spit on my red wheels," answered the little rooster.

They went on, and met a cow.

"Oh, little rooster," said the cow, "why are you so sad so early this morning?"

"My little hen choked to death on a hazelnut, and I am on my way to bury her," answered the little rooster.

"May I go along with you?" asked the cow.

"Yes, if you do not spit on my red wheels," answered the little rooster.

They went on, and met a whetstone.

"Oh, little rooster," said the whetstone, "why are you so sad so early this morning?"

"My little hen choked to death on a hazelnut, and I am on my way to bury her," answered the little rooster.

"May I go along with you?" asked the whetstone.

"Yes, if you do not spit on my red wheels," answered the little rooster.

They went on, and met needles and buttons.

"Oh, little rooster," said the needles and buttons, "why are you so sad so early this morning?"

"My little hen choked to death on a hazelnut, and I am on my way to bury her," answered the little rooster.

"May I go along with you?" asked the needles and thread.

"Yes, if you do not spit on my red wheels," answered the little rooster.

They went on, and met wasps and bees.

"Oh, little rooster," said the wasps and bees, "why are you so sad so early this morning?"

"My little hen choked to death on a hazelnut, and I am on my way to bury her," answered the little rooster.

"May I go along with you?" asked the wasps and bees.

"Yes, if you do not spit on my red wheels," answered the little rooster.

So they all went on until they came to a house. They looked into the window and saw men gambling for money.

"What shall we do now?" they asked one another.

The little rooster said, that the dog was to go under the table, the cat was to go on the hearth, the cow was to go on the manure heap, the whetstone was to go under the door, the needles and buttons were to go into the bed, and the wasps and bees were to fly around the room and blow out the lights.

When all had gotten to the appointed places, the little rooster crowed, "Behold, we are all here."

—Mrs. Emma Diehl, Freeburg, Pa.

* "Ei Hennli ferwas bischt du so draurich so frieh demarrje?"

** "Mei Hiuckli is verwarrickt uff en Hasselniss."



GROUP II

PLANT LEGENDS

The number of plant legends current among our people is comparatively small when we bear in mind the large number of plants, native and introduced, which are commonly known throughout our region and which have distinctive names. Most of the legends are of European origin.

DEVIL'S BIT*

Our dialectal name in "Deiwelsabbisswazel," "the root bitten by the devil."

The short, thick and abrupt rootstock is highly regarded for its medical qualities.

The legend tells how the devil became disturbed when he found the number of persons dying was rapidly decreasing. So he started off on a tour of investigation.

He discovered that a certain root was being used, which had great curative powers—so great as to counteract all the ills which he could send upon the people.

He became so enraged that he tried to destroy the root, but he was powerless to destroy what God had created, and so he had to be content with biting off the greater part of it.

That is the reason for the short abrupt root.

Lebanon and Lancaster Counties.

**Chamaelirium luteum* (L) Gray.

SKUNK CABBAGE*

When the first Swabians settled in this country, their attention was drawn to the large clusters of skunk cabbage leaves which appeared in swampy places in early spring. They decided that this must be the way cabbage grows in America. So they gathered the leaves, cooked them and ate them.

For this reason skunk cabbage is also called Swabian cabbage.

Montgomery County.

*"*Symplocarpus foetidus* (L) Nutt. Dialectal names "Schwowe-graut," and "Bisskatzegraut."

The White Hellebore, *Veratrum viride* Ait. is also known in the dialect as "Schwowe-graut," but here "Schwowe" means cockroach.

SWAMP PINK*

Our legends have to do with the reason for the dialectal name "Dausendgildegaut," which translated means, "the herb worth a thousand guildens."

A.

The colonel of a regiment offered to make anyone of his soldiers wealthy for life who would bring him an unfailing cure for the ills of the body.

One of the soldiers stepped out of the ranks, went into the woods near the camp, and brought the Swamp Pink. He received a thousand gulden from the colonel as a reward.

B.

In the course of time "gilde" lost its true meaning and became associated with the dialectal verb "gelde," meaning to be useful, and the name "Dausendgildegaut" was regarded as meaning "the herb useful for a thousand ills."

There was a man who was to be hung. On the way to the scaffold, he told his executioners that if they would let him go free, he would show them an herb that would cure all human ills. After some discussion they agreed to his request, and directed him to bring the plant to them.

Accompanied by a guard he went into a nearby woods and brought out the Swamp Pink.

Montgomery and Lebanon Counties.

**Sabatia angularis* (L) Pursh.

LOUSEWORT*

This plant is known to us by the names "Widderkumm," (Come-again Plant), and "Lewesgraut," (Herb of Life).

Its virtues are said to have been discovered in this wise. One day a tramp came to a farmhouse and begged for food. It was given to him, with a cup of coffee. He took the platter and the cup of coffee, and sat down on the steps of the porch to eat.

The man of the house had been an invalid for a long time. He had recovered from his illness, but had been unable to recover his strength. As the tramp ate his meal, he talked with the sick man who was sitting on the porch in a rocking chair. When he had finished his meal, he said, "You have been good to me, and now I shall bring you a plant that will restore your strength." He went down into the meadow and brought back the lousewort.

"This," said he "is the Come-again Plant. Use it and it will bring back your health and strength."

—Bucks County.

* *Pedicularis Canadensis* L.



THE PLANTS WITH THE BLOOD SPOTS

When Christ was crucified, drops of his blood fell down upon a plant that stood at the foot of the cross. Ever since the leaves of that plant are marked with blood spots.

This legend is heard of different plants:

The spotted Knot-weed, *Polygonum Persicaria* L, whose lanceolate leaves are usually marked with a dark lunate or triangular spot near the middle.

The Mildew, *Chenopodium album* L, whose leaves

are sometimes spotted dark purple. It is then called "Himmelsgraut," (Herb of Heaven).

St. John's Wort, *Hypericum perforatum* L. One of our dialectal names for this plant is "Gottesblut," (Blood of God). The crushed plant yields a reddish juice. All these plants have been naturalized from Europe.

—Lehigh and Montgomery Counties.

THE LOST PLANT

A.

One evening a man went across his fields to visit a neighbor. Returning home late at night he crossed a fence, and then stumbled and fell. When he arose, he didn't know where he was, and walked on and on around the field until four o'clock in the morning when daylight began to appear in the east. Then he recognized his surroundings.

There were those who said that he had stepped on the Witless Herb. Others, however, thought that he had been misled by a ghost.

This mysterious plant has a number of dialectal names. "Dar Verlore Schtock," (The Lost Plant), "Es Verlier Mich Graut," (Lose Thyself Herb), "Irrgraut," (Lose the Way Herb), "Unverschtandsgraut," (The Witless Herb), and "Verirrgraut," (Confusion Herb).

It has been identified as the rattlesnake plantain,* whose dark leaves with white nerves and many fine reticulating veins, so unlike other plants, makes the impression of mystery upon such as come upon it in the woodlands.

—As told in Carbon County.

**Epipactis Pubescens* (Willd) A. A. Eaton.

B.

There is a mysterious plant that grows in woodlands and even in open fields that causes the person who treads upon it to lose a knowledge of his whereabouts and to feel that he is lost. Few persons have ever seen this plant, and only N. N., who died some years ago, recognized it when he saw it.

The person who happens to step on the plant will wander around and around not knowing where he is, if at night until morning, if in the day until something happens to shock him to his right mind.

What should one do if you are thus lost?

The old people used to say, that one was to take off his shoes and walk barefooted, or change shoes, putting the right shoe on the left foot.

Such a plant grew up here in N. N.'s woodlot, and N. N. in walking through his woodlot stepped on it, and though he was only a field's width from his home he circled around and around until he was startled out of his daze by his wife's voice.

—As told in Lehigh County.

SPEEDWELL*

Our name for the Speedwell is "Ehr un Preis," which may be translated as a command, "Honor and Praise." The meaning is that men should honor and praise this plant.

The plant is native to Europe and one may assume that our immigrant ancestors were familiar with the lore that has grown up around it.

Our legend tells how a shepherd in taking his sheep to pasture, noted that, before grazing, they always went

to a certain plant and ate of the leaves. He became curious, examined the plant closely, and then chewed some of its leaves. This he did for several days, and found his health and strength improved. He told of the plant to others, who in turn found that the plant had wonderful strengthening and curative powers, and all agreed that this was a plant to be honored and praised.

—Montgomery and Lebanon Counties.

* *Veronica officinalis* L.

PIMPERNELL *

This herb has been introduced from Europe and up to recent years was to be found in many an old garden. It was highly regarded as a home remedy. Our dialectal name is "Biewernell."

According to our legend, its medical properties were revealed from Heaven.

During a time of pestilence, when people died "like flies" and when all remedies were futile, a voice was heard from the sky, saying,

"Drink tea of Pimpernell,
And you shall all get well."**

—This legend is widely known.

* *Pimpinella Saxifraga* L.

** "Drinck Thee vun Biewernell,
No schtarbt ihr net so schnell."

A CRY FROM THE GROUND

Years ago there lived a very wicked man in one of the little valleys across the Blue Mountain. One night he stole a horse, and in fleeing from his pursuers fell from the horse to his death.

Now, in those days suicides and murderers were not buried within the bounds of a church graveyard but on the outside of the wall which usually enclosed the burial grounds. So this wicked man whose death was looked upon as a suicide—for was he not the cause of his own death?—was buried along the wall on the outside of the graveyard.

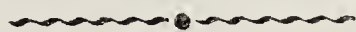
In course of time a plant grew up on his grave, and on the leaves were the words:

“Ah! Can repentance not be found
Between a stiff back and the ground.”*

—*Henry Schaeffer, Egypt, Pa.*

* “Ei, kann dar Mensch sich nett bereie.
Vum schteiffen Buckel bis uff dar Grund.”

The story implies that he repented while falling to the ground, and that a repentant sinner was buried outside the wall.



GROUP III

THE HIDDEN TREASURE

Stories of hidden or buried treasure were frequently heard up to the beginning of the present century. Since then they have become infrequent, and the creative spirit of such stories has apparently died out.

We have given a large number of these stories, because they embody many old beliefs which today are forgotten, and are only met in stories that come down from former generations.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE MUST BE SOUGHT FOR IN SILENCE

A.

A hidden treasure was sought for near Finland, in Montgomery County. The searchers had been instructed to be silent from the time they began to dig until they had the treasure fully in their possession.

They dug in silence, and uncovered the chest. They eagerly laid hold of the handles to lift it to the surface, and had raised it half-way when one of them happened to look up, and, struck with fright at what he saw, yelled. "Drop it! The man with the red jacket!"*

Immediately the chest disappeared.

—*Edwin Long, Geryville, Pa.*

* In the dialect, "Loss geh! Der mit em rode Wammes!"

The devil is referred to as the "man with the cloven feet," "der mit de Gloee fies," "the man with the manure hook," "dar Mann mit em Mischdhoke," and as above, "the man with the red jacket."

B.

Years ago, it is said, men searched for a hidden treasure in the hills north of Brickersville, not far from the old Stiegel furnace.

They were successful in their silent search, and found the chest after little digging. Impatient to see what it contained, they immediately broke open the lid, and to their joy found that the chest was full of gold pieces. Thereupon, one of them, unable to restrain his joy, cried out, "Now, we'll be rich,"* and immediately the chest was gone.

If they had touched the gold with their hands before speaking, the treasure would have been theirs.

—*Henry Landis, Landis Valley, Pa.*

* In the dialect, "Nau warre mar reich."

C.

Not far from the village of N, in Snyder County, along the highway, was a spot that was perennially green. Though other ground was dry as dust, here it was moist, and though other vegetation was dried up and shriveled, here it was green and thrifty.

People speaking of this remarkable circumstance came to believe that a treasure was buried there, for older people had often said that where treasure was buried the ground was always moist.

Thereupon certain men of the village banded together to dig for the buried wealth, and that their venture might have favor, promised to give to the church and the school, half of what they found.

They went to digging, and after they had gotten down to some depth they sensed that they were getting close to the chest.

Thus far all had been done in silence, but then one of them thought out aloud, saying, "We'll give away only as much as we choose."*

Thereupon water began to seep into the hole, and further digging was impossible.

To this day the hole is shown, always partly filled with water and with moisture constantly exuding from its sides.

—Mrs. Emma Diehl, Freeburg, Pa.

* "Mar gewwe juscht was mar welle."

D.

There lived in the South Mountain, in the southern part of Lebanon County, some years after the War of the Revolution, a notorious robber. He would bury his plunder deep in the woods at night, and that he might find the place in the darkness he stretched a string from

the cache to a tree along an old path. One day the string was broken, and the treasure was lost. The robber himself could not find it.

After his death certain men who knew of the lost treasure planned to search for it. They consulted an old woman who had a magical mirror.* She directed them to a certain spot where they were to draw a magical circle. They were to dig within the circle, and as they dug they were not to throw any ground outside the circle.

The men drew the circle, and started to dig. They had gotten down to the depth of their shoulders when one of the diggers came upon the chest. He was on the verge of crying out, "I have it," when he felt hot breath coming upon his shoulders. He looked back and saw a large black dog with jaws open and teeth bared ready to leap on him. Instinctively he brought his shovel around and struck at the dog, and in so doing threw a little ground outside the circle.

Immediately the dog vanished, and also the chest.

—Lebanon County.

* "Erdschpiggel."

E.

Near Stony Run, in Carbon County, men dug for a hidden treasure. They uncovered an iron chest, but in so doing one of them struck it with his pick. Immediately there was a flash of lightning and a deep rumbling as if from the depths of the earth, and flames of fire shot out from all sides of the chest. The men were so frightened that they dropped their tools and fled.

—James Danner, Cementon, Pa.

F.

N. N. heard that a treasure was buried at the Sand Bank, not far from Hellertown. He and several others went to a *braucher* who told them to draw a ring around the spot where the treasure was supposed to be, and then, in absolute silence, they were to dig within the ring.

Soon after they began digging, a flock of blackbirds flew on a tree nearby. The birds whistled and sang, but the men kept on digging.

Then a hen with a flock of chicks came to the ring, but the men paid no attention to her, and kept on digging.

Then came an ugly ferocious looking boar up to the ring, and one of the men became scared and cried out, "Huss!"*

The boar immediately vanished. The men ceased digging for they knew that it would be impossible for them to find the treasure after one had broken the injunction of silence.

—John Algard, Laurys, Pa.

* Exclamatory word used in driving pigs.

G.

Along the Ridge Road in Marlborough Township, Montgomery County, there lived a woman in whose field was a "Hexedanz," that is a circular spot in which neither grass nor weeds grew. Around this spot was what appeared to be a narrow path. The woman regarded this path as having been made by fairies, and she was convinced that a treasure was buried in the "ring." She had men dig for it at night, in the ascending moon, "when the hours were growing," that is between the hours of 9 and midnight.

The men dug halfheartedly because they felt that

their work was futile. However, before they quit working the first night, they "planted" a box in the hole and covered it up. The following night they uncovered the box in the presence of the woman who had come to see how the digging was progressing. Just as they uncovered the box the light went out.

"Quickly light up," cried the woman. But the men were slow in relighting the lantern, and when it was relighted, it showed that the box was still there. Feverishly the woman raised the lid—the box was empty.

Straightway she accused the men of having taken the money in the darkness. She wailed and threatened them then and there and for long years afterward.

"They stole the money out of the box,
They must bring it back to me."*

—Mrs. Harry Wolford, Salfordville, Pa.

* "Sie haben des Geld doraus;
Des loss ich mir net nemme."

THE TREASURE IS HIDDEN UNDER AN AGREEMENT* WITH THE DEVIL

A.

A farmer hid a treasure underneath the floor of his barn, making an agreement with the devil that only a person who drove seven black pigs over its place of concealment could gain possession of it.

A vagabond, who was resting in the hay mow of the barn, overheard the conditions, and saw where the treasure was hidden. He bided his time. After the farmer

had died, he went and hunted up seven black pigs and drove them over the spot and lifted the treasure.

—*Henry Landis, Souderton, Pa.*

* The dialectal words used are "Bund," "Bindniss," and "Verbindniss."

B.

A person in hiding a treasure would say, "This may only be gotten by one who does this or that." These conditions had to be literally fulfilled before the treasure could be obtained, for the devil became its guardian and he would not suffer it to be removed otherwise.

The person who had hidden the money could come and take whatever he desired, but no other person. After death he would wander upon earth until someone asked him, "What is your desire?"*

Thereupon he would tell of the treasure and also how to obtain it. The key** to the treasure was the agreement by which the devil would be compelled to permit someone to obtain it.

One night a spirit in answer to the question, "What is your desire?" told of a treasure that was hidden in a barn. It could be gotten, said the spirit, if on a certain night a certain plank was lifted and three things cast into the hole, a black hen without a white feather, a black cat without a white hair, and a black goat without a white hair.

The man to whom the spirit had spoken made a toy black cat, a toy black hen, and a toy black goat. He went to the barn, raised the plank, and threw the three toys into the hold beneath.

There was a fiery blast, as something shot up out of

the hole into the air and away. The toys were torn to bits, but the treasure was there even as the spirit had said.

—*Mrs. John Algard, Jr., Laurys, Pa.*

* "Was is dei Begâr?" Narrator consistently used "Begâr."
** "Schlissel."

C.

Night after night terrifying rumblings were heard in the cellar of the house in which N. N. and his family lived. These noises were heard throughout the whole house.

One night N. N. plucked up courage and went down into the cellar. There he saw a huge chest with a lion perched on either end.

"What do you want?" he asked the lion facing him.

"I want seven brothers. Bring me seven brothers," roared the lion.

N. N. was at a loss what to do until he remembered that his sow had a litter of seven. He took the seven little pigs down into the cellar that very night. The next morning he found them torn to pieces, and on the floor lay a large pile of money.

—Lehigh County.

D.

A rich farmer buried, at night, his hoard of gold in a hole in the barn floor, under a covenant with the devil that only one who came with a three legged sheep that had never seen sun or moon, should have the power to secure the treasure.

His servant, who was lying in a heap of straw, saw the farmer and overheard the covenant.

He bided his time until the sheep lambled at night. Then he took a newly born lamb, and, having cut off one

of its legs, laid it on the barn floor near the spot where the treasure had been buried, and thus succeeded in obtaining the gold.

—Lehigh County.

E.

A man buried gold beneath the threshing floor of his barn under an agreement with the devil, that after his death the money could only be gotten with the help of seven brothers.

A tramp, lying among the hay, overheard the covenant and also saw where the treasure was hidden.

The farmer died. Several years passed and the tramp, on his rounds, again came that way. He asked for food, and it was given him. While eating, he inquired whether they had found the money which the dead farmer had hidden. They answered that they knew he had hidden money and that they had searched long and in vain for it.

"I know where the money is hidden," said the tramp, "but it can only be gotten with the help of seven brothers."

They overcame what apparently was a great difficulty by taking seven suckling pigs on to the threshing floor, and when they raised the planks, the treasure was there.

—Lehigh County.

F.

In olden times people often concealed money in barns.

One evening a tramp came to a farmhouse and asked for food. He was given a chunk of bread. He ate some of it and the rest he put into a bag; and went into the barn to sleep.

Around midnight he heard two men moving in the barn. He raised his head and saw that one of the men was the devil and the other the owner of the farm.

"Tonight we can not bury it," said the devil.

"Why not?" asked the other.

"There are too many ears," said the devil.

"Break his neck!" said the other.

"I would if I could," said the devil, "but he has a holy stone* under his head."

The holy stone was the remainder of the chunk of bread that the tramp had put into his bag, which he used for a pillow.

—*Mrs. John Algard, Jr., Laurys, Pa.*

* "Gottesschtee."



THE SPIRIT OF A PERSON WHO HID A TREASURE WILL FIND NO REST UNTIL THE TREASURE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED

A.

After old mother N. N., who died at the home of her daughter, had been buried, the daughter asked her maid whether she would occupy the bedroom where the old lady had slept.

"Surely! Why not?" answered the maid. "Your mother was a good woman and harmed no one while she was living, and now she has found rest and will never come back to this world."

The first night that the maid slept in the room, she awoke around midnight and saw the mother sitting at the foot of the bed. The next morning she told her mistress, who smiled and said, "That was only a dream. Nothing more."

Several nights later the maid again saw the mother sitting at the foot of the bed and again she told her mistress. Unwilling to believe that the maid had seen her mother, because she could not understand why her mother should come back from the grave, the daughter resolved to sleep with the maid, and should her mother appear, to ask of her what she sought.

That very night the mother appeared. The daughter asked, "What is your desire?" The mother answered that the bedpost where she was sitting had been chiselled out and much money concealed in it, and then disappeared.

They searched and found a large sum of money. The old woman never reappeared thereafter.

—Lehigh County.

B.

A farmer's family had trouble to keep their maid servants any length of time. They would stay only a short while and then leave.

One day a new maid came. It was the day of butchering, and on such a day there is a late supper and many dishes to wash.

When the supper was over, the maid started in on the work of washing the dishes and so forth. The farmer's wife came to her and told her to leave them for the next day.

"Why?" asked the maid in surprise.

"I suppose," said the farmer's wife, "it is best for me to tell you, now, the reason why the maids who were here before you only stayed a short while . . . Well, every evening at 8 o'clock the fire will go out and an old man will come and sit beside the stove."

"That's all right," said the maid. "I'll tell him to go away."

She kept on working. At 8 o'clock the fire went out, and an old man came and sat beside the stove. The maid said to him, "Please, go away. I want to rebuild the fire."

The old man answered, "I have waited a long time for someone to speak to me. Now come with me into the cellar."

They went down into the cellar, and he told her to dig in one of the corners. This she did, and found a box full of money, most of which was gold.

The man said, "All this is yours, and now I shall have rest."

With those words he disappeared.

—*William Coffin, Treichlers, Pa.*

C.

The man servant on the N. N. farm heard at night all kinds of noises. Several times he heard the rattling of pans, and he arose because he thought breakfast was being prepared. When he got downstairs he found that it was only 2 o'clock in the morning.

"I am not afraid of ghosts," said the servant to his master, "but, when I am sleeping, I don't want to be disturbed by anybody, especially not by ghosts. I am leaving this place."

Several days later a traveler came along who asked for overnight lodging. The farmer told him that only one room was vacant, and in that room his servant had slept and had heard such frightful noises that he would not remain in his employ.

"That is the very room for me," replied the traveler.

The next morning he came downstairs, and asked for a pick and shovel, and then, telling the farmer to follow, he went into the cellar.

"Dig there," he said to the farmer, pointing to a spot near the cellar wall.

The farmer dug, and uncovered an iron kettle filled with money. They divided the money equally, and the traveler went on his way.

No more strange noises were heard in the house.

—Ray Meissner, Lehighnton, Pa.



WHERE TO HUNT FOR THE HIDDEN TREASURE

The great question in treasure hunting was to find the exact spot where it lay hidden. It was said that treasure was buried where ground was continually moist even though all the ground round about was dry; or in bare barren spots in fertile fields; or places where a motionless light shone at night.

To be sure of the place one could consult a person versed in necromancy. Years ago in Carbon County there lived a notorious sorcerer. To him people would bring ground that they thought might contain gold or silver ore, or in which treasure was buried.

He would spread the ground on a table in his room, and then intone an incantation. A fierce storm would arise, and golden colored and silver colored caterpillars would appear upon the table and crawl around upon the ground. They would disappear and the sorcerer would declare that it was useless to seek for silver or gold in the spot from which the ground was taken. Though several persons took ground to him, he always told them that neither gold nor silver was to be found in it.

Another way was to take a black hen or a black cat at night and tie it to a stake that was driven in at the supposed spot. If in the morning the fowl or cat was found torn to pieces, then treasure was there, otherwise not.

—Montgomery County.

THE TREASURE GUARDED BY THE DEVIL

A.

One dark night, a tramp sought shelter in an old deserted house that stood alongside the road. He lit a fire in the open hearth, and lay down to sleep. At 10 o'clock he was awakened by a noise, and looking up, he saw a leg falling down through the stove pipe hole. He picked up the leg, saying, "Fine, now I have part of a man."

Soon another leg came down through the chimney, and the tramp as he put the two legs together said, "Two legs! Fine! Now I have a quarter man."

Then the body came down. "Better and better! Now I have half a man," said he as he joined the body to the legs.

Two arms came down through the hole. "All the time, better! Now I have three-quarters of a man," said the tramp, as he joined the arms to the body.

Finally the head came down with a bang, "Best of all! Now I have a whole man," said he.

After he had joined the head to the body, he looked at the skeleton and said, "Well, what do you want?"

The skeleton answered that gold was buried in the cellar of the house, and until that had been dug up, he would have no rest. However, he who hunted for the

treasure would be confronted by the devil, the walls would appear to collapse, and the house would seem to tumble down, and there would be fearful noises and rumblings.

The tramp, being a brave man, decided to try for the treasure. He got a block of wood, a wedge, and a mallet. The next night, he went into the cellar. He had not been there long before the walls seemed to collapse, and the house seemed to be tumbling down upon him, and he saw large snakes with fiery eyes and hissing tongues crawl around him, and a lion with open jaws poised as if to spring upon him.

He stood his ground, took the wedge which he had brought along and drove it part way into the block of wood. . . . There was a flash of light, a peal of thunder, and the devil stood before him. "What do you want of me?" said the devil.

"I want you to help me pull this block apart," answered the tramp.

The devil laid hold of the log, put his hands into the split, and pulled. As he was pulling, the tramp deftly pulled out the wedge, and the devil's hands were clamped.

"Now," said the tramp, "you are caught, and I shall not free you until you promise not to molest me as I dig for the treasure, and never hereafter."

"I promise," said the devil.

"What you promise you must keep," said the man.

"My promises I keep," said the devil.

The devil was freed, and left. Thereupon the tramp went ahead and found the gold, and lived in plenty ever after.

—Ray Meissner, Lehighton, Pa.

B.

Near the village of N. stood a deserted house that was said to be haunted. A ghostly form had been seen going in and out of the cellar.

When the villagers came to discuss the matter, they concluded that the only explanation for the ghostly appearance was that money lay buried in the cellar, and they proceeded to dig for it.

In digging they came upon an iron chest, and immediately a violent storm arose. They were blinded by flashes of light, and they saw the walls crumbling, and the house coming down upon them. They fled in fright, and gave up all thought of returning to dig, for they knew that the treasure had been buried upon an agreement with the devil and that he had brought on the storm and caused the optical illusions.

One day a tramp came along who offered to secure the treasure for half of its value. He was advised not to do so—that if he persisted in digging, the devil would kill him. To all this he responded: “Don’t worry about me and the devil. I’ll take care of him.”

He took into the cellar a block of wood, an axe, and a wedge. He drove the wedge into the block, and then took a shovel, and started to dig. After he had uncovered the chest, there was a rumbling noise, a flash of light, and the devil appeared before him.

Nonchalantly the tramp asked the devil to help him split the block. The devil was willing, and inserted his fingers into the crack to pull the block apart. Quickly the tramp pulled out the wedge, and the devil’s fingers were tightly clamped in the contracting fissure.

Thereup the tramp proceeded to get the treasure.

—Lehigh County.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE GUARDED BY A SKELETON

One day a tramp came to a farmhouse, and asked permission to sleep over night in the barn.

"No," said the farmer, "I do not permit anyone to sleep in my barn over night. There are those who will smoke while lying on the hay, and there are others who will strike matches to see in the darkness—No! No one may sleep in my barn. I do not want my barn burned down. However, down there in the meadow is a little log house where you may spend the night, and in it you will find a fireplace where you can build a fire if the night becomes chilly."

The tramp, thanking the farmer for his kindness, turned to go down to the log house. The farmer, thereupon, raised his hand as in warning, and continued, "One thing I must tell you, before you go. The log house is haunted and no one ever spent a whole night in it."

The tramp laughed and said, "Ghosts! They never frighten me." He continued, "I have not eaten for several days, would you not kindly give me some flour, lard, salt and milk. With these things I can bake pancakes on the hearth, and I shall have a good meal."

The farmer gave him all that he desired, and in addition some sugar and butter, and wished him a good night's rest.

The tramp went down into the log house, built a fire, and began to bake his pancakes on the hearth. Before the cakes were half baked, a bone fell down the chimney upon the cakes. He grabbed the bone and threw it aside. Soon another bone, and another, and more bones came down the chimney. As they fell the tramp picked them up one by one and cast them aside.

The cakes having been baked, the tramp took them, and, since there was no furniture in the house, sat on the floor in the middle of the room, and began to eat ravenously. As he sat thus, there was a noise at the door, and looking up he saw a skeleton which beckoned to him. The tramp would not be disturbed in his eating, and between gulps told the skeleton to come and take a pancake or two, adding, "You are so thin that your bones rattle."

The skeleton wouldn't move but continued to beckon with its index finger. The tramp, eyeing the skeleton between bites, said, "All right! Old Fellow. I'll be with you when I have eaten."

Having satisfied his hunger, he arose and went over towards the skeleton. As he approached, the skeleton moved towards an open door that led into the cellar, all the while looking back over his shoulder at the tramp, and beckoning him to follow.

When they had gotten down into the cellar, the skeleton pointed to a large stone. "All this fuss so that I should lift this stone for you," exclaimed the tramp. The skeleton nodded assent, and kept pointing to the stone with its bony hand.

The tramp laid hold of the stone, and to his surprise it came up light as a feather, and underneath were three large pots of gold. Now the skeleton spoke for the first time, "One pot is for the church, another for the poor, and the third is for you because you have freed me and brought me rest."

The tramp faithfully carried out the injunction of the skeleton, gave one pot of gold to the church, another to the poor, and kept the third for himself, and in it there was so much gold that he was wealthy the remainder of his life.

—*Gertrude Frantz, Mountainville, Pa.*

THE HIDDEN TREASURE GUARDED BY A DRAGON

Mrs. N. N. and her son lived near a minehole in Lehigh County. One day a gypsy came to their home and told them that on their property a treasure lay buried, which they could obtain by digging for it without speaking, before sunrise.

To insure the success of the search, the mother signed a paper given to her by the gypsy with her own blood gotten by pricking her finger under the nail. The paper was put in a can, and the can placed in the garret of the house.

She was to dig three mornings in succession, each time before sunrise and without speaking, and each time she was to strike the grubbing hoe three times into the earth. In all, she was to make nine strokes.

The mother did so for two mornings in succession, and then she became afraid. She went to her bedroom, and prayed to God to let her know whether she was doing a good or an evil deed. Hardly had she finished her prayer before a huge dragon shot past her window, and then she knew that she was doing evil.

She went up into the garret to see what was on the paper that she had signed and which had been put into a can by the gypsy. She opened the can and found that the paper was burnt to ashes.

—Solomon Stettler, Ormrod, Pa.

THE BURIED TREASURE GUARDED BY A SNAKE

Years ago, in the dead of night, on a lonely woodland road near Moselem Spring, persons frequently met a beautiful woman driving a span of beautiful white horses and singing as she drove along. None had enough courage to speak to the woman except a certain young servant boy.

He told, how, coming home, he had met the woman a number of times and had passed her by in silence. Finally, however, he decided that he would speak to her the very next time that she appeared. This he did, asking her why she drove along that road and why she sang as she drove.

She answered, "My dear man, I am very happy that you ask what I seek and why I sing. I sing because no one knows that I am here, and I want to show him who speaks to me, and you are the one, where a treasure of silver and gold is buried."

She had hardly spoken these words before the horses and wagon disappeared, and she stood at his side. She said, "Now fetch a pick and a shovel, and then I shall show you where to dig." He went for the tools, and when he came back she was standing at the same spot where he had left her.

"Here is the spot," said she, pointing to the ground. "But before you dig you must lie down with your back to the ground, and then a snake will come crawling with a key in its mouth. You must not be afraid, the snake will not harm you. It will crawl and bring the key to your mouth, and you must take it into your mouth. That is the key with which you can unlock the iron chest.

"However," she continued, "do not undertake the

matter unless you are brave enough to go through with it, for if you fail, I shall be lost forever."

The boy replied that he was not afraid, and that he was ready to go ahead. He lay down on the ground. The night had become steadily darker as she spoke, and when he lay down, pitch darkness had fallen upon the woodland so that he could hardly discern the white figure of the woman, and then it was gone and he was there all alone.

Then, suddenly, the woods was lit up like the brightness of the midday sun, and he saw that the light came from the eyes of a snake that was slowly crawling towards him, and from a key that it held in its mouth. He watched the snake as it slowly drew nearer, and then overcome by fright he jumped up and fled through the woodland which had again become pitch dark.

The woman was never more seen, but travellers going through the woods, for several weeks thereafter, heard a voice moaning, "Lost! Lost! I am lost forever!"

After the young man had recovered from his fright, he came to regret his cowardice and resolved to dig for the treasure with the help of his friends; but search as they would they could not find the spot where the woman had said that the treasure was hidden.

—*Eugene Brensinger, Tipton, Pa.*

B.

On one of the lonely roads of Franconia Township in Montgomery County there is a small bridge over a narrow creek. On both sides of the road, a short way beyond the bridge, there are steep banks which slope down to the creek. They at one time marked the channel of the creek.

It was said that the banks and even the bridge were haunted, and several persons averred that on approaching the bridge they saw the figure of a small man who came up from the creek, crossed the bridge ahead of them, and vanished down the bank on the other side towards the stream.

The ghost was seen both by day and by night, but only at long intervals.

One day it appeared to a man as he was approaching the bridge, and he, not being afraid, asked, "What do you seek?"

The ghost answered, "Follow me!" Then, followed by the man, it crossed the bridge and went part way down the bank towards the creek.

It halted and pointed to the ground and told the man to dig there, saying that he would uncover a rich treasure and also free the ghost from the spell that rested upon it.

The man fetched tools, and started to dig, and as he was working, the ghost appeared at his side. It told him that whatever happened he should not stop digging but continue until he reached the treasure. During the digging he would hear fearful noises and see frightful things but he was not to be afraid, a serpent would appear with a golden key in its mouth. Then he was to lie down and let the serpent place the key in his mouth, for that was the key to the treasure chest.

The man went to digging, but becoming tired he decided to quit. He told the ghost that he would dig no further. Thereupon the ghost begged him to continue, saying that the next person who would speak to it was not yet born, and the wood from which that person's cradle would be made had not yet grown.

The man, however, quit and went home. Some time

later he visited the place and found to his surprise that there were no evidences that that ground had ever been disturbed.

Thereafter the ghost was never seen.

—*Henry Landis, Souderton, Pa.*

C.

There was a house, with a cellar, that was haunted. The spirits dwelt in the cellar, and though persons could be in the house without being molested, no one could enter the cellar without being killed.

A new family moved into the house, and one day when the family was away, the maid went into the cellar to make ready for washing the clothes. She found hickory nuts in the pockets of a pair of pants, and took to cracking them. While she was thus engaged, a voice called, "What are you doing down here?"

She answered, "Cracking hickory nuts."

The voice continued, "I shall come again and ask, 'What are you doing down here?' Then answer again 'cracking hickory nuts.' As often as I come and ask the same question, you must give me the same answer."

Thereafter the voice came several times and asked, "What are you doing down here?" And the maid always answered, "Cracking hickory nuts."

Finally the voice said, "I shall come once more, and in a most horrible form—a form uglier than the devil. And I shall carry a key. Be not afraid, but take the key and go to an iron chest in the corner of the cellar and unlock it. You shall find treasure there which will be yours. However, if you become afraid and do not take the key, then you shall not leave the cellar alive."

Thereupon there was a terrifying noise, and a hor-

rible looking snake appeared, with a key on its tongue. The maid did not become frightened, but went and took the key from the snake's mouth, and unlocked the iron chest which stood in the corner of the cellar, and obtained the treasure that was there.

Thereafter the cellar was no longer haunted, nor was any person killed in it.

—*Mrs. Emma Diehl, Freeburg, Pa.*



GROUP IV

OF PERSONS WHO SOLD THEMSELVES TO THE DEVIL

Years ago one heard stories of persons who had sold themselves to the devil. We have been able to collect a few that are still remembered. No doubt inquiry in our Pennsylvania Dutch communities would unearth many more. Our stories come from the Lehigh Valley, but like most of the stories in this volume they show the type of stories once current throughout the Pennsylvania Dutch region.



I.

THE LEGEND OF TAMBOUR YOKEL

Tell the story with bated breath—
A story of horror, and gloom, and death.
A little church on a lonely hill;
A churchyard near it, calm and still;
Fair in the morning's early light;
Dark and gloomy it seems at night.

There it is said, in the olden time,
Happened a nameless deed of crime;

And stalwart men, with swiftest pace,
Haste when they pass that dreadful place.

Home, with the troop, from the war had come
Tambour Yokel, who beat the drum.

A worthless wretch who, on his way;
Had learned but the arts of a bird of prey;

Who had sold, it was said, in the dreadful strife,
His soul to Satan to save his life.

'Now where,' he cried, 'is my ancient foe?
I have come from the battle to lay him low.'

'Peace! Peace!' they answered. 'Your boast is vain;
The man will never fight again;

The foe you hated and sought to kill,
Now rests in the churchyard on the hill.'

'Ho! What of that?' the drummer cried,
'Perhaps it was well the coward died;

But I know a way, as you'll see tonight,
To bring this man from his grave to fight!'

Then a dreadful oath the ruffian swore,
He would call him forth to fight once more.

In their cups that night, at the tavern near,
His comrades met him with mock and jeer;

'Ho, wizard!' they cried. 'Why don't you go
To the churchyard now to meet your foe?'

Then Tambour Yokel cursed and swore,
And sallied forth from the tavern door.

'Come forth!' he cried through the startled night,
'Come forth, thou fiend, from the grave and fight!'

He reached the churchyard gate, and then
The fearful challenge was heard again.

But soon a cry that was wild and shrill
Was heard from the churchyard on the hill.

'Help! Help!' he cried, but none drew near,
His comrades trembled, aghast with fear.

In silence waiting—that godless crew—
While the cries still fainter and fainter grew.

Next morning, they came, with silent tread
Seeking their comrade among the dead.

There mid the graves, the man they found,
Naked and cold on the trodden ground;

Scattered his garments, far and wide;
Bloody the soil where the wretch had died.

And this was all; but who can tell
Who wounded the victim and how he fell?

Did a panther, perchance, of the forest tear
The limbs of the wretched boaster there?

Or, was it the fiend, as the neighbors say,
That bore his godless soul away?

Ah! none could tell—nor cared to know—
But a mighty hand had laid him low.

Yet with a shudder men still relate
The tale of Tambour Yokel's fate;

And none forgets the legend grim—
How a fearful judgment was sent to him.

This is a poetic version of a story still told in Lehigh County. It was written by Professor Dr. Dubbs and appeared in "The Guardian," a religious magazine, in the year 1884. Prof. Dr. Dubbs states that, at the time of his writing, the legend was over a hundred years old, that the story was generally credited, and always told with due solemnity.

The scene is the graveyard of the Salisbury church in lower Lehigh County.

THREE VERSIONS OF A STORY

A.

Old A— could do more than eat bread.* One day in the absence of A— the boys of his place and neighbors' boys played hide-and-seek at his home which was a log house. One of the boys hid behind the chimney under the roof, and there he found a book which he opened and tried to read, and immediately A— stood before him and struck him a harsh blow.

"What are you doing?" he demanded. "Get off as fast as you can."

Now A— had been away from home, but as soon as the boy opened the book, he was there.

One day A— talked in a strange and mysterious way, and that night there was a rumbling around his house and a noise as of a chain dragged over the roof. In the morning A— had disappeared, and was nevermore seen.

—Victor Baer, Schnecksville, Pa.

*"Hot meh du kenne wie Brod esse." A cryptic expression which implies that A— was engaged in sorcery.

This A— legend is frequently heard in the Lehigh Valley.

B.

On the Ridge Road there lived an ungodly man, A— by name. One day he invited his neighbors to come to his house in the evening and play cards.

He said, "I have an appointment with the devil, and would like to have a good send-off."

The neighbors came; and cards were played up to midnight. Then A— announced that the time had come, and he had to go. He left the room and went upstairs. Then there was a tremendous rumbling and rattling of chains. The neighbors in fright ran home. Nothing more was ever seen or heard of A—.

—E. J. Faust, Fogelsville, Pa.

C.

A man, A— by name, was spoken of as having dealings with the devil. He was known to possess a book by which he was able to do all kinds of evil. One night as A— lay in bed there was a noise as of a chain being dragged across the roof.

A— arose and said, "I must go outside."

His wife begged him, "Don't go! Oh, don't go!"

However, he went out of the house, and that was the last time he was ever seen.

The son found his father's book and read in it. He read so much that he came under the power of the devil. He lost his peace of mind; he could not eat by day, nor sleep at night. Finally he took sick with a high fever; and at night his room was all fiery.

Then a man came along and read him free* from the devil. The book which had caused all the trouble was taken and put in a log in the pig stable.

—*Albert Schuler, Orefield, Pa.*

*"Ihn frei gelese."

By reading an "evil book" one can summon the devil voluntarily or involuntarily.

Suppose one should come across an "evil book," as the "Seventh Book of Moses," and, merely out of curiosity, start to read in it. Were one to read on and on, one would finally come to a point beyond which one could not continue; one would "lose himself" among the words and become confused and puzzled like a fly entangled in a spider's web. This is spoken of as reading "until one is fast," "sich fascht lese."

Then, if still able, one should retrace his steps by reading backwards, and in this way retreat out of the maze over the same road by which one entered. If this is not done, the devil will appear, and seek to lay hold of the reader.

The only way to escape from the devil is to have someone read a formula which will compel the devil to relinquish his hold. This is "reading one free," and can be done by a braucher.

MAKING A COVENANT WITH THE DEVIL

"I have been told that I could sell myself to the devil for twenty years. On Christmas night, between the hours of midnight and one, I was to go to a cemetery with a live young cock that had been raised wholly apart from hens. It was to call the devil to come, saying, 'Come devil! Come!' Then I was to tear the cock apart.

"The devil would appear and I could then make a bargain with him. He would give me riches and power for twenty years; if I should die within that time I would belong to him body and soul, but if I should live beyond twenty years I would be free."

So said a resident of Montgomery County.

DR. S. AND THE DEVIL

Dr. S— came into possession of a witchbook. He raised the devil, and set a time when they were to meet to make a bargain.

The meeting was to take place on a certain night, in a woods. When the doctor got to the woodland, the night was pitch dark and a fearful storm was raging—lightning and thunder and a furious wind that almost tore the trees out by their roots.

The devil appeared, and a bargain was made which was to endure for twenty years, during which time the doctor was to have all the money he desired, but he was not to marry, nor go to church, nor pray. The doctor signed the contract with his own blood.

The bargain was kept by the devil, but not by Dr. S—, who went to church, married, and prayed.

At the end of twenty years, Dr. S— was in his room on the second floor of his home. The devil came and beat

him to death with a manure hook.* The doctor cried piteously for help, but no help came.

In the morning the furniture of his room was found broken, the walls, floor, and ceiling bespattered with blood, and his disembowelled body, horribly mangled, lay out on the manure heap.

—*Solomon Stettler, Ironton, Pa.*

* "Mischthoke."

THE DEVIL'S MONEY

There was a man who had sold himself to the devil. The man went to a shooting match, and spent all his pocket money. He called on the devil for money.

The devil came, riding on a bull, and his face was so dark and forbidding as to strike terror in the heart of the beholder. The man looked at him and said, "If you can't come in a more pleasing form, don't come at all."

The devil disappeared and came back in five minutes or so, dressed like a gentleman, and riding a coal black horse. He asked the man, "What do you want?"

The man answered, "I need pocket money." The devil reached into his pocket, drew out a half dollar, and threw it on the tavern porch. The man protested, "That is not enough."

"Never mind! Spend that!" said the devil as he rode away.

The man found that as soon as the half dollar was spent, it returned to his pocket; and he always had money.

—*Solomon Stettler, Ironton, Pa.*

THE WICKED KNOW THE WAYS OF THE DEVIL

Near the village of N. there lived a very wicked man. All day long he cursed God, and he cursed in such a way as to lead people to believe that he had a personal grudge against God. This could only be because he had sold his soul to the devil.

One day a man in passing his cabin saw him cleaning his gun; and on the floor of the cabin and up among the logs, black snakes of all sizes were crawling. He was preparing to shoot magic bullets* to commit evil.

Another time he was seen hauling a load of ore with a four horse team. He was sitting on the wagon with the black devil,** playing cards, and evidently won, for the devil leaped from the wagon and ran off across the fields.

He worked at a furnace, and one day, when the fire was low and the coal wouldn't burn despite all the efforts of the firemen, he said, "Open the door of the furnace."

It was opened, and he threw some liquid into the fire which caused the flames to shoot up and the fire to roar, with a heat that caused the workmen to fear the furnace would burst asunder.

One day as he drove his team under a tree with low hanging limbs, his head was caught in a crotch. The team passed on, and there he hung suspended in the air; and would have perished if other teamsters that were coming on behind had not freed him.

The first words he spoke after his rescue were, "That time the devil almost had me."

The devil finally got him, for he died a horrible death in his lonely cabin.

—Carbon County.

*"Hexekuggle."

**"Mit em schwaze Diewel."

THE MASTER FIREMAN

A fireman on a railroad train could not get up steam. To the insistent demands of the engineer, he finally cried out, "The devil himself could do no better!"*

Thereupon a man appeared at his side, who said, "Make way! I want to get at this."**

Then, to the amazement of the fireman, he opened the door of the firebox, backed against the opening, flipped out a hairy tail from under his coat, and put it in the firebox. At once the fire burst into fury, and the engine became so hot that it was in danger of bursting, and the fireman begged him to go away.

The devil, for it was he, turned to the fireman and said, "Hereafter, speak more carefully,"*** and disappeared.

—Lebanon County.

*"Dar Deiwel selwer kennt nix do mache."

**"Mach Blatz, ich will moll do drâ."

***"Nochem gewwacht was du sâgscht."

A HELPFUL ACQUAINTANCE

Old N.N. was said to have committed murder, and to have escaped punishment because he had sold his soul to the devil. Persons, passing his home at night, would meet a large black dog with blazing eyes—the devil come to plan evil with his servant.

Old N.N. had gotten power from the devil to make himself invisible, and to appear suddenly at places when he was known to be many miles away.

During harvest time he would have eight or ten men reaping in his fields. Now, in that day it was customary for the reapers to cut and bind the grain and let the sheaves lie until towards evening when they would set

them on shocks, as the last work of the day. But N.N. would instruct his men to keep on cutting and binding and leave the sheaves lie. Said he, "They will all be on shocks till morning."

At night the devil would come and shock the sheaves.

—Lehigh County.

BEHIND SEVEN KEYS

Old N.N. had done many wicked deeds, and, it was said, was afraid of the time when the devil would come for his soul.

He knew that the devil would come at night. To protect himself he put seven locks on his bedroom door, and before he lay down to sleep, turned the key in every one of them. He thus slept behind seven keys.*

—Lehigh County.

*"Hinnich siwwe Schlissel."

A PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN IN HELL

The devil got hold of a Dutchman and took him down into hell. The Dutchman piteously begged the devil, "Let me go! Let me go!"

"All right," said the devil. "I'll let you go if you teach me something new."

"Give me salt and I'll show you something new," answered the Dutchman.

The devil got salt and gave it to the Dutchman who immediately threw it into the fire, and the fire died out.

"Get out of here as fast as you can. I don't want you near this place," said the devil.

—Lehigh County.

PAYING A DEBT WITH DEVIL'S MONEY

In some rural communities there have been characters who in their own way perpetuated the Eileschpiggel tradition. They were continually engaged in some kind of rascality, usually harmless, and always laughable.

Such a character was N. N. A large number of stories about him and his "Eileschpiggel acts," may still be heard in western Lehigh County.

N. N. owed money to a farmer. One day he took his servant and went to the farmer's home with the intention of paying the debt. He had given a handful of silver dollars to his servant and had instructed him to conceal himself in the haymow of the farmer's barn, and to throw down the money when he called to him.

The servant went into the barn and concealed himself in the haymow, and N. N. went into the house. He informed the farmer that he had come to pay his debt. "But," said he, "you must go along out into the barn where I shall get the money."

Together they went out into the barn. When they had come upon the threshing floor, N. N. called out, "Devil, give me some money. I need more money."

The servant threw the handful of silver down to N. N. who picked up the money, and said to the farmer, "Here is your money."

"No! No!" said the farmer, as he backed away, "I'll take no money from the devil."

"If you don't take the money, I can't pay you," said N. N.

"I won't take devil's money,"* said the farmer.

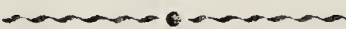
"Then I'll never pay you," said N. N.

"You need not," said the farmer, as he turned and quickly went out of the barn.

N.N. went home, feeling that he had done a good day's work; and the servant stole away after him.

—*Clayton Dengler, Schneeksville, Pa.*

*"Deiwelsgeld."



GROUP V

STORIES OF SPECIAL DAYS

THE SPEAKING HORSES

A.

The month of December, called in the dialect, "Grischdmunet," is the month of spirits. Then, as at no other time, the spirits are abroad, and he who has been born in this month can see, hear, and speak with them. The activity of the spirits reaches its height on Christmas Eve, at midnight, when all living nature is moved and becomes articulate;* bees in their hives buzz a language which then and only then can be understood by the hearers. They may even leave the hive, fly around and speak; horses and cattle speak, and tell of things that shall come to pass.

There was a farmer of rough speech, and of harsh ways towards his horses. He had heard of the mysterious happenings at midnight on Christmas Eve, but would not believe that they were true, and persisted in this attitude despite the asseverations of his friends that they themselves had heard horses and cattle speak at that hour. He would "see for himself" and only after he had seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears would he believe.

So, one Christmas Eve, several hours before mid-

night, he stole into the horse stable and hid in a pile of straw that was used for bedding for the horses. At midnight he heard one horse say to the other, "We have a very cruel master and this night we shall kick him to death."

The farmer rose up from the pile of straw, and in groping his way to the stable door was kicked to death by the horses.

—Lebanon County.

* In the dialect, "Alles bewegt sich."

B.

There was a farmer who dealt kindly with his horses and cattle, he fed them and stabled them well. On Christmas Eve he heard them speak. One said to the other, "In a short while we shall take our master to his grave."

The man was sorely troubled at what he heard. He worried so much, that he fell sick, and died.

—Montgomery County.

C.

There was a farmer who heard his horses speak one Christmas Eve at midnight. One horse said, "We have a cruel master, he makes us work the whole day long and gives us little to eat."

The second horse said, "We could work more if we had more to eat."

The first continued, "He is not as good a lord to us as the Lord was to him."*

The farmer, thereafter, fed his horses well, and he prospered more than before.

—Montgomery County.

In the dialect there is a play on the word lord which is not easily preserved in translation. "Ar is ken so guder Harr zu uns wie dar Harr war zu ihm."

"Harr" means mister, master, boss and also Lord.

D.

In order to hear whether his horses talked on Christmas Eve, a farmer hid in the feed entry of his barn. At midnight he heard one horse tell the other that on a certain day their master would break his leg. He became alarmed, and when the day came, he remained in bed. He had his meals brought up, and thus he felt secure, counting that if he "stayed from his feet" he would neither slip nor fall, and thus the prophecy could not be fulfilled on that day, and if not on that day on no other day.

As he lay quietly in his bed, he saw a mouse scurrying around on the floor of the room. He watched it closely, and soon his attention was so rivetted on it that he lost all thought of the prophesied danger of the day, and when the mouse came running along the baseboard past his bed, he struck at it with his foot, and in so doing broke his leg.

"That which is to be, will be," said the narrator, "no matter what man may do to prevent it."

—Oscar Laub, Egypt, Pa.

ASCENSION DAY

Up to the time of the First World War, Ascension Day was quite generally observed as a religious holiday throughout our rural sections. The merchant closed his store; the farmer confined his work to the feeding and bedding of his stock; and the housewife limited her work to cooking and the needful sweeping. The day was devoted to visitation. It was the great day for "going away."

The day is no longer as widely observed as formerly. To show how Ascension Day was regarded we shall give first of all a story of a rural pastor.

A.

The aged Rev. Helfrich was a widely known and much beloved pastor in the northern part of Lehigh County. In driving home from a pastoral visitation on Ascension Day, his horse lost a shoe. The pastor drove up to the nearest smithy and asked the smith to shoe the horse.

"Yes," said the smith, "this I would gladly do, but pastor, today is Ascension Day."

"Don't think of that," said Helfrich.

Now it was thought that when work had to be done, or food bought on Sunday or a religious holiday as Ascension Day, no payment was to be asked or made that day, that could be done on the following day, but rather not at all than on a holy day.

After the shoeing was done, the pastor asked, "What are the costs?"

The smith replied, "Nothing!"

As the pastor was leaving, he said, "While I was standing around here, I dropped a dollar. Should you find it when you clean up, as I suppose you will, keep it."

The smith returned to his shop and found the dollar lying on the floor.

—Lehigh County.

B.

One of our most widely known stories rests upon the belief that it is sinful to sew on Ascension Day.

Two persons were driving along on Ascension Day. The heavens became dark, and a storm came up overhead. One said to the other, "Are you by chance wearing any clothes that were sewn on this day?"

"Yes, a petticoat," was the answer.

"Quickly take it off, and throw it away," said the first.

She jumped from the buggy, took off the garment, and laid it on a stump. They drove on, but had not gone far before there was a blinding flash of lightning and a terrific clap of thunder. Looking back they saw the stump and the garment torn into bits.

—Lehigh County.

C.

Old Mrs. N, who lived in the hills South of Pennburg with her son's household, wore a nightcap that had been made for her on Ascension Day.

One day a storm came on, with fearful flashes of lightning and peals of thunder. Unlike other storms, it didn't move on but stood over the house with the clouds almost touching the treetops.

The family became frightened, and luckily one of them remembered the old belief that nothing was to be sewn on Ascension Day, and also recalled that the grandmother's nightcap had been sewn on that day.

Quickly the son took the nightcap and hung it on the clothesline out in the yard. He had scarcely re-entered the house before there was a terrific clap of thunder, and when they looked out into the yard they saw that the cap was torn into pieces.

—Montgomery County.

D.

So the story goes with each community having its own version.

A man, walking along a country road, was overtaken by a storm. He didn't seek shelter. There was a

terrific flash of lightning, and he was thrown unconscious to the ground. When he came to, he found that the soles had been torn from his shoes. His shoes had been resoled on Ascension Day.

—Montgomery County.

THE NAME. SEVEN SLEEPERS

There was a king who became angry at seven good men. So, he had them walled up in a cave, with the expectation that they would starve to death. However, they fell asleep and slept until the cave was broken open, which was seven years later. Then, they awoke and went forth to freedom. The day which we call Seven Sleepers* was the day upon which they were imprisoned and also the day upon which they were freed.

—Oscar Laub, Egypt, Pa.

*The person who rises last on "Siwweschleeferdâg," June 27, was mockingly called "Dar Siwweschleef."

A LOST DAY

There is a certain day in the year, upon which one should cut off thistles, weeds, and thorns, for everything cut off on that day will die. The old people called the day "Abdannsdâg," and it had that name in the calendar.

There is a day in our calendars that has the name Adbon, but it is not the real day. The real "Abdannsdâg" is not marked any more, on account of the evil that was committed on that day.

One could easily bring about the death of one's enemy on that day. One took a sharp knife and thrust it into

a tree to which had been given the name of the enemy; and said, "I thrust this knife into the heart of N. N."

Such things were done on "Abdannsdâg," and the calendar makers became alarmed and gave a different name to the day.

There was a certain man who determined to discover the real day. He cut off a small patch of weeds every day during the month of July, which is the month in which the real "Abdannsdâg" occurs, and, then, he found that every patch grew again save one. Thus he discovered the real day. However, he would not tell anyone which the real day was, because he was afraid that it might be used to work evil, and he took his knowledge with him to the grave.

—Lehigh, Montgomery, and Lebanon Counties

GROUP VI

PROVERBS

THE DIETZ FUNERAL

Many proverbs originated in incidents that left an impression upon the community where they occurred. In time, the incident itself was forgotten, but the proverb became a part of the community lore. The stories back of some proverbs are still remembered.

One frequently hears these expressions: "This is like the Dietz funeral;" "Like the Dietz funeral—nothing much to it;" "Came to nothing like the Dietz funeral. It wasn't held because they could get no cold meat for the funeral lunch;" "Like the Dietz funeral, the bread was all eaten fourteen days before the cheese."

The story of the Dietz funeral, as we heard it, is as follows.

Old man Dietz was very ill, and all his children were summoned to his bedside. Some of them had to come a long distance, but all were there, for all wanted to see him before he passed away.

The old man was very sick, and the children felt that he would pass away within a day; so, before they separated, they concluded to make arrangements for the funeral, and thus they would not be put to the inconvenience of assembling again for that purpose.

They decided to hold the funeral upon the fourth day following, directed the son who lived with the father to make all arrangements for burial, and returned to their own homes.

On the appointed day they came to the old man's home, appropriately dressed in mourning, and to their surprise, they found him not dead but so far recovered from his illness that he was out of bed and sitting in a rocking chair. There was no funeral.

—Widely heard.



"THE ORIGIN OF A PROVERB"

"In Eastern Pennsylvania there is a stream called the Jordan, which, though ordinarily insignificant, sometimes becomes turbulent and destructive. On one occasion, during a freshet, a footbridge was carried away and the neighbors gathered at the bank to discuss the occurrence. Some blamed the builder, asserting that the bridge ought to have been raised higher; others excused the builder on the ground that the stream had never before been so high, and that it was impossible to provide for such an

unlikely occurrence. At last an eccentric old man settled the dispute by the oracular remark: 'I won't take sides with the bridge or the Jordan—the bridge was too low, and the Jordan too high.' This caused a laugh, and the phrase soon became a proverb. In disputed questions, where both parties are believed to be in the wrong, we have frequently heard men say, 'I won't take sides with the bridge or the Jordan.' Like most popular sayings the phrase has a grain of wisdom."

—Prof. Dr. J. H. Dubbs, in the "Guardian," 1884.

THINK THRICE BEFORE YOU SPEAK

A common variation of this proverb is, "Think thrice before you speak; but not in case of fire."

A boy had been told by his father that he should always think three times before he spoke. One day, as they were sitting near the hearth, the boy saw that the pocket of his father's coat was burning.

"I think"—a pause—"I think"—a pause—"I think. Father, your coat pocket is burning," said the boy.

After the father had put out the fire, he angrily said to his son, "Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

The boy answered, "You said I was to think three times before I spoke, and that is what I did."

"But not in case of fire," said the father.

—Julius Lentz, Laurys, Pa.

THE FATHER'S WHITE HORSE

To express the uncertainty of the consummation of a plan or wish, the proverb is used, "It is not yet known to whom father will give the white horse."*

That is the form of the proverb as used in Lebanon County. However, in Lehigh County it is heard, "Now we shall see to whom father has given the white horse."

In both counties practically the same story is told as to its origin. We shall give the Lehigh County version.

Near Weisenberg lived an old farmer who had a white horse which he prized very highly. It was a beautiful horse, and the children felt that it would be a most desirable inheritance from the father. Also, that it would be given to that child whom the father loved most.

The old man, after being ill for a long time, died; and then one of his sons said to the others, "Now we shall see to whom father has gifted the white horse."**

—*David Miller, Allentown, Pa.*

*"Mar wees noch net wem dar Vadder dar Schimmel schenckt."

**"Nau warre mar sehne wem dar Vadder dar Schimmel schenckt."

THE CHURCH IS OVER

In the Perkiomen Valley, when the time has come for an informal gathering to break up, or when someone leaves a group to go on his way the expression is often heard, "It is three o'clock and church is over."

This is the story: N.N. was looked upon as a stupid person, with a fool's wit. It was said that he broke into the local store one night in winter and stole a box of cigars. To prevent anyone tracking him, he took off his shoes and walked home in his stockings through the snow.

He was a regular attendant at church. At that time the services were held in the afternoon, beginning at 2 o'clock.

There was a clock in the rear of the church, and N.N. sitting on the gallery, would watch the clock. When the

fingers pointed to 3 o'clock, he would rise up and stalk out of the church, saying, "It is 3 o'clock and church is over."*

—James B. Jacoby, Sumneytown, Pa.

*"Sis drei Uhr un di Karrich is aus."

GROUP VII

HOW PLACES RECEIVED THEIR NAMES

In every locality there are local names of places. Their history having been forgotten, the folk mind inquires after their origin, and to satisfy itself spins tales which sometimes have historical truth but more often are pure fancy.

"DIE DEIWELSLOCHER SCHATROSS"

A.

THE MONTGOMERY COUNTY VERSION OF YEAR 1895

A short distance to the north of Green Lane, a road branches off to the west and meanders 'up hill and down dale' until it loses itself in Berks County, which is peculiar only in its name. Fingerboards, and old and young inhabitants living along its sides know that highway as "die Duywels Locher Strosse." For a full century it has borne that classic name. It is as famous as was the old Roman highway, ere the fall of the ancient empire.

"It is a common tradition that a company of teamsters, stranded along the highway, declared it to be a perfect Devil's hole, and that its baptism came about in that way."

—*Dr. Weiser C. Z.*, "Perkiomen Region Past and Present," Vol. I, page 101.

B.

THE SCHUYLKILL COUNTY VERSION

"Tuyful's Loch obtained its name from an Orwigsburg peddler who traveled about the southern part of the county about 1811, soon after it was separated from Berks. As is well known, the section of the county along the Blue Mountains, between Port Clinton and Tamaqua, is among the wildest and most picturesque to be found anywhere, either in the U. S. or abroad. Several spurs of the mountain unite here separated in the prehistoric ages by a mighty upheaval of nature and the weird result is a huge bowl-like series of short valleys or outlets between the mountains, which tower high above them on every side, throwing their shadows on the limpid and silvery stream at the foot even on the brightest sunshiny day. The rocky declivities are covered with moss, and during the spring or after heavy rains these rocks are overflowed, forming cascades and waterfalls adding to the scene which is one of indescribable beauty and grandeur.

"The peddler with his pack had gone on his accustomed trip, but not arriving home at the usual time, his family became alarmed. At last he came, looking rather the worse for his experience. He had lost himself in the wilds, and on being questioned said: "Ich wahr drei tag im Tuyful's sie Loch uhn bin yusht rouse cumma." And Devil's Hole it has been called ever since."

—"Blue Book of Schuylkill County," page 451

C.

A VERSION HEARD AT STAHL'S POTTERY
IN 1940

After the first immigrants had landed at Philadelphia they went inland to seek out good land for homes. They came into the Perkiomen Valley. The land seemed good, though hawthorn bushes were very plentiful. Down towards the Perkiomen Creek the bushes were so numerous that they formed extensive thickets.

The searchers got into these thickets, and found it almost impossible to extricate themselves. Finally one cried out, "This is surely a Devil's Den."

THE LARD ROAD

The road running from Sumneytown in upper Montgomery County to Hoppenville, and on to Zionsville, is known in the dialect as "Di Gass," or as "Di Schmalzgass." Translated this would be "the Road" or "the Lard Road." It has been known by these names for many years.

The story goes that one night a local inhabitant had gone to the store for lard. On his way home he stopped off at the tavern and imbibed freely. Leaving the tavern he wended his zigzag way down the road, with lard dripping from his kettle. Finally overcome by his libations he lay down on the side of the road. There he was found in the early morning, with his empty lard kettle lying in the middle of the road. Ever since the road has been known as "Di Schmalzgass."

A similar story is told of the origin of "Di Laddwar-
rick Schtross" in Northampton County, though instead of a kettle of lard there was a kettle of applebutter.

HOSENSACK

This Indian name, pronounced in the dialect becomes "Hossesack," which may mean Pants' pocket.

"If you were to ask," says Doctor Weiser, "any inhabitant, young or old, of the valley, whence is this name you would be told of the old legend, that once a teamster who had been wrecked by night, in his dilemma exclaimed, 'Dah ist es so dunkle als in einem hosensack.' Hence this name you would be told."

—*Dr. Weiser*, "The Perkiomen Region Past and Present," Vol. I, page 22.

This legend is still current.

Dr. Weiser continues with another explanation. The Indians were very fond of land turtles. Often they could be seen going through the Hosensack Valley, turning the turtles on their back, and coming back pick up the turtles and carry them to a place where they had an iron kettle. They would cast them into the kettle, shell, hide and all, and boil them into a soup. The Indians called the turtle, "Hosenhaasen," by which they meant "rabbits with trousers," hence the name.



THE DEVIL'S POTATO PATCH

There is a bed of bare roundish weather-beaten boulders lying along the Ridge Valley Creek, near Tylersport. It covers about three-fourths of an acre. No ground or vegetation is to be found in or upon this bed of rocks.

Locals inhabitants have named it "the devil's potato patch" and have this to say of it.

The devil had heard that potatoes were very good to eat, and he decided that he would collect a store for him-

self. He had heard, too, that potatoes were hard and roundish.

In his travels through the low country* he had found nothing that was hard and round, but when he came to the wooded hills of the Ridge Valley, he found hard objects and decided that these must be potatoes, and he busily collected a heap of them.

—James B. Jacoby, Sumneytown, Pa.

*“Unne ruff.”

GROUP VIII

MAKING A CHOICE

The stories in this group, apart from the last one, rest on the proverb “Mittelmâs, di beschde Schtrâs,” “Between the extremes lies the best course.”

THE BEST OF THREE

A girl had three suitors, and was perplexed, for she knew not which one to choose for her husband. She was advised to give each one, when he next called, an apple to eat, and a knife with which to peel it.

The first one came, took the proffered apple, and, without peeling, ate it to the core. The second one peeled the apple very thinly, and ate it very carefully to the core. The third one peeled the apple thickly, and ate only part of the apple.

Said the mother to her daughter, “The first one will not be a good husband. He doesn’t care what he eats or how he eats. The second one, also, will not be a good husband. He wants everything that he can get. The third one peeled the apple thickly, but he knew that the

leavings would be thrown to the chickens, and that they, too, would have something to eat. He will be a good husband."

—*Hattle F. Lerch, Allentown, Pa.*

THE BEST OF THREE

A young man told his mother that he would like to marry but feared that he might not choose a good wife, and he would like to have his mother's counsel.

His mother said to him, "Saddle your horse and ride to the home of the girl that you have in mind. When close to her home, dismount, and tie your horse to a tree. Then, go towards the house, and when the girl appears, as she will, say to her, 'My horse has been suddenly taken with colic. Would you kindly give me a handful of the scrapings of the kneading trough for him.' "

The son did as directed. He rode until he came close to the home of a girl whom he knew fairly well. Then he dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and walked towards the house. The girl came out on the porch, and he asked her for a handful of scrapings of the kneading trough.

She answered, "That I shall gladly give you."

She went into the house, and came back with two heaping handfuls saying, "If this isn't enough, I can get more."

The young man thanked her and left. He returned to his mother and recounted to her his experience. She shook her head, and said, "Try again."

On the following day, the son rode forth again. To his request, the second girl replied, "When we are through baking, we clean our kneading trough, and there are no scrapings to be gotten."

When his mother heard his account, she shook her head, and said, "Try again."

He rode forth the third day, and went towards the home of a girl of whom he had heard but whom he had never met. To his request, she answered that she didn't know whether she could get any scrapings for him but she would try.

After a while she came out with a small handful and said, almost apologetically, as she gave them to him, "This is all I could get out of the corners of the trough. I am sorry that I cannot give you more."

He thanked her and rode back to his mother, who smiled when she heard his story. "That," said she, "is the one for you. Seek no further."

—Lebanon County.

THE BEST OF THREE

A girl was courted by three men, a schoolmaster, a student and a farmer boy, and she was in doubt as to which one to choose for her husband. Her mother told her to take the one that had the prettiest hands.

One evening the three came to her home, and she expressed a desire to see which one of the three had the prettiest hands. The schoolmaster held out his hands which were well-shaped, soft, and white, with long tapering fingers. The hands of the student, too, were well-shaped and white, as pretty as those of the schoolmaster.

The farmer boy, knowing that his hands were rough and his fingers short and stiff, and not comparable to the others for beauty, thrust his hands into his pockets,

and filled them with silver. Then, he extended them to the girl. She said, "To me these hands are the prettiest." She married the farmer boy.

—*Oscar Laub, Egypt, Pa.*

THE BEST OF THREE

A farmer went out seeking a servant. He came to one likely young man and after speaking about a number of inconsequential matters, asked, "How long can you plow with a stone in your shoe?"

The young man answered, "All day long."

The farmer went on. He asked the same question of a second man, "How long can you plow with a stone in your shoe?"

This young man answered, "Oh, a half day or so."

The farmer went on. He came to a third man. Again he asked, "How long can you plow with a stone in your shoe?"

"Not a minute," answered the man. "If a stone gets into my shoe I take it out immediately."

The farmer was satisfied with this reply and hired the man.

—*Carbon County.*

THE BEST OF TWO

There was a tailor who had a daughter, and two apprentices. In course of time the apprentices became rivals for the daughter's hand.

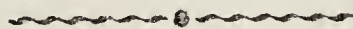
She declared that she would marry that one who could make a coat in the shortest time. She would watch them as they worked and also thread the needles for them.

Both apprentices were willing, and ready for such a contest.

She threaded the needles with equal lengths, and the tailors sewed rapidly away, each one seeking to outdo the other.

In rethreading the needles, however, she contrived to give a shorter thread to the one she preferred, and he won the contest.

—*Mrs. Harry Wolford, Salfordville, Pa.*



GROUP IX

THINGS THAT COULDN'T MOVE

In this group we have included stories of things that couldn't move on account of the activity of some evil minded person or the pronouncement of some charm.

Stories like these were heard in the horse and buggy days. It is well to note how easily, evil machinations were circumvented.



THE HORSES THAT COULDN'T MOVE

A.

There was a farmer who found that his horses would not enter the stable when he brought them in from the fields, after a day's hard work. They refused to cross the door sill, and, though he took off their harnesses, they only entered after he had used the whip upon them.

He consulted a braucher, and was advised, that should they again refuse to cross the door sill of the stable, he

was to take a sixteen or twenty penny nail and slowly pound it into the sill.

A short time thereafter it again happened that the horses balked against entering the stable. Thereupon, he took a nail and hammered it into the sill, to one-third or one-half its length. He had scarcely done this before an old woman came along and told him to draw out the nail or she would die.

Thereafter the horses never balked.

—Lehigh County.

B.

A baker, on his delivery route, found that at a certain spot on the road, between Telford and Sellersville, near a house that stood quite a distance away from other houses, his horse always stopped, and, only after much urging, moved on.

A certain man, who could do more than eat bread, told him, that, should this happen again, he was to take his pocket knife and ram the blade into the horse collar.

This he did. Thereupon an old woman, bleeding profusely, came out of the house, and begged him to draw out the knife or she would bleed to death.

—Henry Landis, Souderton, Pa.

C.

A farmer, hauling hay and grain to Philadelphia, found that, whenever he was passing a certain inn, his horses stopped. He was advised to take a revolver along and, should his horses stop again at the same place, he was to get off the wagon and walk around the rear, and shoot into the hub of the hind wheel on the other side.

This he did, and his horses immediately went on. The next day he learned that a man sitting in the bar-room had fallen over dead.

—Bucks County.

D.

A man, hauling logs with a four horse team, discovered that his horses would not pull the load on a level stretch, past a house where a man was working on the roof. The second time this happened, the teamster cried to the man on the roof, "Stop your nonsense."

He came a third time that way, and again his team stopped. The exasperated teamster, jumping to the ground, cried out to the man on the roof, "I'll teach you a lesson." He drew his knife, went up to the saddle horse, and stuck the knife into the underside of the collar, up to the hilt; and straightway the man on the roof fell down dead.

—Albert Schuler, Orefield, Pa.

E.

"My father," said N.N., "often told of a farmer who hauled heavy logs to a sawmill. On a level stretch of road alongside of which was a field in which three men were mowing, his horses seemingly were unable to pull the load. He applied the whip and his team responded with increased efforts, but the wagon remained immovable.

"Now, on the big log wagons there was always an axe which was carried along to clear fallen timber from the paths through the woodland. The farmer, who had become very angry at his inability to move on, took the axe and knocked out a spoke of the front wheel on the side towards the field. Immediately one of the mowers

collapsed, and when he attempted to rise it was found that one of his legs had been broken.

"Thereupon the farmer drove on with his load of logs without any difficulty."

—Bucks County.

F.

"My uncle's horse ran away, and went out to the S— place. I ran after, and caught him in the barnyard. But when I tried to lead him home, I lost the way out, and kept on going around and around in the barnyard. I walked around and around in a circle. Then came S—, 'What's the matter?' he asked.

"I can't find the place to get out," said I.

"Right in front of you is the place," said S—. And so it was.

"S—, every evening, took holy water, and squirted a ring around his buildings. This he called his golden ring,* and whoever trod into that ring was bound and could not leave without his permission.

"I was not the only one who got into that ring. Two men drove on the road past the S— place one night, and came upon a blown down willow tree that blocked the way. They decided to drive through the S— barnyard, and then back to the road. They drove into the barnyard, and there they were held immovable all through the night. When daylight appeared in the east, S— raised the window of his bedroom, and called down, 'Now, you can go.'"

—As told by a resident of Egypt.

*"golde Ring."

S— was a noted *braucher* whose cure was holy water, which was nothing more than water from snow that fell in the month of March.

THE ROBBER WHO COULDN'T MOVE

There was a huckster, living near Bedminster, who went to market with his produce on certain days of the week. He would leave for the market early in the morning. This led him to load his wagon on the afternoon before.

As a protection against theft, he would "walk a golden ring" around his wagon. Three times before sunset he would go around his wagon, muttering a charm each time.

One morning he came out to the wagon, and found a man standing in the ring with a basket-full of stuff that he had taken from the wagon.

He released the robber, by walking around the wagon three times in the opposite direction from the way he walked when he applied the charm. This he did before sunrise. Had the rays of the rising sun fallen upon the robber, he would have died on the spot.

Every morning the huckster had to release his own wagon before he could drive it away.

—N. Musselman, Souderton, Pa.



THE GUNS THAT WOULDN'T SHOOT

A.

In the days of muzzle loading guns, it was believed that envious people could and would "take the fire from a gun."*

Two men of the Perkiomen Valley, while out hunting, passed a cabin. An old woman who was in the yard looked at them intently, and then tucked one corner

of her apron under her apron strings. The hunters went on, but had no success.

Game was plentiful, and the shots were easy, but the hunters were unable to hit whatever they shot at. They, then, concluded that the old woman had put a spell on their guns.

One of them suggested that they leave the open fields, and take to the road, and if perchance they would come upon a cat, they would shoot her; and that would restore the killing power to the guns.

They took to the road, and shot a cat. Thereafter, they easily shot whatever game they saw.

—*Noah Becker*, Perkiomenville, Pa.

*"Es feier nemme."

This was supposedly done through a charm that would prevent the ignition of the powder; or by a charm that would cause the shot to fall to the ground as soon as it left the barrel.

B.

Old Peter S— was a famous marksman. He went to all the shooting matches that were held in two counties and usually came home with the first prize.

One day there was a shooting match at the tavern at Kresgeville for a very large turkey gobbler; and many marksmen, eager to compete for the prize were in attendance.

Peter's first shot was very good, better than that of any of the other marksmen. While he was waiting for his turn to shoot a second time, a man came to him and said, "Peter, let me see your gun."

Peter answered, "All right! Here it is. Look it over well."

The man took the gun, took a sighting over it, turned it around and looked in at the barrel, and, then, handed it back to Peter. "A beautiful gun," was his comment.

Thereafter, Peter shot several times but the results were not nearly as good as his first shot.

"The fire has been taken from my gun," said Peter, "But I shall show them that I can get that turkey."

He turned to a friend, and said, "Give me your gun, for only one shot."

The gun was given him, and he hit the center to win the turkey.

—*Frances Green, Kresgeville, Pa.*

C.

Old N.N. boasted that he could take the shot from a gun; that is he could cause the shot to drop straightway to the ground as soon as it came from the mouth of the barrel.

"Let's make trial of your skill," his his neighbor I'll load my gun, and you take your place in front of it, and then I'll pull the trigger. When you are ready, I'll take aim and fire at you. Then you can show your power."

Old N.N., who had the reputation of being able to do more than eat bread, refused the test. Thereupon his neighbor remarked, "I see, you really don't believe in your boasted power."

—Widely heard.

D.

Two men Eli J— and George K— were out hunting. They came to Tom N—'s house. Tom was leaning on his elbow against the door, and on a stake fence which ran past the house four ruffed grouse were sitting.

The hunters called to Tom, "May we shoot?"

"Shoot away!" came the answer. One of the men aimed and pulled the trigger. There was a snap, but no shot. So, also, with the other trigger. It was pulled,

there was a snap, but no shot. His companion had the same experience.

The first hunter recapped his gun, and again all that happened was two snaps.

All the while Tom was looking at them, and after their futile efforts, said, "Come into the house. Let the grouse go. You can't shoot them anyhow." They went to the house, and one of the hunters said, "Those birds are not alive."

"They are alive all right," answered Tom. "Watch me." He went to the door, waved his hands and shouted. The grouse flew away.

"You are a witch," said one of the hunters. Tom denied the accusation, but a dispute arose in which many angry words were passed. Finally, Tom said, "You have called me many names, and now, I'll take the fire from your gun. Today you can shoot and hit, but for two weeks hereafter you can hit nothing."

To this Eli replied, "If you do that to my gun, I'll shoot you dead."

The hunters left the house and kept on hunting. They bagged several rabbits and several squirrels. Several days later, Eli went hunting, alone. He raised much game, but when he fired there was always only a snap. Then, he thought of Tom and his threat. He went home, took a dime, cut it into two equal parts, loaded his gun with them, and added pulverized glass. Then he fired in the direction of Tom's house.

After a little while Tom came running. "What have you done?" he asked plaintively. "Here in my shoulder are bullets, and, if I had not turned my head away when I saw the shot coming, I would be dead. Quickly send for Doctor K—."

The doctor came, and extracted two pieces of silver from the shoulder.

Eli told the story in the community blacksmith shop to a group of persons. "And," he continued, "that night Tom taught me how to take the fire from a gun. No one can hit me. Why, you can point a gun at me here in this shop, pull the trigger, and you won't hit me."

His hearers sneered at his claims, but he stood his ground. "Get a gun and shoot at me, and you'll see what I can do," he challenged.

The smith silently left his shop. In a short time he came back with an old musket, and going up to Eli, said, "Now let's have a trial of your claims."

"Go ahead!" said Eli, "I am game."

The smith raised the gun on Eli, but he quickly stepped aside.

"Is the gun loaded?" he asked.

"It is well loaded," answered the smith, as he kept trying to bring it up on Eli who was edging to the door. At the door, he said, "We'll call it off for today. I want to check over the things that I have done to see that I have not overlooked any details." As he moved away from the shop, he called back, "You shall have the chance to shoot at me. I only want to see that I have carried out all the directions of the book."

—Pierce Nothstein, Ormrod, Pa.

THE CREAM THAT WOULDN'T TURN TO BUTTER

A.

One day, butter was being churned in the N. family. The churning continued hour after hour, but no butter.

A neighbor came along and advised that a butcher knife be taken and drawn criss-cross through the cream.

This was done, and soon a woman appeared whose hands were covered with scratches. She requested some flour. It was not given to her and she went away.

The cream soon thereafter turned to butter.

—Lehigh County.

B.

A family had great difficulty in churning butter. It was told them to take a flour bag* and pour a dipperful of cream from the churn into the bag and beat it well with a stout cudgel. This was done, and thereupon the cream readily turned to butter.

The next day it was said that an old lady in that neighborhood had fallen and broken a leg.

—Carbon County

*"Mehlsack"—a large tightly woven bushel bag, used to carry flour from the mill.

C.

A family was counselled to take the cream from the churn and pour it on a hot stove. This was done, and on the following day it became known that an old woman had been badly burned by falling against her stove.

Thereafter there was no more trouble in churning butter.

—Berks County.

D.

There was a woman who got only a small amount of butter from her milkings. One day, while churning, she put a red rag under the churn, and then kept on agitating the cream. Almost immediately a man appeared with an open book in his hand, which he silently held out towards her. She took the book, and wrote her name in it.

Thereafter, she got all the butter she needed.

Upon her death, the devil, for it was he who had come to her, sold the power which he had given to another.

—Lehigh County.

E.

Old Mrs. N. got more butter from her two cows than her neighbor could get from eight. On the morning of the day when she churned she would say to her daughters, "Today we shall churn butter."

Then, going to the open churn, she would cup her hand and pretend as if she were dipping cream from a crock and casting it into the churn, all the while saying,

"From every house a spoonful,*

From every crock a spoonful."

Her daughters asked, "Why dont you say, 'from every house a dipperful?'"

"Thunder-weather!" said the mother. "Don't you see that the churn would then overflow and we would not have as much as have now."

*"Aus allem Haus en Scheppche voll,
Aus allem Haffe en Scheppche voll."



THE BLOOD THAT COULDN'T MOVE

A.

"While the bridge across our creek was being built, a hunter came along. As he stood watching the workmen, he held his gun butt end to the ground and with his left hand over the muzzle. Somehow the gun was discharged, and the load tore through the palm of his hand.

"The flesh was torn to shreds, as if it had been through a meat grinder, and blood flowed profusely.

"One of the workmen went up to him, and recited the 13th verse of the third chapter of Ezekiel. That stilled the flow of blood."

—York County.

B.

Old Mr. N. was a braucher. He could still the blood for any person whose full name was known to him no matter how far away.

One could telephone to him and ask for his immediate services and he would respond by stilling the blood.

He would say,

"Three roses stood on the Lord Jesus' grave,
The one was named humility,
The other was named gentleness,
And the third was named God's will.
So shall the blood for N.N. be still."

—Lehigh County.

C.

A man, N.N. by name, had some of his teeth pulled. He was told to go home and rinse his mouth with a decoction of white oak bark. This he did but the bleeding did not stop.

Now, there was an old man, Lentz by name, who occasionally brauched and had the reputation for "Blutschtille." N.N. sent his daughter to Lentz, asking him to come and still the blood.

The girl went to Lentz's house. Lentz, however, had no good-will for N.N. and was not minded to do him a favor.

To the girl's request he said, "I need not come to your father to still his blood. I can do that here, if I will."

The daughter left and went home; and when she came home she found that the bleeding had ceased at the very time that she was at the Lentz home.

Lentz, however, had told his family, "For that man I will not brauch. I do not like him. Let him bleed."

Afterwards, N.N. frequently stated that Lentz had stilled his bleeding; and that if Lentz had not done so he would have bled to death.

—*Julius Lentz, Laurys, Pa.*

GROUP X

THE STUPID SWABIANS*

* "di dumme Schwowe."

THE SICKLE

Do you know why the Swabians still use the sickle in harvesting their rye? This is the reason.

Long, long ago they cut off the rye with a shoemaker's awl.* Then, after many years, someone invented the sickle; and because so much could be cut off with a single motion, the sickle was called Rye Wolf.**

Many years passed and then someone invented the cradle; and this was called Rye Devil*** But the one who invented the cradle, in showing its merits, swung it too forcibly and almost cut off his leg.

The others were afraid to touch the cradle, so they sent for a batallion to ride it down and totally destroy it. The men charged the cradle, but one of them so hit it that it turned with teeth upward and slit open the belly of his horse. Thereupon all took to flight; and no one from that time on would touch the awful demon. This is the reason why the Swabians use the sickle unto this day.

—*Richard Peters, Allentown, Pa.*

* "Abschtoche mit me Schuhseil."

** "Kannwolf."

*** "Kanndeiwel."

COUNTING NOSES

A.

Do you know why the Swabians before they decide a matter say, "Let us count noses?" It was this way.

Thirteen Swabians were travelling through the country, in a group. One day they got the notion that one of their number was missing. To find out whether all were there they took to counting. The first one counting said, "If I am I; you are one; you are two; you are three,"* and so on until the last who was twelve.

"There are only twelve of us," said the one who counted.

"You are wrong," said another. "Let me count."

So he counted: "I am I; you are one; you are two;" and so on to the last who was twelve.

A third counted, with the same results.

They could not agree whether one was missing or not; but to settle the matter they decided to stick their noses in the mud, and then count the marks. This they did, and found that all thirteen were present.

Commented one, "I sort of thought that all were here."**

*"Ich bin ich; du bist ains, du bist zwa."

**"Ich han so halber geglaubt as fehlt keiner."

B.

Eleven Swabians were travelling through the country. They came to a stream and waded across. On the other side their leader took count to see whether all had gotten across safely. He counted, beginning with the one nearest to him. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,"* ending with the last but himself.

Immediately an argument arose. Some said that all

eleven were there but the leader in counting again only got ten and he insisted that one was missing.

A traveller came across the stream and asked, "What's the trouble?"

They answered that they were unable to agree upon their number.

"Tell us," they appealed, "are we ten or are we eleven?"

He declined to settle the dispute, but told them that they should all put their noses in the soft mud which was there, and then count the holes.

He rode away.

They carried out his advice and found that they were eleven.

—Lehigh County.

*Ich un du sin a, zwa, dra, vier, finf, sechs, sief, acht, nein, zahn."

THE YELLOW-FOOTED SWABIANS

A.

N. N. of Tylersport, was known as the "yellow-footed Swabian." He had bought a field of grass from a farmer. In cutting it he came upon a nest of eggs. As he was taking them up, the farmer's wife came and said, "Those are our eggs. Let them lie."

"I bought the grass and these eggs are in the grass. They are mine and I'll take them," he answered.

"They are ours. Let them lie," insisted the woman.

"If you insist that I let them lie, I'll let them lie," said he as he stamped his feet upon them.

—Edwin Long, Geryville, Pa.

B.

The Swabians wanted to give their master a basket of eggs. When they found that not all the eggs that were brought could be put into the basket, they trampled those that were in the basket down and put the others on top. Ever after the Swabians were called the "yellow-footed Swabians."

—Lehigh County.

C.

The Swabians wanted to take a cart load of eggs to their lord.* When the cart was full, they trampled the eggs down so that they could put more on top.

Thereafter they were called the "yellow-footed Swabians."**

—Henry Landis, Landis Valley, Pa.

*"Iwwerharr."

**"di gehlfiessiche Schwowe."

BUYING A WHEELBARROW

The Swabians bought a wheelbarrow, but they didn't push it. Instead, one took hold of the wheel and the other of the handles, and thus they carried it home.

—Lehigh County.

THE FOAM OF THE SEA

Some Swabians were on a journey. They had with them only a bag of dried beans. They journeyed on until they came to a cliff at the sea. Looking down they saw the foam made by the swirling waters at the foot of the cliff and said, "Here is boiling water, here we can cook our beans."

So they emptied the bag of beans into the foam. After

a bit, one of them jumped down to see whether the beans were cooked. He was drowned. The others waited a little while and then concluded that he was eating the beans, so they all jumped down into the sea and all were drowned.

—Lehigh County.

IN THE NARROW DOORWAY

The Swabians built a house and made the doorway too small. One of them tried to enter and became so tightly wedged that he could no longer move either forward or backward.

Thereupon one of the others took a mallet and pounded him as one would pound a wedge, to force him through the doorway.

Under his powerful blows the head of the imprisoned fellow was soon pounded to a pulp. Pausing and surveying his work, the pounder said, "You need not make such an ugly face, this pounding is no easy work."*

—Lehigh County.

* "Du brauchst ken so wieschd gsicht mache. Des schlaJJje is haddi arwet."

THE DEAD SWABIAN

When the Swabians think themselves to be dead then they are dead.

There was one who thought that he was dead. The others proceeded to bury him. They carried the coffin in which they had laid him to the churchyard but coming to a crossroad they were at a loss which road led to the church.

They placed the coffin on the ground, and took to

arguing as to which was the right road. Thereupon the corpse sat up in the coffin and pointing to the right said, "When I was alive, I always took that road to the church."*

—*Albert Schuler, Orefield, Pa.*

* "Wu ich noch gelebt han bin ich denn Weg noch di Karrich gan."

HAY AND STRAW

The Swabians are so stupid that the soldiers carry hay on one shoulder and straw on the other; and the captain says, "Hay" or "Straw" when he desires them to turn to the right or to the left.

—*Albert Schuler, Orefield, Pa.*

Narrator used the word "Schweewli" for Swabian.

FLAX

A group of Swabians was traveling through the country and came to a broad field of flax in full bloom. "The sea!" they cried as they saw the wide expanse of blue flowers, and immediately they took off their clothes and waded in to go bathing.

—*Lebanon and Lancaster Counties.*

THE BLIND HESSIANS*

A.

One night a company of Hessians became alarmed and thought they were attacked by their enemies. They

advanced and fired upon heaps of manure which had been hauled into a field by a farmer.

—Lehigh County.

*“Blinde Hesse.” Here “blind” has the sense of seeing but not understanding, hence stupid.

We have a rhyme, “Was bringe uns di dumme Hesse?

Grosse Schissle un nix zu fresse

Brav hen sie in dar Mischdhaufe gschosse.”

B.

When the Hessians landed at Philadelphia in the War of the Revolution, their commander led them into the country. They came upon a large heap of barnyard manure and at the command of their officer fired upon it. “There is the enemy,” he said when he commanded them to fire.

—Lehigh County.

MEASURING THE WELL

Some Swabians dug a well. They wished to know its depth and could think of no way of measuring but to have one hang on to the other and so to the bottom of the well. This they did. The uppermost hung on to a beam that had been laid across the top of the well and as they were thus suspended he cried out, “Now I must spit in to my hands.”*

—Widely heard.

*“Jetzt nun muss ich in di Hend schpuken.”

It was quite customary for working men to spit into their hands to get a better grip on heavy implements, and also “for more strength.”

CARRYING WATER

A Swabian went down a hill to fetch water. To balance the full pail of water he took up a heavy object in the other hand. When he came to the top of the hill he wanted to carry the object back, so he carried the pail of water along as a balance.

—Lehigh County.

LOADING LOGS

The Swabians were hauling logs. They loaded the logs crosswise upon the wagon and when they got to the village they found that the street was too narrow for the load.

They didn't know what to do. One of them happened to look up and saw a bird carrying straw lengthwise in its bill. He called the attention of the others to the way the bird was carrying the straw.

They agreed that they should load their logs lengthwise. So they drove back to the place where they had gotten the logs and reloaded them.

—Widely heard.

THE MOON OF BADEN

Out in "Schwoweland" there was an elderly couple that had acquired considerable wealth. They decided to make a journey through other lands. After they had been travelling a half day, the woman said, "O Goodness! I didn't know that the world was so large."*

They travelled on and got into "Badenland."

When they had started out on their journey the moon had been in its first quarter. But when they put up

for the night at a farm house in Baden, the moon was full, and rising on the eastern horizon.

Seeing which, the Swabian said to his host, "Goodness gracious! You surely have a big moon in this small Baden land."**

—*Albert Ohl, Coopersburg, Pa.*

*"Ach Gott! Ich ha nicht gewist ass di Welt so gross ischt."

**"Harr Gott! Ihr habt awwer en grosser Maund in dem kleine Badische Lendle."



THE GRASS ON THE CHURCH STEEPLE

In "Schwoweland" there were many things owned by the community, like the meadowland, the woodland, the bull, etc., to which everyone had equal right.

One day it was noticed that grass was growing on the church steeple and immediately the question arose how to divide the grass so that each one would have an equal share.

One proposed that they put the bull up on the steeple and let him eat the grass. This seemed a wise idea to the rest.

They tied a strong rope around the bull's neck and several husky Swabians, who had climbed on the steeple, started to pull him up. By the time they had gotten the bull half way up he was choked to death and his tongue hung out.

"Pull ahead," cried one of those below on the ground. "See, he already stretches out his tongue for the grass."*

—*Albert Ohl, Coppersburg, Pa.*

*"Ziegt nur drauf los. Der Bull lecht jetzt schon noch dem Gräs."

THE EYE OF A NEEDLE

The Swabians built a house without any doors or windows. Finally there was only a small opening left which they were about to nail shut when it was remembered that one of them, who had held the boards from the inside as they nailed them on the wall, was still within the house. So they called to him to come out before they nailed the small hole shut.

He tried to come out through the hole but got stuck and couldn't move forward or backward. Then a big Swabian on the outside took a sledge saying, "I shall strike him on the head and that will force him free."

One of the others quickly cried, "Wait! I shall lay a board on his head and then you won't hurt him so much."*

—*Albert Ohl*, Coopersburg, Pa.

*Wart! Ich will ihm en Brett auf em Kobb halen. Dann wird es ihm nicht so weh than."

CHURCH AND ROOSTER

The Swabians built a church without any windows and started to carry light into it with bags. A man came along and asked them what they were doing. They answered that they were carrying light into their church with bags.

"That is unnecessary," said the man. "I have an animal here that can crow daylight into your church."

The Swabians bought the animal, which was a rooster, from the man and went on their way. They had not gone far before they realized that they had not asked what kind of food they should give the animal. They called to the man, who was quite some distance on his way, and asked what kind of food the animal ate. The man answered, "Anything you give it."*

The Swabians, however, understood him to say, "Animals and people."** They became alarmed and straightway killed the rooster so that he could not turn on them and eat them.

—Widely heard in different versions.

*"Was mann na geit?"

**"Vieh un Leit."

ROLLING LOGS

The Swabians were building a church in the valley. They cut the logs for the church on the top of a mountain nearby and began carrying them down into the valley.

A traveller came along and told them that they could roll the logs down into the valley and he showed them how to do this. Thereupon the Swabians fetched the logs that they had already taken down into the valley, back to the top of the hill and rolled all of them down.

—Widely heard.

THE SWABIAN WEDGE

A Swabian who had newly come to America found work in a cooper shop. One day he found that the staves of a barrel that he was setting up didn't fit together tightly and that a small fissure remained. "What now?" he asked a fellow-worker.

The man answered, "That's easy. We'll pound a stupid Swabian into it." Meaning thereby a wedge which was employed for such contingencies and which was called "a Swabian."

The Swabian did not understand the reference and, because he was the only Swabian in the shop, became alarmed for his own safety and in a trembling tone asked, "Would not a stupid American do as well?"

—Lehigh County.

*"Do schlaJJje mar en Schwob nei."

TOO LONG AND TOO SHORT

A Swabian wanted to make a wagon tongue. He went into the woods and cut a piece of timber but when he came home he found that the piece was two feet too long. He threw it away and went back into the woods for another piece. When he came home he found that it was two feet too short. Thereupon he nailed a piece to it.

—Lehigh County.



GROUP XI

SPIRITS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

THE ETERNAL HUNTER*

A.

On cold still winter nights the Eternal Hunter is abroad and can be heard as he urges his pack of dogs on to the chase. Woe to that person who is out on the hills and is met by the Hunter and his dogs. He will be torn to pieces, or will be carried away.

It was not so long ago that people would say, "Tonight the Hunter is out. Tonight one had better stay at home."

One night a group of hunters was out in the South Mountain for raccoons. They had ascended on a high ridge to listen for the yelping of their dogs. To their alarm heard from the other side of a deep valley the Eternal Hunter calling to his pack.

Soon their own dogs came running back to them and were so scared that they would not return to the hunt but hung around the legs of their masters. The hunters started for home, and the dogs, instead of going ahead, kept close behind.

This was strange to the hunters until by the light of their lanterns they saw a small black animal in the path ahead of them. Then they knew that the Eternal Hunter was near by and that only the light of the lanterns protected them from his attack.

—Lebanon County.

*“Dar ewich Jaejer.”

B.

Near New Holland in Lancaster County a group of hunters on horseback had followed their hounds for many hours in pursuit of a fox. In the late afternoon all decided to quit and return home, except one who declared, “I’ll follow that fox to hell itself.”

He kept on and the chase grew hotter. He had almost run the fox down when he was struck dead by the branch of a tree as his horse jumped a fence.

From that time on his spirit has been seen in the air, following his hounds over the country side, at about a man’s height from the ground.

—Henry Landis, Landis Valley, Pa.

C.

At a place called Hell Hole,* a valley lying among the mountains of Snyder County, three men were out hunting foxes. They raised a fox and pursued it for a long time. Finally two of the hunters, convinced of the futility of the chase, turned home. But the third, declaring he would follow the fox “even into hell,” kept on with the pursuit.

He was never seen thereafter but at certain times of the year his horse and hounds are heard, on their unending chase, in Hell Hole.

—Mrs. Emma Diehl, Freeburg, Pa.

*“Helleloch.”

D.

A man while hunting in the Blue Mountain had wounded a deer. He followed the bloody trail, at times sighting the deer but never able to get in the killing shot, until towards evening. Then he met a man with dark clothes who inquired what he was doing.

"I have wounded a deer and I am on its trail," said the hunter.

"The hour is late and soon darkness will fall. It is best for you to give up the chase and return home," said the stranger.

"I won't go home until I have gotten the deer," replied the hunter as he took up the chase anew.

And now, in the Blue Mountains, the hunter is eternally pursuing a wounded deer.

—Lehigh County.

Two distinct traditions are represented by these stories. The first has to do with a spirit of the air, the second with the maker of an unfulfilled vow.

Prof. Dr. Herbert Beck in his article on "The Pennsylvania German Names of Birds" *the Auk*, April, 1924, writes of the Canada Goose: "As the result of its clanging note, which in the mass and in the night suggests a pack in full cry, it is called Awicher Yager (Ger. Ewiges Jaejer), to connect it with the story, still current in South Germany, of the restless soul of some riotous huntsman doomed to follow the hounds through eternity."



THE GHOST OF THE CORNER STONE

A.

Travellers along the highway that leads from Ephrata to Harrisburg told how in the night at a certain spot they met a ghost who carried a heavy stone and wailed, "Where shall I put it? Where shall I put it?"

No one tarried long enough to give answer.

One night a wagoner came along with his four horse

team. The ghost accosted him and wailed, "Where shall I put it? Where shall I put it?"

The wagoner angrily replied, "Thunder-weather! Put it where you got it!" and drove on.

The ghost was not seen thereafter.

—Lancaster County.

B.

N.N. bought a farm. He had not occupied the place any length of time before he became aware that a spirit walked at night along one of his boundary lines. He suspected that something was amiss and sought advice from one who was versed in such matters. He was told to go at night and stand three paces away from the stake that marked the corner and at the same time he was to carry a silken handkerchief in his right hand.

He did as he was directed and he had not taken his station very long before the spirit appeared. It came up to the stake and moaned, "Where shall I put it? Where shall I put it?"

The man answered, "At the very spot where you got it."

The spirit sighed deeply and said, "Now I shall find rest," and stooped down and drew out the stake. It took the stake in its left hand and extended its right as if to thank the farmer for what he had spoken.

Instead of taking the hand of the spirit, the farmer held out the silken handkerchief and that part which the spirit touched immediately turned to ashes. The spirit disappeared.

The next day the farmer and his wife found the stake moved to a new spot, which they, from that time on, took to be the original corner.

The spirit was not seen thereafter.

—Lehigh County.

C.

A drunken man met at night a ghost that sighed, "Where shall I put it? Where shall I put it?"

The drunken fellow exasperated at the sighing said, "If you don't know where to put it go and put it where you got it."

The man answered, "For many years I have waited for those words. When I was living I quarreled with my neighbor about a boundry line and I pulled out a corner stone;* and all these years I have been wandering** about seeking rest. Now I have found it."

—Montgomery County.

*"Eckschtee gerobbt."

**"All die Jahre hawwich wandle misse."

D.

A young servant girl who lived about a mile away at the N. home frequently went to visit her mother in the early evening after the work was done. She always endeavored to return home before dark for she did not like to pass a lonely woods that lay along the road in the darkness of the night.

One evening she delayed her returning and darkness had begun to settle upon the countryside when she left her mother's house. As she neared the woodland she became aware of a man coming from a side road into the main road that she was travelling.

When he came alongside of her she said, "Good evening!" But there was no answer from him as he kept pace with her on the other side of the road. Glad to have his company past the woodland she walked along without any further attempt at speech with him.

Halfway past the woodland there was a mud puddle which she had seen when she came that way in the early evening. Wishing to warn her silent companion who

was wearing a good suit of dark clothes, she said, "Watch your step. Here is a mud hole."

Immediately there was a tremendous crash in the woods as of branches breaking, trees falling, and logs rolling, and fiery balls shot up from the ground.

The man disappeared and she ran on home as fast as her legs could carry her.

She was told that she had seen one of two brothers who had at one time lived on adjoining farms whose boundry lines lay near the woodland. They were continually disputing about the corner stones. At night coming home from different taverns and often intoxicated they would meet on the road near the woodland and fight a bloody battle.

Now their spirits would walk along the boundary lines and meeting one another would fight in the dark woods.

—Carbon County.

E.

It was said that N.N. had removed the corner stones of his farm and taken land that rightly belonged to his neighbors. At midnight a fiery horse was often seen walking along the boundary lines of his farm.

Persons who drove past the farm at night found that their horses pricked up their ears and quickened their pace as if aware of the presence of something that they feared.

—Lehigh County.

F.

A farmer boy during the summer drove the cattle into a distant field that adjoined a woods. One day he heard a voice out of the woods crying, "Where shall I put it? Where shall I put it?"

The boy answered, "Where you got it."

Thereupon there was a crashing noise, and a man came walking out of the woods and said to the boy, "I have waited twenty years for that answer."

He stretched out his hand to the boy as if to thank him but when the boy would not take his hand the man touched the pocket of the boy's jacket, and that dissolved into nothing* at his touch.

The man straightway disappeared.

—Lehigh County.

*"In nix verflojje."

G.

Two old people, man and wife, lived in a house far in the country. One day a tramp came to their place and begged for some food. It was given him. Then he asked for permission to sleep that night on the porch of the house. It was granted him.

A walk of large flagstones led from the porch to the summer house which stood close by.

Around midnight the tramp was wakened by a voice. He listened and heard a man say, "Where shall I put it? Where shall I put it?"

The tramp, as he settled back to sleep, called out, "You fool, put it where you got it."

Thereupon the man cried, "I have waited for those words a long time. Now come here and I will show you something."

He pointed to a flagstone and told the tramp to lift it. This the tramp did and underneath was a pot of gold. "That is yours," said the man and disappeared.

In the morning the tramp gave the pot of gold to the old man saying, "This belongs to you."

"No, not to me," said the old man.

"Nor to me," said the tramp.

"Yes! To you," answered the old man.

They finally agreed to divide the money into two equal parts and both had enough as long as they lived.

—Lehigh County.

H.

One evening N.N. was walking through a woodland on his way home. He came to a spot where a certain man had lived who was known to have gone thieving at night, taking a handful of this and a handful of that.*

That night N.N. met the man on the path. The man held out his hands and said, "Where shall I put it? Where shall I put it?"

N.N. answered, "Thunder-weather! Put it where you got it."

Those words freed the man and he had rest in his grave.

—Lehigh County.

*"En Handfoll vun dem un en Handfoll vun sellem."

THE GALLOPING HORSES

"A short time before the World War, my house was burned down, and I lived in the barn. One night I was awakened by a noise. As I listened a fearful din arose. The night was dark and I could not see anything clearly, but I could distinguish the measured tread of men, the sound of galloping horses, the voices of men shouting commands—all these sounds came from the air, and they seemed to pass directly over head, and gradually fade away in the distance. I was fully awake at the time, and I know that it was no dream or nightmare. I believed at the time that it was an omen of impending danger or disaster. Shortly thereafter we entered the war."

—Montgomery County.

THE WHITE HORSES

Around the year 1880, A-K-, then an old man, said that when he was a boy, one day a heavy thunder storm approached. His grandmother was out in the yard at the time and called to those inside to come out.

"The White Horses are in the Clouds," she cried. They all rushed out and saw plainly the forms of three white horses in the clouds.

The storm broke with terrific fury, the lightning struck and killed one neighbor, and also struck two near-by barns which were burned down. There was an old legend that whenever the white horses appeared in the clouds, it was an omen of death and disaster.

—*Henry Landis, Souderton, Pa.*

THE SPIRIT HORSEMAN

During the Civil War there lived a woman up at the "Fireline," near Palmerton, whose husband had been drafted. For a time she received letters from him, but then came a time when she heard nothing of him at all. She didn't know whether he was wounded, a prisoner, or dead.

She worried about him and day after day she would sigh, "If I could only see him, or if I only knew what has become of him."

One night she cried until she fell asleep. When she awoke, she was being carried through the air on a white horse by a white figure that seemed to be her husband.

The rider as they flew on said, "Brightly shines the moon; swiftly ride the dead."*

They sped on over hill and valley until they came to earth at a burial ground. There she saw a grave with the name of her husband on a board that served as a headstone.

The next moment she was back in her bed. She was never able to tell whether it was a dream or an actual experience, but she was convinced that her husband was dead and buried and in that knowledge found peace.

—Mrs. Samuel Falk, Egypt, Pa.

*"Was scheint dar Muun so hell
Was reide di Dode so schnell."



A SPIRIT THAT HATED LIGHT

N.N. worked in a mill. The shift changed at midnight and then N.N. walked home a distance of two miles, over a lonely country road.

One night when he came to the loneliest part of the road, a form swished over the road in front of him from right to left. The following night at the same place a form swished over the road from left to right.

The third night he carried a torch. When he approached the same place something shot past him from behind like an arrow and then it turned and came upon him from the front. It struck the dinner pail and the torch which he carried in his right hand, and then shot up at his throat.

He yelled, "You thunder-weather! You have scratched me."

Then it disappeared.

His arm was paralyzed for several days from the poison which it had gotten from the spirit. He said that when it clawed at his throat it seemed to have wings and feathers.

"It was an evil spirit that haunted the place and did not want the light," he would say in explaining the incident.

—Lehigh County.

A GHOST THAT WOULD NOT BE MOCKED

A.

In the bottom field of the old Scheetz farm, where the famous Scheetz murder had taken place towards the end of the 18th century, a man by the name of H— was digging one night. At midnight he heard the horses of the murderers, galloping around the field, and the riders calling out, "Whoa, whoa."

Frightened he started for home, and going through the woods that lay on his way he heard a voice crying, "Wuh-hie, Wuh-hie." He answered "Wuh-hie."

Thereupon a weight as of a two bushel bag of wheat fell upon his back and lay on him all the way home.

When he reached his home he was so exhausted that he collapsed at the door.

—Lebanon County.

B.

Such spirits as must wander upon earth after death, at first wander throughout the year. After a while they wander only during the month of December, and then only such persons as have been born in that month can see them.

One night a group of girls was returning home from the village store. They had to pass the cemetery of the F— church. When they came close to the cemetery they saw a light, and one of the girls said, "That is a ghost."*

The others told her to be silent and not speak a word until they had passed the cemetery but she kept on talking and called, "Ghost, come out and carry my dress through the mud."

Thereupon the light on the cemetery came towards them and as they moved away it followed. The girls

quicken their pace but they could not get away from the light. It followed them on the road and into the meadow of their home. When they got into the house it was found that the dress of the girl who had called to the light was so badly torn that she could no longer wear it.

*"Sell is en Gschpens."

THE DANCE OF THE NYMPHS

N.N. used to tell of how returning home one moonlight night he sat down near one of the outbuildings of a farm. He was very tired and in a short time fell asleep. He was awakened by soft and sweet music. He listened and then he heard a voice call, "All join hands and around."

Then he saw the cornshocks turn into beautiful maidens with their bare limbs gleaming in the moonlight, who gracefully danced around and around to music that was soft but so sweet as to be indescribable.

As N.N. watched he got an irresistible desire to throw his arms around them. He started up and quickly dashed into the group and threw his arms around one, but she changed to a cornshock in his arms.

—Carbon County.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WATER TROUGH

A farmer had a legal right to water from a spring in a neighbor's field. A pipe had been laid to bring the water down through the field to a trough that stood along the road, and here travellers would drink, and water their horses as they came along.

One dry summer the owner of the spring cut the

pipe because, as he said, there were too many persons making use of the water who had no right to it.

The farmer, however, insisted upon his right saying, "Water is here for all—for man and beast," and compelled the owner of the spring to mend the pipe and furnish water to the trough.

The owner died, and thereafter persons who stopped off at night to take a drink at the trough had water splashed into their faces as if rain were blown upon them.

That was the spirit of the inhuman man in death trying to deny water to people.

—Carbon County.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FAITHFUL SON

A man who had been a good father and a loving husband lay on his deathbed. He called his eldest son to his side and had him promise that he would remain at home with his mother and provide food for her and the other children.

The son remained true to his promise and after his father's death took charge of the family. He worked hard and faithfully for his mother and for his brothers and sisters. Then he too took sick and died.

Every day, after his burial, his spirit would appear to his mother at meal time. The mother became worried thinking that her son had committed a serious crime and that he could find no rest in the tomb. One day she asked him, "Why do you always come back to your home? Have you done some great wrong?"

The son replied, "I promised my father that I would always see that you had enough to eat, and I am keeping my promise."

The mother replied that she and the others of the family were well provided with all that they needed and that if she needed him she would call him.

Thereupon he disappeared and never came back.

—Lehigh County.

“BRING OUT THE LANTERN”

Up country there lived a farmer. Coming home at night he would call from the barn to his wife in the house, “Bring out the lantern.”

Whenever he thus called, the barn immediately became lighted up. This lasted for a moment and then the light would move out of the barn and up over a hill and disappear.

Years before the barn had been burnt down, and it was believed that the owner himself had set fire to it with a lantern which had been brought to him by his wife, to whom he had called, “Bring out the lantern.”

—Lehigh County.

THE FATHER'S GHOST

The old highway from Kutztown to Reading was often flooded and often very foggy. One night a man was killed there.

“Not many years ago I was coming home from a country church. The night was very foggy and we crept along in our machine at a snail's pace. Suddenly a man appeared, carrying an old fashioned lantern. He came towards us on the driver's side, and then crossed over to the other side, and passing by, peered in as if to inquire, “Why did you almost hit me?”

"We spoke to no one about the matter, but subsequently others saw the same man and recognized him as the one who had been killed accidentally at that place.

"One night his son, in driving a bus to Reading, saw the ghost. He stopped his machine, got out and walked back to the spirit. 'What do you seek? What do you want?' he asked of it.

"The spirit answered, 'Nothing, John, nothing.' That was the last time the ghost was seen."

—Kutztown, Pa.

THE INDIAN LOVERS

Near the Pinnacle* a light is often seen at night, moving from one summit to another.

The legend goes that long ago there was an Indian maid who had a lover. Because they belonged to the same tribe they were not permitted to marry by the chief. The lovers committed suicide by rolling themselves up in their blankets and casting themselves into the fire.

The light seen at night time is the spirit of the Indian lover going to see his dusky maid.

—Lehigh County.

*"Schpitzebarrick," in the Blue Mountain.

BURIED ALIVE

Long ago an immigrant family lived near the O-G church in Montgomery County. They had a maidservant who was a redemptioner, and they treated her as if she had been a slave or a beast of burden.

One morning the neighbors were told that the maidservant was dead; that in the darkness of early morning

she had fallen down the steps that led into the loft where she slept and had broken her neck.

Because there were no relatives, the corpse was buried on the adjoining church cemetery in the late afternoon of the same day.

After the funeral, when the community got to talking about the matter, doubts were expressed that the maid had really fallen down the steps; and that night when the sexton walked through the cemetery, on his way home from the corner store, he came upon two dogs digging at the newly covered grave. Early the next morning he went out to the grave and found that the dogs had dug a deep hole.

When this became noised through the community there was an unanimous feeling that such happenings could only signify that the maidservant had been buried alive; and there was one woman who averred that she had felt warmth in the hands of the corpse when she touched them before the coffin was closed.

Quickly the neighbors uncovered the grave and with eager hands tore the lid from the coffin. There lay the body cold and stiff with face downward. And that to them was evidence that the maid had come to, and in her struggles had turned over in the coffin.

—*Henry Landis, Souderton, Pa.*

A PROTECTION AGAINST GHOSTS

One need not fear ghosts. When a ghost approaches one need only repeat the Lord's prayer and the ghost will disappear. If you cannot say the Lord's prayer, then a Scriptural passage will do just as well.

One night N.N. was on his way home from the village store. He had to pass a spot that was haunted by the

ghost of a black man. When near the spot he heard a horse come galloping behind him. As the horse came closer he heard the splash as the horse hit the mud puddles.

He prayed,

“Jesus Heilandes Gottes Sohn,
Preis un ehr dich auf dein Thron.
Jesus leicht mich wu ich schteh
Wann auf seinem Weg ich geh.”

Immediately thereafter all was still.

—Lehigh County.



GROUP XII

BRAUCHE AND HEXE

There are two words in the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect which lend themselves to a misunderstanding of our beliefs. These two words are *brauche* and *hexe*. The first is generally translated powwowing, and thus conjures up the image of an Indian medicine man and his way of healing.

Brauch is a way of healing which has its roots in ancient and Christian folk beliefs, and employs prayers, blessings, and conjurations. It had its greatest vogue among us around the middle of the last century. It has declined rapidly since the beginning of this century and will soon be a thing of the past.

This is very evident to one who endeavors to collect stories on *brauching*. Forty years ago it would have been a simple matter to collect a large number; today one hears comparatively few. This holds true also of *hex* and ghost stories.

The word *hexe* is loosely used. It may mean a person who works evil through an alliance with the devil, or who casts spells by means of a book, or otherwise.

A noteworthy feature of *brauch* and *hex* stories is the ease with which the machinations of an evil person are circumvented.



THE "WITCH DOCTOR" TURNED WITCH

A.

A farmer, whose cattle were noisy and restless at night, sought advice from one who could do more than eat bread.*

He was told to go home and on the coming night he was to stay indoors no matter how great a noise and commotion might arise in the stables. He, the *braucher*, would attend to the evil person that was tormenting the cattle.

That night the horses and cattle were more restless than ever. The farmer couldn't bear to stay within doors, and, against the wishes of his wife, arose from his bed and went out into the barn. He found the "doctor" lying on the ground in the horse stable.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I am watching for the witch," answered the *braucher*.

"Thunder-weather! You have been beating the cattle to make them restless. You have been here before and done this very thing so that I would believe that a witch was after my stock and would give you money to get rid of her. Get off my premises as fast as you can."**

—Widely heard.

*"kann meh wie Brod esse." A covert way of saying that one could *brauch* or *hex*."

**"Schaff dich vum Hof so gschwind ass kannscht."

B.

There was a farmer who had a feeling that "something was wrong"* with his cattle. He consulted a certain man who was known to have a knowledge of the workings of evil persons.

He was told that evidently some evil person was tormenting his cattle, but to be absolutely sure, he and his whole family were to stay indoors the next night; the window shades were to be drawn down to the window sills, the doors were to be locked, and the key holes plugged shut. In the morning, if he found the tails and the manes of the horses braided, then surely, "someone was tormenting them."**

The farmer carried out the instructions. His servant, who knew nothing of what was being done, was away for the evening.

When he returned home about midnight he heard someone moving about in the horse stable. He investigated and found the "doctor" entangling the manes of the horses.

—Victor Baer, Schnecksville, Pa.

*"ebbes letz." An indirect way of saying that evil spirits were tormenting the cattle.

**"ebbes hinnich ne."

DRIVING IN THE PEG

A.

An old woman came along the road and met a neighbor's child. The woman was carrying a basket of apples, and she took one and gave it to the child.

Soon thereafter the child became violently ill and vomited tacks, pins and nails.

The father went to a *braucher* and told his story, and also that he suspected the old woman of working evil.

"You are right," said the *braucher*, "that old woman worked this evil, but I'll compel her to take her hands off your child."

He gave the father a small peg, and directed him to take an augur, upon returning home, and bore a hole in a tree in the yard near the house. He was to drive in the peg with three light strokes. These strokes would cause such discomfort to the woman that she would soon appear and beg for relief, promising to cease annoying the child.

"Don't strike heavily on the peg so as to drive it in all the way," warned the *braucher*. "If you do that you will kill the woman."

The man bored the hole and set the peg. Then a wave of anger swept over him and he drove in the peg with one mighty blow. Immediately he ran to the home of the suspected woman.

Just when he got there, she drew her last breath.

—O. P. Leh, Egypt, Pa.

B.

A man had a pair of white horses. Every morning when he came out to the stable he found their manes and tails matted. He went to a "doctor."

He was told to lightly drive a nail in the sill of the stable door with one tap. Day after day he was to give a light tap, so that the nail was forced a little farther into the sill.

He got tired of giving a light tap, and one day, the third, he knocked the nail in with one blow. Soon thereafter a man in the community died.

The mark of a nail was seen on the forehead of the corpse.

—Kutztown, Pa.

C.

The L— family had been unfortunate. Their poultry was dying off; a cow had died and another cow was giving bloody milk. The father said, "Something is wrong here," and summoned a *braucher*.

The *braucher* came to the house, heard the story, and then asked for a new Testament. It was brought to him. Then he arose and locked all the doors of the house, and also the doors of the room in which the family was sitting.

He took the big Dutch door key and tied the Testament to the key, and told the father to help hold up the Testament by the key with his thumb and forefinger. Together they held up the book.

The father was then directed to think of the person or persons who might have bewitched the cattle. The father thought of one, then of another. As often as he thought of one certain woman the Testament turned; otherwise it was at rest.

When the father was satisfied that he had the right person, the *braucher* said, "Now I shall mark that person."

Then they went out into the yard to a large cherry tree. There a hole was bored, and a plug was made of the same wood and fitted into the hole. The *braucher* took a mallet and lightly struck the peg three times, each blow in one of the highest names.

"Why not knock the plug all the way in, and do the thing rightly?" asked the father.

"Shu-sh! Had you said this to me while we were in the house, it could have been done; but out in the free air, she has heard all," answered the *braucher*. Having done this he went home.

The first of these is the fact that the
 system of the law is not a static one
 but a dynamic one. It is a system which
 is constantly in process of change.

The second of these is the fact that the
 law is not a mere collection of rules
 but a system of principles which are
 constantly in process of development.

The third of these is the fact that the
 law is not a mere collection of rules
 but a system of principles which are
 constantly in process of development.

The fourth of these is the fact that the
 law is not a mere collection of rules
 but a system of principles which are
 constantly in process of development.

The fifth of these is the fact that the
 law is not a mere collection of rules
 but a system of principles which are
 constantly in process of development.

The sixth of these is the fact that the
 law is not a mere collection of rules
 but a system of principles which are
 constantly in process of development.

The seventh of these is the fact that the
 law is not a mere collection of rules
 but a system of principles which are
 constantly in process of development.

The eighth of these is the fact that the
 law is not a mere collection of rules
 but a system of principles which are
 constantly in process of development.

Meanwhile the family waited for developments. A few days later a woman went about in our neighborhood loudly complaining that she was being accused of being a witch, and not a word had been spoken by the family about her. She complained of pain at her kidneys. The cattle all became well.

—Told by one in Northampton County who believed the story.

D.

There was a family which was visited by an old woman who always brought something to eat for the children. After she left the children would become upset. They would jump from chair to chair and on the table; they would walk along the washboards and even try to run up the wall.

Counsel was sought from one who had experience with such matters. He told the family to note carefully, upon the woman's next visit, where she sat and where the heel of her shoe touched the floor.

Immediately after she left, a nail was to be driven into the floor where the heel of her shoe had rested. However, great care was to be taken that the nail was not driven into the spot where the sole had touched the floor.

This was done, and the old woman soon returned and begged for release from the pain in her foot.

—Egypt, Pa.

E.

There was a man who suspected that a certain woman tormented his cattle, and so he went to a *braucher*. The *braucher* listened to his story and then directed him to "go home and get an auger;" then said he, "go up into the woodlot and bore three holes in three white oak trees,

one hole to a tree. Make three pegs that will fit tightly in the holes and pound in each peg with three strokes."

The man did so. Several days later he met the *braucher*.

"Have you carried out my instructions?" asked the *braucher*.

"Yes, fully," replied the man.

"Did you pound in the pegs with three strokes, as I told you?" asked the *braucher*.

"No, with one," answered the man with a curse.

"Then you killed the woman," said the *braucher*, solemnly.

"Not at all. I just passed there a half hour ago and she was as well as ever," answered the man as he glared at the *braucher*.

—Sidney Wotring, Balliettsville, Pa.

GOOD ADVICE

A.

To a *braucher* one Winter came a man who said that his cows were tormented by some evil spirits. Said the *braucher*, "I'll go along home with you and look into the matter."

The *braucher* noted that the stabling was poor; that there were large openings in the roof and in the sides of the barn. Said the *braucher*, "Close up tightly the roof and the sides and then the evil spirits cannot enter."

This was done and the cows from then on were unmolested.

Summer came and the cows were driven to pasture. Again the man came to the *braucher*. This time the milk turned sour in the pots. The *braucher* went along to the

man's home and asked to see the milk crocks, and found that they were not kept clean.

He took all the crocks out on the manure heap, and then asked for a gun. He shot the crocks to pieces. "Now go and buy new crocks and keep them clean. The witches won't be after you anymore."

—Julius Lentz, Laurys, Pa.

B.

A man who thought his cattle were tormented by evil spirits consulted a *braucher*. After listening patiently to a long account of misfortune, the *braucher* asked, "Can you see the rafters when you are in the cow stable and look upwards?"

"Yes," answered the man.

"Up under the roof are the evil spirits and they look down on the cattle. There's your trouble," said the *braucher*. "Go home and buy four large loads of hay and put the hay in the mow above the cow stable. That will close the holes, and then feed your cows well."

The man followed the counsel of the *braucher* and got rid of the evil spirits.

—John Minnich, Laurys, Pa.

C.

A farmer's cattle were underfed and consequently subject to sickness. The farmer was a superstitious person and concluded that his cattle were bewitched, and he consulted a *braucher*. When the *braucher* came he quickly saw the true state of affairs.

His advice to the farmer was: "Clean out the stables with three forks; throw hay down from the mow into the feed entry three times a day, using three forks to do

so; and finally put three full forks of hay every day in each hay rack."

Thee days later the farmer reported to the *braucher* that the cattle had improved "wonderfully."

D.

A servant who had not been paid by his master for a long time went to a *braucher* for counsel. He was directed to throw stones on the roof of his master's house between the hours of eleven and twelve several nights in succession. This the servant did.

The stones rolling down from the roof awakened the master and also frightened him. He also consulted the *braucher*.

"Do you owe any man anything?" asked the *braucher*.

"Yes," answered the man.

"Pay what you owe at the end of each month and then you will be free from this trouble," said the *braucher*.

The man went home and paid his debt and the nocturnal noises ceased. But whenever the servant was in need of money he resorted to stone throwing.

THE LAST WITCH IS DEAD

The last witch is dead. Here greediness caused her death.

Every morning she would say as she milked her towel* for milk and cream, "From every man a spoonful."

One morning, last week, she said as she milked her towel, "From every man a crockful." And so much milk poured into her room that she was drowned. She was the last of the witches.

—Lehigh and Montgomery Counties.

THE BROOM'S THE THING

A witch cannot step over a broom, and to prevent a witch from entering a house one had only to lay a broom in front of the door.

A broom could be used with power against a witch. There was a family which felt that an old woman living not far away had bewitched one of its members. One day the old woman was seen coming on a visit. Quickly the young son ran down into the cellar and struck a nail in the ceiling directly under a chair in the kitchen that was to be left vacant for the visitor to sit in. From the nail he hung a broom.

The woman came and took the chair that was prepared for her. After she had talked a long time she tried to rise up from the chair, and could not. She talked a little longer, and again tried to rise up from the chair, and could not. She talked a little longer, and again tried to rise up from the chair, and could not.

Then she said, "If you take the broom away from beneath the chair I shall never torment any member of this family anymore."

The broom was taken away, and she went home. She never came back.

—Treichlers, Pa.

THE WITCHES ARE RIDING

Long ago a family lived along the public road near the village of R—. One day two of the little children were playing in the public road making mud pies, and the mother and grandmother were working in the yard.

Hearing a noise, the mother and grandmother simultaneously looked up and saw to their horror three horsemen bearing down upon the children at breakneck speed.

They were coming so fast that it was impossible for the children to get out of their way.

In despair the mother cried out, "Oh God, help my children."*

Immediately the three horsemen disappeared, and three elderberry canes lay in the road. The horsemen had been three witches.

—Lehigh County.

*"O Gott, helf meine Kinde."

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Two men had gotten hold of the Seventh Book of Moses and decided to call upon a rich and avaricious old miller with the expectation of getting money from him.

When they got close to his mill they found him at his cider press. One of them went up to him while the other stealthily stole into the building and concealed himself in a dark corner.

Said the first one to the miller, "I have here the Seventh Book of Moses and I can raise the 'Old One'* and he will make you very rich. What say you? Shall I go ahead?"

"Go ahead," answered the miller.

"Lock the door, and then I shall read."

The door of the room was locked and the man opened his book and read. After a little while he paused and said, "We are now coming to a more difficult part."

He read on, and after a little pause, again looked at the miller and said, "From here on it will become even more difficult."

He read on a little, paused again, looked up at the miller and said, "Now comes the most difficult part—and then the devil will appear—and then the whole matter is up to you."**

He read on, and his companion, who was waiting, at a given signal came forth from his dark corner blowing a flame out of his mouth. Seeing which the miller dashed headlong through the window, breaking glass and taking sash and frame with him.

In relating the experience one of the two men said, "If the old devil hadn't broken away from us we would have gotten five hundred dollars out of him."***

—Sydney Wotring, Balliettsville, Pa.

*The Devil.

**"Vun nau â wadds recht hadd un noh kummt dar Deiwel, un noh muscht duh ausmache mit im."

***"Wann dar ald Deiwel uns net darrich gange wer hette mar finf hunnert Dâler aus im grickt."

THE INQUISITIVE SERVANT

Witches would hold gatherings in fields, and the places of such gatherings were circular spots where nothing grew. Such spots were called "witch rings."

There was a servant in the home of a witch. One night he saw that she greased her feet with lard, and then she went to the fireplace and said, "Up the chimney I go and touch no part of it."* She immediately was wafted up through the chimney.

The servant also greased his feet and going to the chimney said, "Up the chimney I go and touch everything."** He was whisked up through the chimney, bumping from side to side all the way up.

Through the air he was taken until he came to the place where the witches were assembling, and there he partook of a most wonderful meal.

At four o'clock the cocks crowed and everything disappeared. The servant was left alone with nothing around but some old bones.

He didn't know where he was, but he started to walk away in the hope that he would meet someone who could tell him where he was. When dawn came, he recognized his surroundings. He was a good day's journey from home.

—Lehigh County.

*"Do geh ich dar Schannschte nuff un gehe narrjets dawedder."

**"Do geh ich dar Schannschte nuff un iwwerâlich wedder."



THE DEVIL CANNOT DO THE IMPOSSIBLE

Persons become witches by reading an evil book like the Seventh Book of Moses. After one has read a goodly part of such a book one gets into the power of the devil, who appears with a paper for the reader to sign. To those who sign the devil gives certain powers for life, but after death the devil takes them for his own.

Some carpenters were tearing down an old log house, and found an evil book lying between the logs. At noon, as they sat at lunch, one of them opened the book and read. He read on until the devil appeared.

The devil asked the frightened reader, "What is your desire? What do you want of me?"*

The reader was so scared that he could not talk, but one of the others quickly picked up a bottle with a broken bottom and said, "Fill this bottle with water."

The devil took the bottle and went to a pump that stood nearby. While he was vainly trying to fill the bottle one of the carpenters ran to a *braucher* and had him release the reader from the power of the devil.

*"Was is dei Begehr" "Was widd vun mir?"

IN HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD

Once there was a farmer whose manservant met his death in a mysterious way. The servant slept in a cabin that stood apart from the main house. On the morning after the third night that he slept there he was found dead.

The farmer hired a second servant. He, too, slept in the cabin; and he, too, was found a corpse on the third morning.

Thereafter the farmer would not hire any servants because he was afraid of what might happen to them.

One day a man came along and offered his services as a servant.* He said that he was aware of what had happened to the former servants, but he was not afraid and was ready and willing to sleep in the cabin where the others had met their death. For his protection he needed only very hot water and a very sharp knife, and these were to be given him by the farmer without the knowledge of any other living person.**

For two nights the servant slept in the cabin without being molested. However, on the third night, at midnight, a large white cat crawled through a hole into the cabin.

The cat glared at the servant for a while, and then sharply hissed, "Scat! U-ow. If you won't, U-ow, I will."***

The servant quickly dashed the hot water upon the cat, and as she endeavored to escape through the hole, he cut off one of her front paws. In the morning he found that the paw had changed to a human finger with a ring upon it. He took the finger to the farmer who recognized the ring as his wife's wedding ring.

The farmer went upstairs to his wife's room. She was still in bed, and, when asked by her husband why

she had not yet gotten up, replied that she had a severe headache. He, however, tore the bedcovers off her, and saw that her ring finger was missing.

Thereupon he and the servant seized her and took her downstairs. They bound her by her legs to two horses, and drove the horses in opposite directions, so that she was torn apart.

That was the end of the witch, and of the farmer's troubles.

—*Beulah Reinheimer, Bethlehem, Pa.*

*"hot sich âgebodde fa Gnecht."

**"ken lewendicher Mensch."

***"Pack! Uhau Wann du net, Uhau, pack, du ich, Pack! Uhau!"

THE BOOK'S THE THING

"A brauch book is no evil book," said old Mr. N—. "There is nothing in such a book but prayers and there are some persons who call it a prayer book. *The Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses*, however, is an evil book. With that book one can do all kinds of evil, if one renounces God and swears allegiance to the devil.

"They say that book is printed in black and red, black pages with white letters and white pages with red letters. I never saw a copy. The D— family of the D— valley got possession of such a book and swore allegiance to the devil. An old dragon—a dragon is a devil with a big fiery head and a long tail—lived in the Blue Mountain not far from the D— home.

"One night the dragon came down from his den and passed close by the D— home. The D—s ran out and yelled, 'Dragon, dragon, we need money. Give us money. We need money.'

"The dragon turned around, and, rumbling and hiss-

ing, came upon them. They fled indoors and had barely time to close and bar the door against him. Thereafter, whenever they went out of doors at night, something unseen would lay hold of them and cast them to the ground.

"I would not like to touch the *Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses*. There was a maid who read in her master's copy in his absence. She read until the devil appeared and took her into his power, and made her do his will; she took the chaff out of the chaff bags and burned it; she pulled up the newly planted onions and reset them with their heads up and stalks down; and then the devil took a crock, knocked out the bottom and directed her to pump it full of water; and this she was doing when her master came home and released her by reading backwards.

"There was a famous hunter who had such a book which he used in hunting. He told his boys that they could never shoot a deer.

"The boys went out hunting and came upon a giant buck deer. They shot at him, and missed; they shot again, and missed. Despite all the shooting the buck stood still and looked at them. Then one of the boys cried out, 'By Judas, that must be our father.' I don't know but that he was right."



THE BRAUCHER'S SERVANT

Old Mr. S— was a widely known *braucher*. His specialty was holy water, which was nothing more than water from snow that had fallen in March, or rain water in which a paper with a Scriptural text upon it had been put.

Now S— was a farmer whose cattle were notori-

ously thin and scrawny, but instead of feeding them properly he depended upon his holy water which he would squirt upon the cattle every morning and evening.

One morning after his ministration of his holy water he remarked to his servant, "Yet three months and then the cattle will be freed from all evil; then they will fatten up."

Thereupon the servant answered, "Your cattle need less holy water on the outside and more feed on the inside;* and if you do not give them more feed they won't be here in three months no matter how much holy water you throw upon them."

—Egypt, Pa.

"Was des do Vieh brauch is wennicher heilich Wasser uff di haut un mehner schrod im Bauch."

ADDRESSING THE SPIRITS

A.

If one meets a spirit at night one should say,

"Good Spirits praise the Lord, the Almighty King."*

If the spirit is a good spirit, it will reply, "I, also."**

If it is an evil spirit, it will say, "I, not."

"Gude Geischde lowe den Hann da almechdicher Keenich."

**"Ich â."

B.

A dragon guards money. If one meets a dragon and desires money one should say, "I'll go half shares with you."*

There was a man who met a dragon. He cried, "Dragon, I'll go half shares with you."

Thereupon the dragon threw a bag full of burnt rags to the man, and disappeared.

*"Ich schteh halb Badd mit dir."

C.

A braucher was called to drive the evil spirits from a house. He took his cane upon which there were rude carvings and tapped on the floor around the room. When he got into the corner nearest the door, he cried, "Here they are."

Then he said, addressing the spirits,

"Ye spirits of hell, begone!

This house belongs to God alone."*

—All of the above heard in Lehigh County.

*"Ihr Hellengeischder geht ihr heraus
Des is Gotteshaus."

GROUP XIII

"EILESCHPIJJEL"

Eileschpijfel is a beloved character throughout the Pennsylvania Dutch region. He is known as "Eileschpijfel" (Lambert's spelling), "Eideschpiggel," "Till Eileschpickel," "Eire Schpickel," "Eilenshpiggel," and even as "Eirisch Bickel."

A large number of stories have collected around his name. Most of them present him as a more or less loveable character, and without the brutality and maliciousness which appear in the European stories of him.

He is regarded by some of our people as a real person who lived in the not far distant past. "My father knew Eileschpijfel well," said one man.

"Eileschpijfel often came to my grandfather's house," said another.

"Eileschpijfel was still living when my father was a little boy," said a third.

However, one said, "The old people thought that Eileschpijfel was the devil."

Of a person who persists in doing things in his own peculiar way, it is said, "He is a real Eileschpijfel," or "He has the ways of Eileschpijfel."**

When a person succeeds in performing a difficult task in the presence of others, not infrequently the remark is made, "Eileschpijfel is the master of the devil;" if he fails, "The devil is the master of Eileschpijfel,"***

*"Er is en rechder Eileschpijfel."

**"Des sin so Eileschpijfel Schtreech."

***"Dar Eileschpijfel is iwver dar Deiwel." "Der Deiwel is iwver dar Eileschpijfel."

EILESCHPIJFEL'S CONTESTS WITH THE DEVIL

A.

THE SEWING CONTEST

1.

One day Eileschpijfel was making a suit when the devil came along and looked on. After a while the devil said, "I can sew faster than you."

They made a wager, and because the devil did not want to be seen, they crawled into a bakeoven to hold the contest.

Eileschpijfel used a short thread and the devil a long one. Every time the devil wanted to draw out the thread he had to crawl out of the bakeoven.

Thereupon, the devil suggested that they finish the contest upon a house top. Here again the devil's thread was so long that he was compelled to waste his time

freeing it from the eaves and the corners of the house. Meanwhile Eileschpijfel was busily sewing.

Disgusted, the devil said, "It's no use; I can't keep up with you," and fled.

—Oscar Laub, Egypt, Pa., and others.

2.

Eileschpijfel and the devil made a wager as to which one could most quickly sew the seams of pantaloons. While the devil was threading the needles, Eileschpijfel said, "Don't make my thread too short." The devil answered, "I won't."

Eileschpijfel's thread was so long that he had to climb up on the top of the roof to draw it out, and it became entangled around the chimney and in the eaves. By the time the thread had been straightened out, the devil had finished with his sewing.

—Lehigh County.

B.

THE SWIMMING CONTEST

Eileschpijfel and the devil both boasted about their ability to swim long distances. To settle matters they agreed to have a contest, on a certain day, in a great river.

They met at the river bank on the appointed day. The devil was ready for the contest, but not so Eileschpijfel.

"Before we start, a calf must be butchered," said he.

"Why?" asked the devil.

"I am not going to swim fourteen days without eating,"* answered Eileschpijfel.

The devil fled.

—Wind Gap, Pa.

*"Do wadd ken vaerzeh Dâg gschwumme uhne gesse."

C.

THE THRESHING CONTEST

Eileschpijfel and the devil disputed about threshing. Eileschpijfel insisted that he could throw the sheaves down from the mow faster than the devil could feed them into the threshing machine. This the devil denied.

When the test was made, Eileschpijfel discovered that despite his greatest exertions he was unable to carry out his boast. However, when he threw the last sheaf down he immediately jumped after it and cried, "I win. I have done it."*

—Lehigh County.

*"Ich habs gewunne. Ich bin faddich."

D.

THE CONTEST OF ENDURING HEAT

Eileschpijfel and the devil disputed as to which one could stand most heat. To settle the matter they constructed an oven, and built a roaring fire in its fire-place. Then they crawled into the oven.

The heat was so great that Eileschpijfel could no longer bear it. He crawled towards the door.

The devil in a tone of triumph asked, "What are you doing?"*

Eileschpijfel answered, "I want to add more wood to the fire; I feel chilly."**

Said the devil, "I must get out of this. I am almost burned up."

—Very widely heard.

*"Was widd?"

**"Holz uffs Feier du. Es dutt mich iwwerlâfe."

E.

THE CONTEST OF STRENGTH

The devil and Eileschpijfel had a dispute as to which was the stronger. The devil to show his strength tore an immense tree up by its roots and threw it up into the air.

Then came Eileschpijfel's turn to show his strength. He started to climb a tree, and thereby immediately aroused the curiosity of the devil.

"Why are you climbing a tree?" asked he.

"I don't care to waste time in pulling up one tree. I am going to bind the tops of several trees together and then I'll pull them all out at one time," answered Eileschpijfel.

The devil gave up the contest.

—Lehigh County.

F.

THE TEST BY WATER

Eileschpijfel and the devil were rival suitors for the hand of the daughter of a millionaire. One day the father told them that he was unable to decide whose suit to favor and that he was going to put both to a test. They were to dip their hands in water, and the one whose hands first became dry should have the daughter.

Eileschpijfel and the devil were willing to undergo the test. Basins were brought to them, and they dipped their hands in the water.

The devil upon bringing his hands out of the water, quietly held them out in front of him. Eileschpijfel, however, shaking his head and saying, "I don't want her, I don't want her," waved his hands to and fro, as if to emphasize his words. And before the devil realized what was happening, Eileschpijfel's hands were dry.

—*Mrs. Anna. D. K. Haas*, Orefield, R. D. 1, Pa.

THE DEVIL AND EILESCHPIJJEL STEAL PIGS

Eileschpijjel and the devil went forth to steal pigs. They got to a pen which had a large number of pigs.

Said Eileschpijjel to the devil, "You take the ones with straight tails and I'll takes the ones with curly tails."

The devil was willing and thus Eileschpijjel got all healthy pigs and the devil all the sick ones.

—Lehigh County.

This story rests on the belief that pigs with straight tails are not in good health.

THE DEVIL WANTS EILESCHPIJJEL'S SOUL

Eileschpijjel sold his soul to the devil on the understanding that the devil was to fill a room with gold for him.

The devil was willing and a hole was made in the ceiling of a large room. Thereupon the devil began to pour gold into the room.

Eileschpijjel, however, had made a hole in the floor of the room. When the devil found that it was impossible to fill the room, he disappeared.

THE DEVIL DOES NOT RECOGNIZE HIS FAVORITE IMPLEMENT

Eileschpijjel had a blacksmith shop. One day while he was busy at the anvil, the devil came and said, "Eileschpijjel, your time is up. I have come to fetch you. Come along."

"I am too busy today, and cannot go along with you," answered Eileschpijfel. "I am a good smith, and have very much work. I cannot go with you and leave my work unfinished."

They argued at length, and finally came to an understanding that the devil was to go away for a short time; if he, upon coming back, could tell what tool or implement Eileschpijfel was making, then Eileschpijfel would straightway go with him. If not, then Eileschpijfel was to be forever free from the power of the devil.

The devil went away. When he came back he found Eileschpijfel working on a piece of iron which he apparently was fashioning into a pitchfork with two tines. One tine curved only slightly upwards, but the other was bent upwards almost at right angles.

"What am I making?" asked Eileschpijfel.

"A hayfork," immediately answered the devil.

"Wrong," said Eileschpijfel, as he quickly turned the piece of iron over so that the tines were downwards, and pounded the straight tine into line with the other. "This is a manure hook."

—Lehigh County.

The manure hook, "Mischthoke," was spoken of as the devil's favorite implement of torment.

The story assumes that Eileschpijfel had sold his soul to the devil.

SOMETHING NEW IN THE WORLD

Eileschpijfel obtained a thousand dollars from the devil. An agreement was made that Eileschpijfel was to show something in the world that was new to the devil, at the end of two years. If he succeeded in doing this, the money would belong to him; if he failed, then he was to belong to the devil, body and soul.

The two years passed rapidly and Eileschpijfel had

not found anything new. On the appointed day, in desperation, he had his wife divest herself of her clothes. Then he smeared her body with molasses, and rolled her in the feathers of a feather-bed.

Promptly on the appointed hour the devil appeared.

"Where is this new thing?" he asked.

"Wait a moment," said Eileschpijfel.

Thereupon his wife came crawling into the room, on hands and knees."

"What animal is this?" said Eileschpijfel.

The devil gazed in astonishment at the strange animal. He walked around it, and he walked back and forth through the room, all the time keeping his eyes fixed with visible perplexity upon the strange form.

Finally he said, "Well, ears it has none. . . . Tail there is none. . . . There seems to be no mouth. . . . Nothing but feathers and feathers. . . . Now what could such a thing be? . . . Eileschpijfel, I have never seen anything like this. Keep the money."

—Lehigh County.

This story apparently rests on the Biblical passage, Ecclesiastes I, 9, "there is nothing new under the sun."

In the past, one not infrequently heard people say, "Sis nix neies unnich di Sunn," or "in de Welt."

FARMING ON SHARES

The devil and Eileschpijfel farmed on shares. The first year they agreed that the devil should have that part of the crop which grew above ground, and Eileschpijfel that part of the crop which grew under the ground. Turnips were planted and when the division of the crops was made, Eileschpijfel got the roots and the devil the foliage.

The second year, the devil said that he wanted what grew under the ground and Eileschpijfel should have

what grew above the ground. Wheat was planted and the devil got the roots and Eileschpijfel the grain.

The third year, the devil, hoping to get the better of Eileschpijfel, said that he wanted both the tops and the roots of the crop, and Eileschpijfel should have the middle parts. Corn was planted, and Eileschpijfel got the ears.

—Lehigh County.

This story is very widely heard. The first part of the story is sometimes given as an explanation of the proverb, "Ausmache wie dar Deiwel an di Riewe." "To make out like the devil with the turnips."

EILESCHPIJFEL'S SMOKE PIPE

Eileschpijfel was out hunting with an old musket. The devil came along and seeing the musket asked, "What is that?"

Eileschpijfel answered, "A smoke pipe" and turning the end of the barrel to the devil, said, "Take a puff."

The devil took the end of the barrel into his mouth and began to suck. Thereupon Eileschpijfel pulled the trigger and the bullet and the smoke flew into the devil's mouth.

The devil, coughing and gasping for breath, spat out the bullet and said, "You—you surely use strong tobacco."

—Anson Sittler, Egypt, Pa., and many others.

Eileschpijfel calls the barrel of the musket a smoke pipe. The devil understands him to mean a pipe for smoking tobacco which in the dialect is called "Schmokpeif."

EILESCHPIJJEL ON THE FARM

Eileschpijfel was directed by his master to hitch up a four-horse team. "Hitch the sorrel horses in front and the two black horses in back and bring the team out into the field."

Time passed by and Eileschpijfel did not appear. The impatient farmer went to see what was wrong and found that Eileschpijfel had hitched one span to the front of the wagon and the other to the rear.

"What does this mean? Did I not tell you to hitch the sorrels in front and the blacks behind?" cried the angry farmer.

"That's exactly what I have done. The sorrels are in front and the blacks behind but with such hitching the devil himself can't do any driving."

"Get out into the field and tie up the sheaves," said the farmer.

Now, the farmer used the word "uffbinne," which means to tie up, but it also has the meaning to untie; and it was the latter meaning which Eileschpijfel took from the farmer's command.

He went out into the field and instead of tying up the sheaves, he untied those that were already bound.

"What in the world have you done again?" cried the farmer.

"Untied the sheaves as you commanded me," said Eileschpijfel.

—Lehigh County.

THE GOLDEN HORSESHOES

Eileschpijfel was directed by his master to take a horse to the smithy to be shod. "Tell the smith," said his master, "to use the best iron."

Eileschpijfel, however, understood his master to say that the horse was to be shod with the best shoes, for "Eisi," means both iron and horse shoes. When he came to the smith he said, "Shoe him with the best shoes."

The smith said, "My best shoes are of gold and very costly."

Eileschpijfel repeated, "Shoe him with the best shoes. That is my master's wish."

When Eileschpijfel came home his master was exceedingly angry. Said Eileschpijfel, "Did you not say with the best shoes?"

—Lehigh County.

LOGIC IS LOGIC

Eileschpijfel went with a two-horse team for wood. As he threw piece after piece on the wagon, he said, "If the horses can pull this piece they can pull the next one."

Reasoning thus, he kept on loading until the wagon was completely filled. Then he found that the horses were unable to pull the load.

He proceeded to unload saying as he threw piece after piece off, "If they can't pull this piece, they can't pull the next one."

Reasoning thus he kept on unloading until the wagon was empty.

Then he drove home with an empty wagon.

—*Robert Ohlinger*, Wescosville, R. 1, Pa.

This is one of the most commonly heard Eileschpijfel stories.

ACCORDING TO THE LETTER

Eileschpijfel was directed by his master to grease the heavy farm wagon. "Grease it well," said the master, "we shall use it to haul stones to fill up a mudhole."

Eileschpijfel took a big can of grease and went to work. After some time he came to his master and said that he couldn't finish greasing because he didn't have enough grease.

"Not enough grease!" exclaimed the master, "there was enough to grease three wagons. I must see what you have done."

He arose and went out to the wagon. There he found that Eileschpijfel had been smearing grease over the body of the wagon.

"What have you done? That isn't greasing," cried the master.

"You told me to grease the wagon and that is just what I have done," answered Eileschpijfel.

"To grease a wagon," said the angry master, "you put grease here and here," and he pointed to the spindles.

"That's not greasing the wagon, that is greasing the spindles," said Eileschpijfel.

—James J. Stuber, Cherryville, Pa.

EILESCHPIJFEL THE PLOWMAN

Eileschpijfel was hired by a farmer to plow. The farmer went with him into the field where he was to plow.

"How shall I plow?" asked Eileschpijfel.

There was a hog at the other end of the field, and the farmer pointing to it said, "Plow all the way to the hog, and back."*

In the evening when Eileschpijfel brought the horses

in to the barn the farmer asked, "Is there still much to be plowed?"

"It all depends on how far the hog will go,"* answered Eileschpijfel.

*"uff selli Sau zu."

**"Es kummt druff â wie weit ass di Sau noch lauft."

IN THE WINDY POCONOS

Eileschpijfel was servant to a farmer up in the Poconos. One day he was sent out into a very stony field to pick stones and haul them to a stone fence with a two-horse team.

Eileschpijfel drove into the field which was literally covered with stones. When he saw the endlessness of his task, he quit and drove home.

"What's wrong?" asked the farmer.

"It is so windy out in the field that whenever I throw stones on the wagon from one side the wind blows them down on the other side. Such work I do not like and I am leaving for another job until the stones have been plowed under and the field is fit to work in,"* said Eileschpijfel.

—Thomas Snyder, Allentown, Pa.

*"bis di Schtee unnergeblugt sin un mar kann verschtennich drin schaffe."

ON HIS OWN GROUND

Eileschpijfel hung around a farm, and wouldn't work. The farmer got tired of him and said to him, "Get off my land as quickly as you can."*

Eileschpijfel immediately went away and purchased a wheelbarrow which he filled with ground that he had

also bought. Then he pushed the loaded barrow into the farmer's barn yard and there sat on top of it.

The angry farmer came along, "Did I not tell you to get off my ground," he cried.

"I am not on your ground. I am on my own ground; and the wheelbarrow under me is also mine," said Eileschpijfel.

—Lehigh County.

*"Ar sedd sich vun seim Grund schaffe." The point of the story lies in the word "Grund" which literally means ground, but as the farmer used it "premises."

EILESCHPIJFEL AND THE PEAS

Eileschpijfel was sent by his master to pick peas in a field that lay a goodly distance away.

"After you have picked the peas," said the farmer, "hull them on the field and then you will be able to carry them all home at one time."

Eileschpijfel obeyed his master. He picked the peas and hulled them on the field. Then he put them in a bag and set out for home.

There was a small hole in the bottom of the bag and as Eileschpijfel was going down hill he saw some peas which had fallen through the hole roll down in front of him.

"If you prefer to go that way," said he, "that way you shall go." Thereupon he emptied out the bag on the hillside, and went on home.

"Where are the peas?" asked the master.

"They are coming after," answered Eileschpijfel, "a little slowly, but they are coming."*

—Heard in different versions.

*"Sie kumme noch, e wennich langsam, awwer sie kumme."

EILESCHPIJJEL WORKS LIKE HIS PARTNER

Eileschpijfel was sent to cut wood with a dull axe. When the axe was brought down on the block of wood, it rebounded on account of its dullness. Said Eileschpijfel to the axe, "If you want to work quickly, I'll work quickly, too."* And he applied himself so vigorously to his task that till noon he had chopped up a large heap of wood.

The master seeing what had been accomplished said to his wife, "This morning I gave him a dull axe and he cut a large heap, this afternoon I'll give him a sharp axe and he'll cut much more."

At the first stroke of the afternoon the sharp axe bit deep into the wood. Said Eileschpijfel to the axe, "If you want to work slowly, I'll work slowly, too."** Thereupon he rested most of the afternoon.

—Widely heard,

*"Wann due gschwind sei kannscht, kann ich â."

**"Wann du langsam sei kannscht, kan ich â."

EILESCHPIJJEL AND THE BEANS

Eileschpijfel's mother sent him across the mountain to pick beans. When he came home at the end of the day without any, his mother asked, "Where are the beans?"

He answered, "On the top of the mountain. I helped them up-hill; down-hill they need no help."*

—Lehigh County.

*"Ich hab sie barricknuff gedrâje, un barrickrunner kenne sie selwer kumme."

This is a variation of the story of Eileschpijfel and the peas.

ROOM AT THE TOP

Eileschpijfel unloaded a wagon load of stakes by pulling out the undermost pieces first. This he did because he could "get the top pieces any time."*

—Lehigh County.

*"weil ers ewwerscht eenzichi Zeit grieje kennt."

EILESCHPIJFEL AND THE PROVERBS

A.

The first thing that Eileschpijfel ever stole was an anvil. As he carried the heavy object away, he exclaimed, "It is well said, 'In the beginning everything is difficult.' "*"

—Will Peters, Laurys, Pa.

*Sie sâje als, Aller Afang is schwer." This not infrequently heard proverb is difficult to translate. Eileschpijfel twists the proverb by making "schwer" mean heavy instead of difficult, referring to the weight of the anvil.

B.

Eileschpijfel and his grandmother were on a journey in the midst of winter. The weather was very cold and the grandmother was almost frozen. They came to a spring from which vapor was rising. Said Eileschpijfel, "Where smoke is, there is fire.* Sit down and warm yourself." He walked away and left his grandmother to freeze to death.

—Very widely heard.

*"Wu Schmok is, is Feier."

C.

Eileschpijfel sought to shear a pig for wool. He said of his experience, "Much yelling and no wool."*

—Widely heard.

*"Viel Gegrisch un ken Woll."

The above proverbs are heard thus:

"Iller Anfang is schwer, hot dar Eileschpijfel gsât wie ar dar Ambos gschtöhle hot zum erschdemol."

"Wu Schmok is is Feier, hot dar Eileschpijfel gsât."

"Viel Gegrisch un ken Woll, hot dar Eileschpijfel gsât wie ar di Sau gschoore hot."

EILESCHPIJFEL THE STEVEDORE

Eileschpijfel helped to unload a ship down at the wharf.*

While he was carrying an anvil across the plank, the plank broke and down he went into the water still holding on to the anvil. He yelled to his companions, "If you don't throw a rope down to me, I'll drop the anvil.**"

—Willoughby Troxell, Cementon, Pa.

*"am Wäref."

**"Wann dar net en Schtrick runner schmeist loss ich dar Ambos falle."

THE MULE'S EGG*

Eileschpijfel came across a pumpkin and did not know what it was. As he was looking it over, a man came along and asked, "Do you know what that is?"

Answered Eileschpijfel, "I do not. I never saw anything like it."

The man said, "That is a mule's egg and if you sit on it for three weeks there will be a young mule."

Eileschpijfel reflected upon the matter and decided that it would be worthwhile to sit on the mule egg for three weeks. He proceeded to sit on the pumpkin.

Becoming tired in a short time, he arose and rolled

the pumpkin down the hill. The pumpkin rolled on until it hit a boulder and flew into pieces. At that very moment a rabbit that had been nesting at the boulder scurried away.

Seeing the rabbit, Eileschpijfel cried,

"Hee-haw little colt

Here is your mammy."**

*"Esel soi." "Esel" in the dialect commonly means mule.

**"Hie-ha Hutchhelli,
Do is dei Mudderli."

This story is widely heard, though only occasionally associated with Eileschpijfel.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ONE-MAN SAW

One day Eileschpijfel saw two men sawing wood with a two-man saw. He watched them pulling back and forth and thought that they were contending for the possession of the saw. He said to himself, "Why should they quarrel when there is enough there for each one."

At noon when the sawyers were at lunch, Eileschpijfel went and cut the saw into two, saying, "Now each one will have his own piece."

That, it is said, was the origin of the one-man saw.

—Quite widely heard.

The two-man saw is variously called in the dialect: "Blockseeg," "Dobbeldseeg," "Zweemannsseeg," "Fimffussseeg," etc.

EILESCHPIJFEL SHOES A HORSE

Eileschpijfel worked for a blacksmith and was told to shoe a horse. After he had finished shoeing, the smith asked him, "How was the shoeing?"

Answered Eileschpijfel, "Good. All the nails went easily straight up into the hoof, except one that came out on the side."

—Lehigh County.

EILESCHPIJJEL AND HIS GRANDMOTHER

Eileschpijfel and his grandmother were quarreling.* All day long the grandmother wore a sober look as she went about her work. This irked Eileschpijfel and he took a pitch fork and tickled her ribs, saying, "That will make her laugh."

*"Wâre ausnanner."

This is one of the few stories known to us in which Eileschpijfel exhibits a brutal nature.

SAVING HIS LIFE

Eileschpijfel was condemned to death on account of his misdeeds.

"If you spare my life," said he, "I will teach the tailors how they can sew without losing the first stitch."

The offer was accepted, and all the tailors of the region* were summoned to the scaffold. Then Eileschpijfel told them that to save the first stitch they should make a knot at the end of the thread. He was set free and from that time on tailors knot their threads.

—Mrs. Harry Wolford, Salfordville, Pa.

*"im ganze Land."

TWO OF A KIND

Eileschpijfel bought a wheelbarrow and carried it home so that the wheel would not become dirty.

Betsy Barwel, the female counterpart of Eileschpijfel, bought an umbrella. She carried it unopened during a rainstorm, and said, "I worked such a long time for money to buy this umbrella and I don't want it spoilt right away."

—Lehigh County.

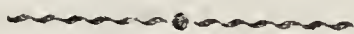
IMPROVING ON NATURE

Eileschpijfel had a rabbit dog that could run like the wind. One day the dog ran headlong into a tree and broke into two parts. Quickly Eileschpijfel ran up and held the two parts together. And instantly they became whole.

However, in his haste Eileschpijfel had held the hind part upside down. So the dog from that time on had two legs underneath and two legs above. Nonetheless it could run faster and longer than before. When it became tired of running on two legs, it turned over and ran on the other two.

—*Helen Hawk*, Wind Gap R. 1, Pa.

This story, not usually attributed to Eileschpijfel, is widely heard and in many variations.



THREE LEGS ARE BETTER THAN TWO

Eileschpijfel was directed to carry a three-legged caldron to a neighbor's house. After he had gone a short distance the caldron became unwieldy and cumbersome. So he set it on the ground and said, "Why should I who have only two legs carry you who have three legs." Then he walked away."

—*Mrs. Emma Faustner*, Bath, Pa.



EILESCHPIJFEL GETS A HERD OF CATTLE

Eileschpijfel had made himself obnoxious to his neighbors and they planned to drown him, so that they would be rid of him once for all. They put him in a cask, and started out for the sea. On their way they came to a tavern, and leaving the cask outside, went in to drink to the success of their undertaking.*

Meanwhile a drover came along with a large drove of cattle. Now when Eileschpijfel heard that someone was approaching, he began to moan, "I can't do it, and I won't do it. I can't do it, and I won't do it,"**

The drover hearing the moaning stopped and listened. Eileschpijfel again moaned, "I can't' do it, and I won't do it."

"What can't you do?" asked the drover.

"They want me to marry the king's daughter, and I won't do it. And they are taking me to the king to compel me to marry his daughter," answered Eileschpijfel. "I can't do it, and I won't do it."

"Let me take your place," said the drover, "I'll marry the king's daughter."

The drover took Eileschpijfel's place in the cask and Eileschpijfel took the cattle and drove them to his home.

The neighbors came out of the tavern, took the cask to the sea and sank it. Then with the feeling that they had finally got rid of Eileschpijfel, they went home in great spirits.

Their astonishment was great when they saw Eileschpijfel, and even greater when they saw the cattle which he had gotten.

Said Eileschpijfel, "Down on the bottom of the sea are many such cattle. These I drove up the bank and out on the shore, and brought them home."

All the neighbors, eager to get cattle, rushed to the sea and jumped in. All of them were drowned.

—Mrs. Jennie M. Kline, Bernville, Pa.

*"Eens druff drincke."

**"Ich kanns net du un ich dus juscht net."

EILESCHPIJJEL AND THE GIANT

Eileschpijjel was sent by his master to herd cattle and was given a ball of hand cheese in a basket for lunch. A giant* came along, and to show his strength took a stone and crushed it in his hand.

Said Eileschpijjel to the giant, "There is nothing much to crushing a stone, but to press juice out of a stone, that requires strength."**

Thereupon he reached into the basket and brought out the ball of cheese pressing it so that the juice came through his fingers. The giant fled.

—Lehigh County.

*"Ries."

**"En Schtee verdricke is nix, awwer fa di Briehe rausdricke, sell nemm Grefde."

MOWING GRASS

Eileschpijjel mowed in a meadow, with a scythe. When he came to the end of the meadow and wanted to whet the blade, he found that it was missing. He went back over the swath that he had cut, and found the blade lying halfway down the field. Said Eileschpijjel, "Anyone can mow with a blade, but only a very, very good mower can mow without a blade."*

*"Eenzich ebber kann maeche mit me Blâd, awwer es nemmt en ganz guder Mann fa maeche unne Blâd."

MEASURING FOR SHARES

Eileschpijjel and the devil were measuring out a pile of wheat for equal shares. A wooden half bushel measure was used, and it was filled and leveled off alternately for each one. The devil filled the measure and Eileschpijjel leveled it off.

Eileschpijjel used a warped board and whenever he leveled off for the devil's share, he turned the belly of the warp downwards so that the devil always got less than a level half bushel. And when he leveled off for himself, he turned the belly of the warp upwards so that he always got more than a level measure.

—Lehigh County.

THE CABBAGE HEADS

Eileschpijjel upset a basket of cabbage. He exclaimed as the heads rolled away in all directions, "Many heads, many minds."*

—Lehigh County.

*"Viel Kebb, viel Sinn."

This is a common proverb.

SLEEPING ON A FEATHER

Eileschpijjel found a feather, and because he had heard that one could sleep well on feathers, he laid it on a stone, and slept on it. Afterwards he remarked that he could not understand how people could sleep on the many feathers in pillows and feather-beds, since he became so stiff from sleeping on one that he could hardly walk.

—Lehigh County.

HAULING ORE

Eileschpijjel, once upon a time, was engaged in hauling ore* with a six-mule team, from a mine to a furnace. He said that he hauled such heavy loads that one of the wheels, in passing over a sixteen-pound sledge hammer, ground it to dust.

—Lehigh County.

* "Meind gfâhre."

BAPTIZED THREE TIMES

Eileschpijfel was baptized three times in one day. Nonetheless, he was none the wiser for it.*

His first baptism was by the pastor in the church; his second, when his mother, as she bore him from the church, fell into a mud puddle; his third, when she washed him clean.

—Lehigh County.

*Dar Eileschpijfel wâr dreimol gedâft in eem Dâg un war doch net gscheid."

EILESCHPIJFEL'S END BECAME HIS LIFE

When Eileschpijfel's end drew near, he filled a box with worthless things and nailed it up tightly. Then taking the box he went to his pastor. He asked the pastor to preach a good sermon over his remains.*

"As a reward for your services you will receive this box which I have filled with things for you," said Eileschpijfel.

The pastor conducted the funeral with an eye to the reward that was coming to him. After the burial he was given the box that Eileschpijfel had made ready. He hastened home and eagerly opened the box, and found in it nothing but rubbish.

—Mrs. Emma Faustner, Bath, Pa.

*A sermon in which nothing would be said that would reflect upon the life and character of Eileschpijfel.

GROUP XIV

OLLA-PODRIDA^{*}

^{*}After Col. Thomas Zimmerman's Olla-podrida.

THE RECOVERY OF STOLEN GOODS

At one time stories of how thieves were made to bring back the stolen goods were occasionally heard.

A.

One morning a farmer discovered that a bag of corn on the ear had been stolen.

He went to his wheelbarrow and turned the wheel backwards; at first slowly, then faster and faster, all the while repeating some mystic words.

When the wheel was revolving at its highest speed, the thief came running breathlessly from behind the barn with the bag of stolen corn.

—Montgomery County.

B.

Old A— could make thieves bring back stolen goods. He would take a piece of paper and draw on it a pentagon without raising the pencil from the paper, and below the pentagon he would write some German words and also the three highest names.*

He would put the paper in the hub of a wheel and turn the wheel backwards. This would cause the thief to bring back whatever he had taken away.

As fast as the wheel revolved on the axle so fast the thief would have to come running.

Old K— was reputed to have the same power of compelling thieves to come back with their plunder. One day

a man came to K— and asked him to make a thief bring back a bag of wheat that had been stolen.

K— had a heavy Conestoga wagon. He placed a jack under the rear axle and raised the hind left wheel. He directed the man to turn the wheel backwards and in the meantime he, K—, would read out of a book.

The man turned the wheel, and K— read the spell in a muttering tone. The wheel was heavy and the man, becoming tired, asked, "Will he not come soon?"

"Psch!" hissed K—, as he raised his hand in warning.

Finally the man could no longer turn, and K— himself seemed to have become tired with the repetition of the formula.

"Where is the robber?" asked the man. "He won't come."

"You turned the wheel too rapidly," answered K—, "and the thief ran so fast that he fell over dead."

—Lehigh County.

*"Di drei heechschte Wadde," the Trinitarian formula.

C.

Hen Greed was an itinerant peddler who went about selling smears and remedies. One night he stopped off at a country inn.

At that time every country inn had a hostler who did odd jobs about the place, took charge of the customers' teams and received for his compensation such tips* as the customers chose to give him.

Greed and the hostler sat in the bar-room talking and the innkeeper was cleaning up behind the bar. After a while the innkeeper said, "It is late and there will be no more customers. I am going to bed."

He placed his gold watch in the drawer of the bar and retired.

Greed and the hostler kept on talking, and bemoaning the hard times.

"The farmers have no money, and they won't buy any smears or remedies or poison for mice and rats," said Greed.

"Nobody stops off here at the tavern and I receive no tips. I don't have a cent of money," said the hostler.

After a long silence Greed said, "I know how we can get money."

"How?" said the hostler.

"You steal the landlord's watch," began Greed.

"Not for the world. No, never!" interrupted the hostler.

"Let me finish," said Greed. "You steal the watch and I will get him to pay me to force you to bring it back. Then we'll divide the money."

"That is well and good. But I'll be put into jail," said the hostler.

"No! No! I'll make him promise that he won't punish you and that he will keep you as hostler."

The hostler finally agreed, took the watch and went away.

In the morning the innkeeper arose and called the hostler. No answer. He called again. No answer. Then he went into the hostler's bedroom and found that the bed had not been slept in.

He went below, opened the cash drawer and saw that his watch was missing.

"My watch is stolen," he yelled. "The hostler stole my watch and ran away—my gold watch! I would rather have lost my money than my watch!"

Then Greed spoke up, "I can make him bring your watch back."

"You can?" asked the innkeeper hopefully.

"Yes, I can," said Greed, "but I want twenty-five dollars for my work."

"If you make him bring my watch back to me I'll give you twenty-five dollars," promised the innkeeper.

"One thing more you must promise," said Greed. "You must take the hostler back and you must not punish him. Maybe if you punish him your watch will disappear again."

"All right, I promise," said the innkeeper. "I suppose he won't steal again when he knows that he must bring back what he stole."

Greed went to work. He herded the whole family into the kitchen and demanded that they maintain strict silence. Then he made three cornered packets of salt and threw them one by one into the stove. As each packet burned with a crackling sound, Greed said, "Hark! Now you can hear him coming through the bushes and the thorns."

So he continued, making packets of salt and throwing them into the stove. The innkeeper, however, became impatient and asked, "Won't he be here soon?"

"Quiet!" sternly admonished Greed.

At that moment the hostler came into the room and handed the watch to the innkeeper, "I had to bring it back. My conscience gave me no peace."

"Let this teach you that you can't steal and get away with it," said the innkeeper.

Greed divided the money with the hostler and then went on his way, peddling his smears and remedies.

—Lehigh County.

*"Drinckgeld."

D.

One morning, a Lancaster County farmer discovered that his scythe had been stolen. He straightway suspected a neighbor of having committed the theft. This neighbor frequented the local inn.

In the middle of the forenoon the farmer went to the inn and there he saw his neighbor with three or four other persons of the neighborhood. After a while the farmer said, "I have just been down to see old N— who, you all know, can do more than eat bread. I told him that my scythe had been stolen and that I wanted him to do something about it. He told me that if the thief did not bring my scythe back before tomorrow morning, he would fix the thief so that he would never steal again."

The farmer lingered a little longer, and then went home. His scythe was returned that night.

—Lancaster County.

DISCOVERING THE THIEF

There was a master who had ten men in his employ. One day his purse was stolen. To discover the thief, he went into the stable and rubbed balsam on the tail of his donkey.

Then he called his men together and said, "One of you stole my purse, and I am going to discover which one of you is the thief. One by one you must go into the stable and rub your hands upon the donkey's tail and when he who stole the purse touches the tail, the donkey will bray."

All the men went into the stable, one by one, and all came out, but the donkey didn't bray. Thereupon the master lined the ten men up against a wall. He went along the line, took their hands and smelled at them. He came to one whose hands were free from the odor of

balsam. To him he said, "You are the thief. Your hands betray you."

—*Frank A. Troxell, Allentown, Pa.*

CASTING THE MAGIC BULLET

As late as forty years ago one heard, not infrequently, stories of the magic bullet by which one could kill another at any distance. Today such stories are remembered only by a few persons.

A.

One Christmas Eve at midnight, some men went to a crossroad to mould magic bullets for the purpose of shooting thieves. A magic bullet if shot into the air will hit the person for whom it is intended no matter where or who he may be. Of course the shooter has some definite person in mind and fires in the direction of the home of the suspected person.

Well, these men were at the crossroad. As they were moulding the first bullet they heard a rumbling overhead. They looked up and saw a millstone slowly revolving not far above their heads. One of them backed away but the millstone moved with him; then he ran but whenever he looked up there was the millstone just above his head. After running a quarter mile he was exhausted, and lay down and the millstone disappeared.

After a little while he plucked up courage and went back to the crossroad. All his companions had disappeared, but the devil was there. Boldly he addressed the devil, "What is the meaning of all this?"

"The meaning?" answered the devil. "If you don't get away from here as fast as you can I'll show you the meaning."

The man took to his heels.

—Berks County.

B.

One night a group of men went to a crossroad to mould magic bullets of silver. They built a fire, heated the silver and made ready to mould. Then one of them happened to look up and saw a millstone suspended over them. He yelled, out of fright, and rushed away and the rest ran after him. If they had not become scared and had kept on with their work they would have succeeded in moulding the bullets.

—Lebanon County.

C.

One Christmas Eve near the hour of midnight some men met at a crossroad near many graves,* that is near a graveyard, to cast a blood bullet.** They built a fire and melted the pewter, but every time they tried to cast the bullet the melted pewter flowed away.

For success in casting a magic bullet, allegiance had to be sworn to the devil and this they had not done. Then they heard a gig coming along the road, and they knew that the devil was coming to have their sworn allegiance. They did not wait his coming but fled precipitously.

—Berks County.

*"am Greizweg wu viel Grewer sin."

**"Bludkuggel."

D.

Several men moulded magic bullets in a magic ring on New Year's Eve. One of them loaded his rifle, put a silken handkerchief over the mouth of the barrel and shot at the moon. There was a bloodspot on his handkerchief.

—Lehigh County.

THE CREAKING WHEEL

A.

A man went forth to steal and took his wheelbarrow along to haul back his plunder. The wheel of the barrow had not been greased for a long time and, as it slowly revolved, cried, "It may be you'll be caught. It may be you'll be caught."*

The man was discovered and fled precipitously and as the wheel revolved swiftly, it cried, "I told you so. I told you so."**

—*Mrs. Alice Helfrich, Deiberts Valley, Pa.*

*"Wann due nett verwischt warscht. Wann du nett verwischt warscht."

**"Ich hab dars gsât. Ich hab dars gsât."

B.

A man went to steal corn with his wheelbarrow. As the wheel slowly revolved it creaked, "Not worthwhile. Not worthwhile."*

The thief was discovered and as he fled the swiftly revolving wheel cried, "Knew it would happen. Knew it would happen."**

—*Henry Landis, Landis Valley, Pa.*

*"Dudd ke gud. Dudd ke gud."

**"Habt wisst ass so geht. Habt wisst ass so geht."

C.

A man went with his wheelbarrow to steal turnips. As the wheel slowly revolved it creaked, "Going for turnips. Going for turnips."*

The man was discovered and as he rushed home the

quickly revolving wheel cried, "Got not one. Got not one."**

—Harry Wolford, Salfordville, Pa.

*"Will Riewe hohle. Will Riewe hohle."

A variation, "Riewe hohle. Riewe hohle."

**"Kenni grickt. Kenni grickt."

A variation "Ken Riewe grickt. Ken riewe grickt."

A widely told story even to this day.

D.

Up country there was a grist mill that only ran after rain storms when the dam was full of water. Such mills are called thunderstorm mills.*

When the water was low, the revolving wheel creaked, "God—help—me. God—help—me."**

But when the water was high the rapidly revolving wheel cried, "I can help myself. I can help myself."***

—Lehigh County.

*"Gwiddermiehl."

**"Gott helf mar. Gott helf mar."

***"Kann mar selwer helfe. Kann mar selwer helfe."

THE CHILD AND THE BLACKSNAKE

On the hot afternoons of summer, a mother was accustomed to give her child of two years or so, a bowl of bread and milk out in the yard under a great oak tree. Then, leaving the child, she would return indoors to her work.

One day, she felt an impulse to look after the child, and went out into the yard. To her awe and fright she saw a big blacksnake with its head upraised, lying near the child. Her fright was so great that she was unable to move. Then to her still greater fright, she saw the child bring its spoon down on the head of the snake, saying, "Eat crumbs too, not only milk."

The story is heard, throughout our Pennsylvania Dutch region, and even down in the Valley of Virginia. Occasionally one comes across a person who insists that he was the baby, and that the snake lived in a hole in the wall of the springhouse, or under the roots of a large tree near his home.

The words of the child differ; in Lebanon County, they are "Fress â Brockle nett juscht Labb, Labb"; in the Valley of Virginia, "Fress au Brockle nett juscht Bruh"; in Northampton County, "Fress meen Mocke," or "Fress â Blockle"; in Lehigh "Fress â Mocke nett juscht Miech," and "Muss â Mocke Fresse."

THE QUEEN OF THE SNAKES*

It is quite widely told that the king of the snakes summons the snakes by whistling.

One day a traveler on horseback, as he rode through the woods on his way to his log cabin, saw a red crest lying on the path. He dismounted, picked up the crest, and then rode on. Soon he heard a shrill whistle and then a rustling in the woods, but he paid no attention to the sounds and rode along. He had not gone far before he became aware that snakes were crawling through the underbrush towards the path. He looked back and the path was black with snakes coming after him. He became frightened. He lashed his horse and rode away at full speed towards his home, but the faster he rode the faster the snakes followed. He reached his home with the snakes close behind him, and had only time to throw the reins across a post, and dash into his cabin before they crashed against the door. They wiggled up among the logs to the windows, and even to the eaves. When

they found that they could not reach him, they swarmed against the horse and choked him to death. Then they left.
—Lehigh County.

*Our dialectal name for the queen bee is "Dar Iemekeenich," and for the snake queen "Dar Schlangekeenich." When we employ the English language we say "the queen of the bees," and the "queen of the snakes."

Parts of the same story were collected in Lebanon and Lancaster counties.

A TALL SNAKE STORY

There was a man who had such great misfortune and so many of them that he was tired of living. He would have welcomed death, but at that he was not ready to end his life, for he felt that suicide was a great sin.

One day he took his hoe and went out into the field to hoe the few stalks of corn that had come up from his planting and had been spared by the blackbirds and the crows. As he hoed he came across a great rattlesnake. "Let it bite me," he thought, "then my troubles will be over."

The snake struck, but instead of striking the man it hit the hoe, and then, strange to relate, the handle of the hoe began to swell. It swelled and swelled. Soon it was as thick as a rail; then as a post; then as a log; and finally as the trunk of a great tree.

The man, feeling that luck had at last come his way, rolled the log to the saw mill, and had enough shingles cut from the log to cover all his buildings.

From that time on he prospered.

—Widely heard, though in many variations.

The above heard in Lehigh County.

This story is founded on an old belief that there is a snake with a horned tail, called "die Hannschlang." It was said of this snake that it took its tail in its mouth and rolled through the forests as a hoop, and when it collided with a tree it struck its horned tail into the tree and the tree died.

THE PREACHER'S TEXT

One hears the story everywhere. It is told of this preacher and of that preacher or is merely told as an unlocalized story.

The members of a congregation came to their preacher and said, "You come to church and preach on texts that you have chosen. We would like you to preach on texts of our choosing.

"All right!" said the preacher, "you choose the text, write it on a piece of paper and lay the paper on the pulpit, then I shall preach on it."

Several Sundays in succession thereafter a paper lay aside of the Bible when the preacher mounted the pulpit, with the text written on it. And he preached on that text.

One Sunday morning he ascended the pulpit, picked up the paper, looked on one side, then on the other, and found nothing written on either side.

He cleared his throat. Said, looking on one side of the paper, "Here is nothing," and turning the paper, "and here is nothing. Out of nothing God created Heaven and the earth."* That was his text.

"I heard the sermon," says N—. "It was down in the E— church, and old Rev. S— was the preacher. What a sermon! I never heard one like it, and I suppose I never shall."

So runs the story though no one can tell just what the preacher said.

—Heard in Lebanon, Montgomery, Lehigh and Berks counties.

*"Hier is nix un dâ is nix. Aus nix hot Gott di Welt erschaffen."

LINING OUT A HYMN

A.

On a Sunday, a preacher lined out a hymn. During the week he had spread lime upon the glebe land.

He stood up and announced, "We shall sing to the melody, "Wer nun den guten Gott losst walden." He then put on his glasses to read the hymn which was to be sung to the melody. He found that his glasses were clouded, and as he took them off he commented aloud,

"Was is dann letz mit meiner Brillee?

Sie ist ja ganz mit Talck* beschmiert."

He took out his handkerchief to wipe his glasses, but to his amazement the congregation thinking that he was lining a hymn sang what he had spoken. When they ended he cried out,

"Ach ihr liebe Leit, sei doch schtille
Es soll ja nicht gesungen sein."

He paused and started to put on his glasses. The congregation taking his words to be a continuation of the hymn sang them. Utterly provoked he cried,

"Halt, Halt, er war schun zu viele," and as they continued, added

"Do schlackt des Dunnerwedder ein."

—Edwin Greenawald, Schnecksvile, Pa.

*"Talck"—High German for tallow. Its meaning had been forgotten and, now, is regarded as a form of "Kalch," lime.

B.

When hymns were lined out, a preacher was conducting a burial service. The grave was small, and the preacher seeing its size commented,

"'R is zu gross ar geht nett nein,"

The precentor thinking that he was lining out the verses, sang,

“‘R is zu gross ar geht nett nein.”

Whereupon the minister, turning to the precentor, said,

“Das ist nicht was ich mein.”

But again the precentor sang the line.

In wrath the preacher cried,

“Bischt du des Teufels ganz un gar,
Das ist nicht was zu singen war.”

—O. P. Leh, Egypt, Pa.

Also Berks County.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S COMRADE

“When I was in the army,” said old N.N., “I and another soldier were ordered to carry dispatches to a distant post. The weather was cold and stormy, and snow was falling fast.

“Night overtook us, and, because we could find no shelter, we tied our horses to a pole that stood out above the snow. Then we took our blankets and lay down on the snow to sleep.

“In the morning when we awoke, we found that we were lying in a churchyard. Hearing a great noise, we looked up, and there were our horses tied to the top of the church steeple, desperately trying to maintain a foothold on its sides.

“Aye, in the days when I was in the army, the snow was very, very deep, and melted very, very fast.”*

—Lehigh County.

*“Jar, wu ich im Grieg wâr is dar Schnee als arrick dief warre un is als arrick schnell weck gange.”

A BIG SNAKE

Old man Snyder used to tell of an experience which he had while hauling charcoal from the Pocono Mountains to a Lehigh County furnace.

The day was exceedingly hot, and fearing that his horses might be overcome by the heat, he drove under the shade of a large oak tree to rest them.

He himself was very hot and tired, and got down from the wagon and sat on a log that lay near the road. In a short time he had fallen asleep. When he awoke he felt that the log was moving, and that his body leaned downhill. He got off the log and looked for his horses, but he could see neither his horses nor the road upon which he had been going. Around him was nothing but trees and underbrush.

Then his attention was attracted to something moving just above the underbrush, about a half mile away. He saw that it was the head of an immense snake—a snake as thick as a century old tree.

He had mistaken the snake for a log and had sat on it and while he slept it had carried him fully five miles away from his team.

—*Irwin Kohler, Allentown, Pa.*

A BIG TREE

A farmer went to the mountains with a two-horse team to haul logs. Coming down the mountain, on his way home with the loaded wagon, the brake flew open, and the horses, unable to hold back the heavy load, plunged in headlong flight down the mountain road. And the faster they fled in their fright, the faster the wagon pushed on behind them.

At the foot of the mountain the road became level for quite some distance and here right in the middle of the road stood an immense tree which, on account of its size, had not been removed by the road builders. Here, too, the road swerved sharply around the tree.

The runaway team came down the mountain so rapidly that the horses could not make the bend in the road, but brought the wagon up against the tree. The tongue of the wagon hit the middle of the trunk with such terrific force that the tree was split apart and the horses and wagon passed through the split with undiminished speed.

All this happened very quickly, indeed so quickly that the parted trunk, in snapping back, closed up so tightly that no trace remained of where it had been split.

—Lehigh County.

THE GREAT LIAR

A.

John W— was known as W— the liar. One day he passed the local mill. The miller seeing him, called, "John, come over and tell me a big lie."*

"Not now, I haven't time; John Krumm died last night," answered W—.

"John Krumm! He was here in the mill day before yesterday," cried the miller in astonishment.

"Yes, it happened unexpectedly. And now I am out to get persons to dig the grave. Will you help?"

"Surely!"

"When I have gotten the grave diggers, I'll have to go and see Pastor H— and find out whether he can hold the funeral on Tuesday," continued W—.

As he went on, he called back, "This evening the

helpers are to meet at Krumm's to make final arrangements. Can you be there?"

"I'll be there," answered the miller.

Several hours later, John Krumm walked into the mill. The miller seeing him, was so astonished that he could only splutter, "Why John—John—John you are dead."

—*Edwin Greenawald, Schnecksville, Pa.*

*"en gudi Lieg."

This story in different versions is very widely heard. It is always localized, and the name of the liar is always given. The version above comes from the western part of Lehigh County. We have heard a half dozen other versions in the upper part of the same county.

B.

N.N. of Lehigh Gap, was known as a great liar. One day he was standing at the bar in the Danielsville tavern when O—the undertaker entered. Seeing N.N. he said, "Quickly tell me a big lie."

N.N. simulating astonishment at seeing the undertaker, answered, "Don't talk about lies now. All forenoon I have been running around the country to find you. Has no one told you that S.G. of Wind Gap died and you are to come and lay out the body."

"S.G. dead? Can it be? I saw him only yesterday and he was in the best of health."

"He is dead and you are to come as soon as you can," answered N.N.

O— went home, gathered his equipment and drove to Wind Gap. When he got to the G. home he saw S.G. feeding the cattle.

"Why—why—why," he spluttered, "N.N. told me you were dead."

S.G. laughed and said, "Do you believe one word of what N.N. says?"

—Northampton County.

RAWHIDE STRETCHES

"Rawhide stretches, but none more so than that of buckskin," said N.N. He then told this story.

Years ago, a farmer took a four-horse load of grain to Philadelphia. For traces he used rawhide thongs of buckskin.

On his way he was overtaken by a heavy rainstorm. But he kept his place in the saddle, and drove on through the rain until he came to the inn where he had planned to stay over night. When he dismounted, he found that the rawhide traces had stretched so much that the wagon was nowhere in sight.

He took the traces and wrapped them around a tree. Then he went into the inn for the night. Soon thereafter the rain ceased.

In the morning he found that the rawhide traces had contracted, and had drawn the wagon up tightly against the tree around which they had been wrapped.

—Lehigh County.

OLD BELTZ THE GREAT HUNTER

One morning old Beltz went forth to hunt. He came upon seven wild pigeons sitting on the limbs of a dead tree. He knew that by direct shot he could only get one, and he wanted all of them.

While he thus stood, uncertain as to what she should do, there came to his mind an experience which his father had had. So he up and shot into the trunk of the tree and it immediately split open, all the way up, and out through the branches and just as quickly closed up again, but in so doing clamped the feet of the pigeons.

Then Beltz waved his hat and the pigeons fluttered to

get free. Their exertions became so great that they finally tore the tree out by its roots, and started away with it through the air.

Beltz jumped on the butt end, and waving his hat from side to side, guided the flight of the pigeons towards his home. As they crossed the Schuylkill River with undulating flight the butt end of the tree dipped deep into the water.

Finally they reached home, and Beltz found that he not only had seven wild pigeons for dinner, but also his trousers full of suckers, and enough wood for the entire winter.

—Montgomery County.

OLD BELTZ, THE STRONG MAN

Old Beltz was taking a six-horse load of hops to Philadelphia. He came to a covered bridge through which he could not pass on account of the low roof. Thereupon he lifted the roof from the bridge. After he had driven his team over the bridge, he replaced the roof and went on his way to the big city.*

—Harry Wolford, Salfordville, Pa.

*"Di gross Schtadd."

SHOOTING AROUND A TREE

George Keim was out in the forest hunting deer. He came to an immense tree on the other side of which stood a big buck. Said he, "I, thereupon, bent the barrel of my gun around the tree and shot the deer dead as a stone."*

—Berks County.

*"mausracke dod."

A STORY WITH A MORAL

There was a very rich woman who had everything that she wanted. Near her lived a very poor woman who had hardly any bread to eat. The poor woman fell sick from hunger.

A neighbor came in and finding no food in the house went to the rich woman and requested food for the sick woman. The request was refused.

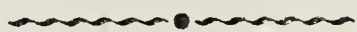
She went a second time and requested food. Again her request was refused.

"Kindly give some food, or the poor woman will die," said the friend.

"No!" said the rich woman, firmly closing the door upon her.

The poor woman died, her desire for food unfulfilled. The rich woman lived on, proud in the belief that her wealth could purchase anything. But she too fell ill and as she lay on her bed one day, a desire arose in her for a bite out of a cloud. For this she begged day after day. "I want a piece of a cloud. I must have a piece of a cloud. I must have a piece of a cloud," she continually cried. And with these words on her lips she died.

—*Mrs. John Algard, Jr., Laurys, Pa.*



MAN CANNOT LIVE BY WATER ALONE

There was a shoemaker who contended that man could live on water alone. To prove his contention he ate no food but drank only water. When offered food, he would say, "Give me water, that's all I need."

After several days he became so weak that he collapsed while at work on his bench. His fellow workers

went to his assistance, raised him up and asked, "Do you want water?"

"No!—Bread!" he whispered.

—Jane Kilmer, Myerstown, Pa.

NOT WITHOUT FOOD

Old Lady Mumbauer reasoned that if she gave her horse a little less food day after day she would have him so that he would need no food.* She, thereupon, gave him a little less corn day after day. It finally came to this that she gave him only one grain. Then her horse died.

She told her neighbors, "If he had borne up one day longer I would have succeeded.**

The story is widely told, and almost always without mentioning by name the person who made the attempt. We have heard it told of the "stupid Swabians," and of Eilenschpijfel.

The last ration is a handful of oats, one fourth ear of corn, or as above a grain of corn.

—Heard in many counties. Above
heard in Lehigh County.

*"het sie en so ass ar nix breicht."

**"Wann ar noch ee Dâg lenger gelebt het, werds re geglickt."

HIS STOMACH TOO SMALL

Long ago farmers from the interior went down to the wharf at Philadelphia to obtain servants from among the immigrants on incoming ships by paying their passage money.

A farmer from upper Berks County went down and bought a servant. In the agreement it was stipulated

that meat was to be served three times a week, on the master's table.

The first day after the servant came to his new home, he found that meat was served three times; morning noon, and evening. Suspecting that this was a technical observance of the agreement, he protested to his master, "Meat, not three times a day, but three days of the week."

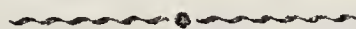
The farmer replied, "We have meat three times a day, every day of the week."

Thereupon the servant exclaimed, "Great Heavens! Oh that my back too were stomach!"*

—A. S. Leiby, Pen Argyl, Pa.

*"Ach Himmel, ich wodd ass mei Rick â Bauch wer."

This expression is frequently heard as a compliment to a cook for a very good meal.



THE NAMES HERMAN AND JACOB

Do you know the origin of the names Herman and Jacob? It was this way. A traveller was passing along a swamp when he heard someone call, "Here, man! Here, man!"*

The traveller went to the spot whence the voice had come and found a man sunk into the sands up to his head. Addressing the head, the traveller answered, "Yea, top! Yea top!"**

Whence the names Herman and Jacob.

—Herbert Knecht, Allentown, Pa., and others.

*"Her Mann, Her Mann." The meaning is "Come here, man."

**"Ja Kobb, Ja Kobb." The meaning is "Yes, head. Yes, head."

We have tried in our translation to preserve the similarity of sounds.

HUNTING THE ELBEDRITSCHÉ

One cold wintry night a number of boys had congregated at a farmhouse. One of them remarked, "This is a good night to hunt Elbedritsche." To this the others agreed. On the farm there was a new servant by the name of Fritz who had never heard of Elbedritsche.

"What are Elbedritsche?" he inquired.

"Sh—sh," came the answer. "Elbedritsche are something that you mustn't talk about until you have caught them, and they can only be caught on a night like this. Will you go along?"

"I'll go along," said the servant.

"All right, we'll all go. We'll chase Elbedritsche and you'll hold the bag," was the answer.

They got a gunny sack, and went out into the night. They crossed several fields and came to a windy wooded hollow. Here they stationed Fritz with the bag. "Hold the bag open and remain here until we come. We are going up over the fields to drive the Elbedritsche into this hollow and into the bag. Now don't move from this spot until we come," said the others as they went on.

Fritz faithfully obeyed the instructions that had been given him. He had stood motionless with his bag for some time when a big rabbit, that had probably been raised by the others, came running down the hollow and sprang into the bag. Quickly he closed the bag and yelled, "I have it. I have it."

He rushed home. When he came close to the door he yelled, "I have it. I have it." Great was the surprise of those that had remained behind when they opened the bag and found a big rabbit in it.

Meanwhile the others had stolen to a neighbor's house where they remained for an hour or so, a sufficient

length of time as they thought for Fritz to be chilled through and through.

Then they returned to the hollow where they had left Fritz. But no Fritz could they find. They called his name and they searched the hollow, fearing that he might have been frozen to death. Finally they went home, and there they found Fritz sitting by the side of a warm stove with his captured Elbedritsche.

—Montgomery, Bucks, and Lehigh Counties.

THE FIERY COALS

One night a man was going across a field to his home when he came upon a heap of glowing coals. He picked up one of the fiery coals and put it into his pipe which had gone out.

In the morning when he took his pipe he found a piece of gold in it. He had come across what the old people called a Devil's Fire.*

*"Deiwelsfeier."

There was another man who was travelling a path* across fields at night. He came upon what he took to be a spreading fire and threw his jacket upon it. The fire was extinguished and when the man picked up his jacket he found it covered with pieces of gold.

He related his experience to a neighbor. Shortly thereafter the neighbor came upon a small fire along a road at night. He threw his jacket upon it and extinguished it but when he picked up his jacket he found that it was almost burned up. He had thrown it upon a fire that had been built by man.

*"Pád."

The last Indian was torn to pieces on the Blue Mountain by wild animals. One night a hunter came upon what he took to be a heap of glowing coals near the spot where the Indian had lived. He went on. Coming the same way on the following day, he found a pile of gold where he had seen the glowing coals.

The last Indian when he was leaving came to a white family and told one of the girls that if she would go with him he would show her so much gold that she could have her horse shod with golden horseshoes. She, however, was afraid of being scalped* and would not go along.

That gold has never been found.

—All from Lehigh County.

* "messirt."

THE LITTLE GREY MAN OF THE WOODS

A skilled hunter was out in the Blue Mountain for squirrels and though he saw a number and fired at them he was unable to bring any down. He had just fired at a large squirrel and missed when he spied a little old grey man* lurking behind the bole of a nearby tree. Said the hunter to himself, "I'll show that thunder-weather a thing or two."**

He took a dime, put it in the barrel of his gun, and fired into the tree top.

The little old grey man disappeared and from then on the hunter shot without missing.

—Pierce Nothstein, Ormrod, Pa.

*"en glee ald groh Mennli."

**"Dem Dunnerwedder will ich moll heife."

THE GUARDIAN SNAKE

A hunter was out for squirrels in the woods along the Perkiomen Creek. He had treed several squirrels and fired repeatedly at them, without being able to bring them down. He was raising his gun for another shot when his eyes were drawn to the ground and there he saw a huge black snake curled up with its eyes steadfastly fixed upon him.

Instinctively the hunter knew that he had to do with a power that was protecting the woods and he left off hunting, and went home.

—*Noah Becker*, Perkiomenville, Pa.

The thought of the hunter was that the snake had charmed the gun, and would charm him unless he desisted.



NO DUTCH IN HELL

Several boys planned to play ghost on another who was courting a maiden in their neighborhood. They covered themselves with white sheets, and waited along the road for the lover.

When he came close to the ghosts, one of them beckoned with his hand and called in a mournful tone, "Come, come, come with me into hell."*

The lover paused in his tracks, picked up a stone and yelled, "Get going, or I'll stone you. In hell they don't speak Dutch."

—Widely heard in several versions. This from
Lehigh County.

*"Kumm! Kumm! Kumm mit mir in di Hell."

BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL

Once there was a poor man who had a cow but no money to buy feed. One night he went to his neighbor's barn and threw down hay from the mow to the threshing floor saying, "I can't let my cow starve."

After he had thrown down a goodly quantity, he came down from the mow to the threshing floor. He looked at the pile of hay in silence for a little while and then threw it back on the mow, saying, "He who is honest waits longest."*

Again he went up on the mow and threw down hay, saying, "I can't let my cow starve." And again he came down and threw the hay back, with the words, "He who is honest waits longest."

He went up into the mow a third time and threw down hay, saying, "I can't let my cow starve." And a third time he came down from the mow and threw the hay back, with the words, "He who is honest waits longest."

All this time the neighbor had been watching him, and when he had thrown the hay back the third time, the neighbor spoke and said, "I have heard all. Take whatever hay you need and give it to your cow. This is a reward for your honesty."

—*Clara Brown, Coopersburg, Pa.*

*This seems to be a corruption of our proverb, "Ehrlich wehrt am lentschde."

THE SIGN OF INNOCENCE

A man sentenced to be hung protested his innocence. He had been convicted of murder on the evidence that he was caught carrying the body of a murdered man in a bag to the river.

He said that he had been walking along the road; that a man came along with a bundle and asked him to take the bundle and cast it into the river. This he had done.

On the gallows he said, "I am innocent, and you will come to know that I am innocent, for after I am hung a black cloud will appear and so much rain will fall that the water in the streets and roads will come up to the top of your shoes."

There was a tremendous storm soon after the hanging, and the countryside was flooded with water.

—O. P. Leh, Egypt, Pa.

This is one of a number of stories in which a person, about to be hung, tells of a sign after his death which will show his innocence.

THE PREACHER'S LATIN

There was a preacher who was reproached by some of his members because he used no Latin in his sermons, as other preachers did.

"All right," said the preacher. "Today I, also, shall use Latin."

While he was preaching, he looked out of the window and saw the branch of a tree, a shoe sole, and a cow drinking out of a brook.

Thereupon he said, "Grie naschdus, schuh solus, un Kuh drinck ausus."*

As his people heard this, they nodded approvingly, and thereafter, convinced that he could use Latin, were satisfied with his German sermons.

—Mrs. Mary Keck, Laurys, Pa.

*"Green branch, shoe sole, a cow drinking."

DIVIDING THE SPOILS

An Irishman and a Dutchman were out hunting, and got a skunk and an opossum. When they came to dividing the spoils the Irishman said, "I'll take the opossum and you take the skunk; or you take the skunk and I'll take the opossum."

The Dutchman scratched his head a little and then said, "Do musz ebbes letz sei. Des Schtinckdier kummt immer zu mir."*

—*Herbert Knecht*, Allentown, Pa.

*"There is something wrong somewhere, for the stinking animal always falls to me."

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"STONE SOUP",\*

A peddler during a rainy period stayed several days at the home of Mrs. A—. In his conversation he now and then referred to a wonderful stone soup that he had lately eaten. The curiosity of Mrs. A— was aroused and she asked him, "How is this wonderful stone soup made?"

"If you make it for me I'll tell you," answered the peddler.

"I'll make it," answered the woman.

The peddler went out into a field and picked up a round cobble stone. He washed it thoroughly and took it to Mrs. A—, saying, "Cook this well for one hour."

This she did. Then he told her to add corn, cabbage, string beans, tomatoes, onions, and potatoes, also parsley and seasoning; and finally a chunk of beef cut up into small pieces.

The soup proved to be most delicious and afterwards Mrs. A— told her neighbors of the wonderful stone soup that she made at the direction of the peddler, and of all its ingredients.





"I suppose that would have been a good soup without the stone," commented one of her neighbors.

—Oscar Laub, Egypt, Pa.

\*"Schteesubb."

The term "Schteesubb" is used facetiously in the dialect. For example, as I have heard it, "Was gebts fa Middâg?" "Ich wees net, ich denk Schteesubb."

## WHEN THE STARS FELL ON LEHIGH

In the record book of the Egypt Reformed Church is this note, "A singular phenomenon happened on the 13th of November 1833; the stars fell from Heaven as the saying was."

On that day people were greatly disturbed, especially in the rural sections. Some of them looked for the end of the world.

Those living in the vicinity of Wesnersville turned to Reuben Grimm the community miller, and also the most learned man in the community. They found him in his mill cutting furrows in his millstones. They asked him whether he was not afraid to keep on working when the world was coming to an end.

Grimm, without pausing in his work, replied, "Letting stars fall—that is God's work; cutting millstones is my work. And I shall work as long as I have strength."\*

—William Christ, Allentown, Pa.

\*"Schtanne falle losse is Gottes Sach, Miehlachte hacke is mei Sach. Un ich schaff bis mei Grefde all sin."

## "U-HU"

Have you heard why the Pennsylvania Dutch say "U-hu" with closed lips instead of "Yes" when they want to express their assent?

It was this way. One day the devil went forth for



prey. He captured three men; one he carried in his right hand, a second in his left, and the third he held with his teeth.

A traveller came along and said to the devil, "I see you have gotten some."\*

Upon which the devil, who knew that should he say "Yes," the one whom he held with his teeth would fall free, merely grunted "U-hu" and went on.

Ever since the Pennsylvania Dutchman says "U-hu" instead of "Yes."

—Herbert Knecht, Allentown, Pa.

\*"Ich sehn du hoschte Deel gnickt."

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### "FOR THE HALF"

A farmer had a large cherry tree that was laden with fruit. Now farmers during haying and harvest have little time to pick cherries, so they were oft-times minded to let the picking to someone who would pick them "for the half."

A neighbor came to the farmer and said, "If I may have half of the cherries, I'll pick them."

"That's a bargain," said the farmer, and went about his work.

The neighbor picked until he had gotten what he thought to be half of the cherries. Then he took his buckets and walked away.

"Where are my cherries?" the farmer cried.

"On the tree," answered the neighbor.

"But you promised to pick them for the half," said the farmer.

"Not at all, I said that if I might have half of the cherries, I'd pick them.\* I picked my half. Your half is still hanging," answered the man as he walked away.

—Widely heard.

\*"Wann ich di helft hawwe kann rubb ich sie."





## ESCAPING THE INDIANS

The pioneers had books by which they could render themselves invisible to pursuing Indians or change themselves into logs.

There was a man who was pursued by Indians and to escape them he changed himself into a log. So many Indians came and sat on the log that he could scarcely bear the weight of them.

—Schuylkill County.

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A hunter, pursued by Indians, changed himself into a log. The Indians came along and sat on the log. Then one used his scalping knife on the butt end of the log to cut tobacco fine enough for smoking.

Afterwards the man related that as the tobacco was being cut he felt the scalping knife cutting into his scalp.

—Carbon County.

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The Indian hunter Frederick Stump changed himself into a stump when pursuing Indians were pressing him hard. After they had passed on he changed back to his natural form and escaped.\*

—Lebanon County.

\*"Sei nadierlicher Karber widder gnumme."

These stories would indicate that there were those who relied on magical formulae as a protection against the Indians.

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## A BILINGUIST'S PUN

A farmer who often expressed the hope that his sons would not have to work as hard as he for a living sent them to college, in the expectation that a higher education would enable them to make an easy living.



Several years passed and the boys were lost sight of by the community. One day a neighbor asked the father, "Where are your boys, and what are they doing?"\*

The father answered, "Di Buwe? Well dar eent is en Schpart, awwer ar schpart nix, un dar anner is en Dud awwer ar dud nix."\*\*

—*Julius Lentz, Laurys, Pa.*

—*Mrs. Stanton Nadig, Quakertown, Pa.*

\*"Was hots mit de Buwe gewwe?"

\*\*"Schpart" is the English sport, a gay dandy. Its sound is like the dialectal "schpart," from "schpare," to save, to economize. "Dud," is the English dude. Its sound is like the dialectal "dud," from "du," to perform.

The pun evades any attempt at translation.

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## THE KING'S MULE

There was once a king who had a mule which he prized very highly. He warned his servants that he would have the head cut off of that one who first told him that the mule was dead.

One morning the servants came to the stable and found the mule dead. Every one of them was afraid to go in and tell the king. Finally a German among them declared that he was not afraid to tell the king.

He went in to the king and said, "Out in the stable is your mule. He doesn't eat; he doesn't drink; and he doesn't breathe."

"Then he is dead," exclaimed the king.

"That's right," answered the German. "But you said it first, and you are the one to lose your head."

—*Nathaniel E. Gruber, Gilbert, Pa.*





## GIVING IS VOLUNTARY

There was once a farmer who was a good churchman.\* In the course of time he was elected to the office of deacon. He felt highly exalted by this honor and determined to fill the office efficiently and correctly.

Knowing that the eyes of the congregation would be upon him when he went down the aisle for the first time, passing the "Klingelsack"\* to the right and to the left for the offering, he determined to practice the procedure, using the feed entry of his barn as the aisle, and the horses and cattle as the congregation.

So he went through the entry, holding his hat to the horses on his right and to the cattle on his left. All went well until he came to the bull, who looked at the hat, sniffed, shook his head, and, emitting a bellow, backed away to the end of his chain.

"No need to get angry. It's all right to me, if that is the way you feel about it,"\*\* remarked the deacon-elect as he went on to the next stall.

—*Irwin Kohler*, Allentown, Pa.

—*Herbert Knecht*, Allentown, Pa.

—*Paul R. Roth*, Greenawalds, Pa.

And many others.

\*"guder Karrichemann," a loyal church member.

\*\*"Klingelsack," a small bag with a long handle used to take up the collection. In some instances a small bell was attached to the bag.

\*\*\*"Brauchscht net bees warre. Sis juscht wer will."

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## THE WOLF MAN

Wolf hunters often came across a strange animal running with a pack of wolves up in the high mountains. The animal had the form of a man but the hunters



could not believe it to be a man. Finally they resolved to catch the animal alive.

They made a large net and erected it at the mouth of the wolves' den. Then they built a fire to smoke out the wolves. As the wolves emerged one by one, they were suffered to escape. Finally the strange animal came rushing out and was caught.

It was a wild man about 24 years of age with long and shaggy hair, and with fingernails and toenails like claws.

It was believed that an evil woman had abandoned her baby in the forest and that a she-wolf had come upon it. The she-wolf carried the baby home to her den for food for her young; and then, being touched by the cries of the baby, gave it suckle and raised it with her cubs.

Thus the baby grew up with the wolves and ran with them.

—*Mrs. Emma Diehl, Freeburg, Pa.*

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### THE SACK KNEW THE PLACE

A farmer saw his haymow rapidly diminishing and came to suspect a neighbor of coming by night and carrying away hay to feed his large stock of rabbits for which he was not known to be buying any feed.

One night the farmer went on his haymow to watch for the thief. At midnight the neighbor came into the barn and before climbing from the threshing floor to the mow, threw an empty gunny sack up on the hay. Immediately the farmer threw the sack down to the threshing floor. Again the neighbor threw the sack up and again the farmer threw it down. A third time up and a third time down. As the neighbor threw the sack up a fourth time, he growled, "Thunder-weather! Why





don't you stay up? You were often up there before."

"Aye!" answered the farmer as he threw the sack back. "But then I wasn't up here."\*

—Mrs. William S. Hummel, Bath, Pa.

\*"Jar, awwer no wâr ich net dohowwe."

### THE DEAD MUST REMAIN DEAD

It was a custom in olden times for people to sit up at night with the dead.\* A very wicked man, who had few friends, died and no person was willing to sit up with the corpse except a shoemaker who proffered his services on the understanding that he could ply his craft while watching. His offer was accepted.

When it became known that the shoemaker would watch, some young men of the community planned to frighten him. Shortly before the shoemaker came to watch they removed the corpse from the board upon which it was laid out and one of them took its place.

The shoemaker came and took up the watch, and having brought his tools along, busily applied his trade as he sat not far from the corpse.

Around midnight the corpse moved a leg. The shoemaker, attracted by the movement, looked intently at the corpse for a moment, and then returned to his pounding. The corpse left an arm fall down alongside the board. Again the shoemaker looked at the corpse for a moment, and then again resumed his work.

After a little while, the corpse rose to a sitting position. Quickly the shoemaker rose up, brought his hammer down on the head of the corpse, and cried, "The dead must remand dead."\*\*

—Widely and commonly heard.

"beim Dode wache." The night of such watching was called "di Wachnacht."

\*\*"Was dod is soll dod bleiwe."





## THE PATH OF THE SPIRIT

Two men left home at 2 o'clock in the morning to go to Bethlehem with a horse and wagon. The moon was full, and the night was bright as day.\*

It was very cold, and after a while one of the men got off the wagon to walk so that he might become warm. He walked on the left side of the wagon, with his right hand holding on to the wagon.

As he was thus walking something came alongside, took hold of his left hand and squeezed it. He could hear it walk, but despite the brightness of the moon could not see any form.

His hand was squeezed harder and harder, until he came to a woodland along which ran a line fence. At the corner of the woodland his hand was let go. His arm dropped like dead to his side and for a long time afterwards was paralyzed.

His friends told him that he had been walking in the path travelled by a spirit. If he had walked behind the wagon and between the tracks made by the wheels, he would not have been touched by the ghost.

—Bath.

\*"so hell wie Dâg."

## LOST IN THE FOREST

In the early days a hunter became lost in the woods near the present town of Hamburg. Darkness was rapidly falling when he came upon a path that led to a rude cabin.

There was no one in the cabin but a woman with a most forbidding countenance. When he asked whether he might stay at the cabin for the night she answered that he would have to wait until her husband came home.





The husband, a ferocious looking man, dressed in deerskins and carrying a huge rifle, with a knife and tomahawk in his belt, stalked into the cabin. In answer to the hunter's request for lodging for the night, he merely grunted.

Meanwhile the woman had put a crude meal on the table, and the man motioned to the hunter that he was to come to the table with them.

The hunter was almost famished, and the sight of food made him ravenous. As soon as he had come to the table he reached for food. Quickly the husband seized his arm and held it as in a vise, sternly saying, "He who rests under my protection must pray with me."\*

Thereupon prayer was said, and mutual distrust gave way to friendship.

—*Edwin Greenawald, Schnecksville, Pa.*

\*"Wer unnich mein Zarriche ruhet muss mit mir beden."

## A FAITHFUL CHILD

There was a woman who continually wept for her little child that had died. One night she had a dream, and in the dream had a vision of Heaven.\*

She saw a host of little children, and among them her own child. All the children held flowers save her child who had a pitcher.

"Why is she the only one that is holding a pitcher?" asked the mother.

"She sits there with a pitcher to catch up the tears which her mother is dropping for her,"\*\* was the answer.

Thereafter the mother wept no more.

—*Mrs. Samuel Leibenguth, Northampton, Pa.*

\*"In dar Himmel gsehne."

\*\*"Es deed do hucke di Drene ufffange ass di Memm verliere deed."





## GROUP XV

## "PARRE" STORIES\*

The social life of Pennsylvania Dutch communities has always centered around the church. The ministry has always been regarded with great respect and veneration. Nonetheless our people enjoy nothing so much as incidents in the life of a minister that show his wit, his tact, his fearlessness, or a tinge of inhibited worldliness. Such incidents will be repeated from generation to generation, even long after the name of the minister is forgotten.

Of all stories of the ministry, the ones most widely known are those that arose in the wake of Moses Dissinger as he traveled through the Pennsylvania Dutch country east of the Susquehanna.

\* Our common dialectal word for a minister is "Parre." Other names, though not as frequently used, are "Breddicher," and "Seelsarjer." In the past one occasionally heard "Mann Gottes," but this may have been an affectation. The word "Paff" has a derogatory sense, and is seldom heard.

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MOSES DISSINGER

## WHO WAS ALWAYS AND EVERYWHERE HIMSELF

Moses Dissinger is the Lorenzo Dow of the Pennsylvania Dutch. He was born in Schaefferstown, Lebanon County, in the year 1825. At the age of eighteen he became a member of the Evangelical Association. From 1856 to 1879 he served various circuits in Lebanon, Lancaster, Berks, Schuylkill, Monroe, Bucks, and Montgomery counties. In 1865-66 he preached at the Philadelphia Station of his denomination. In the year 1879 he joined the Kansas Conference, and there he labored





until the time of his death. Out in Kansas he exhibited the same eccentricities that attended his preaching in Pennsylvania.

A number of sketches have been written about him: "A Brief Biography of Moses Dissinger," by Henry Stetzel, Allentown, 1892; "A Lebanon County Old Time Backwoods Preacher," by H. H. Shenk, Lebanon, 1915; "Rev. Moses Dissinger, Evangelist and Patriot," by T. R. Brendle. The last, a quite full article, was published in the "Allentown Morning Call," Oct. 13, 1929. A brochure on Moses Dissinger was published in York, around the year 1900. This was written by A. S. Brendle, of Schaefferstown. The Rev. William Yost, in his book "Reminiscences," Cleveland, Ohio, 1911, devotes some twenty pages to Moses Dissinger. A number of "Mose Dissinger" stories appear in "Stories and Reminiscences," by Evan Holben, Allentown, 1902.

Dissinger was a homemade\* preacher who knew his limitations.

Said he:

"I cannot preach like my brethren. When a carpenter I used to hew close to the line and so I must do in my preaching to whatever knots are in the way. I once tried to preach like my brethren, but my experience was that of little David when he thought he would have to fight the big mouthed blasphemer in Saul's armor. He soon found out if he were to fight in Saul's armor, instead of slaying the giant, he would cut off his own head. But with the weapon to which he was adapted he knocked in the gable-end of the big sinner. Only with the weapons the Lord has given me can I whip the devil, even if he does come upon me on stilts as high as a three story house."

—Yost, "Reminiscences," page 256.

\* "heemgschliffner."





Two expressions employed in this discourse have been preserved in our folklore. "Wie dar Mos Dissinger gsât hot, em Deiwels Giwwelend vun dar Hell neischlajje."

"Dar Mos Dissinger hot gsât ar wer net bang weje em Deiwel un wann ar geje en keemt uff Schtelze drei Schtock hoch."

His preaching made a powerful impression upon his hearers. His reputation as a fearless preacher of the Truth lives on to this day.

"He became known throughout the church as a very singular man and everywhere people came in crowds to see and hear this marvelous preacher. He hurled divine truth with the force of a Titan. He was bold as a lion and knew no fear. He was gifted with a marvelous memory. What he read and heard his memory retained, and he could use the knowledge acquired in his own peculiar manner. What he learned from others was so mingled up with the product of his own mind that it seemed to come from its native mint.

"Though scarcely able in the first years of his ministry to read his text correctly, yet he could preach with such fluency, originality and power that it was a marvel to all who heard him.

"His sermons on regeneration and on the necessity of man making preparation for his eternal salvation were always of a solemn nature, more free from his humorous and rude expressions. I heard him preach on these subjects in which he would quote from ninety to one hundred and thirty passages to substantiate his assertions, mentioning book, chapter and verse, and reciting them word for word without the use of notes. His talent in this direction was extraordinary."

—Yost, "Reminiscences," page 239.





His sermons were in the dialect. In this he differed from the preachers of the Reformed and Lutheran churches who preached "schrifftmeesich Deitsch," the German of the Bible.

We are indebted to Stetzel for a part of his sermon on drunkards with his description of the physical appearance of a toper that will long be remembered.

"Sehnt juscht amol die Sauflodel a. Die hot der Deifel so erschrecklich verhaust, dass mer meent, sie kenta ihr Lebtag nimme zurecht gebrocht werra. Viel davun hen net juscht ihr menschlich Ehrgefühl fortgsoffa, so dass sie alles Schlechte un Dreckige duh kenna was der dreckig HelldEIFel hawa will dass sie duh solla, ohna dass sie sich schaemma; awer sie hen ah noch ihra Verstand versoffa. Es is jo bal nix meh do an ihna, was zum a rechta Mensch gheert. Der Deifel hot sie jo ganz zu seinä Schuhbutzer lumpa gemacht un hot sie bal all naerrisch un wietig gemacht, un en grosser Dehl vun ihna hen bal Leib un Seel versoffa; un so saufa sie fort, bis der Deifel sie in die Hell nunner holt, wu all die Sauflodel hikumma. Nau, guckt sie juscht amol recht a, wie sie auswennig aus sehna. Sie hawa Nasa wie rota Pfefferkep, Ohra wie FastnachtKucha, Beich wie Fesser, un macha Gsichter wie die Fichs, wann sie Weschpa fressa; um bei all dem werd immer noch druf los gsoffa, un springa noch der Drambottel wie die Bullfresch uf die rota Lumpa. Wann mer net wisst, dass Jesus Christus so niedertraech'ge Menscha wie die sin schun agenomma het un noch rechtschaffna Menscha aus ihna gamacht het, so kent mer ken Hoffnung hawa, dass so versoffna Dramratta vum Saufdeifel erloest kenta werra; awer Jesus Christus hot Gnade erworwa for alla Sinder, un do sin ah die, wu im Schlamm der Sinda ganz dief versunka sin, net ausgeschlossa. Durch die Kraft des Evangeliums kann der verdarwenscht Sauflodel errett werra





un Kraft bekomma, dass er im a Strom Dram, der em bis an's Maul geht, schwimma kent, ohna dass er Luscht het, davun zu drinka; un wann's em der Deifel ah abieta deet, so kent er darch die Gnadenkraft des Evangeliums dem Deifel widersteh, un ken Saufdeifel in der Hell kent ihn zu dem verfluchta Dramsaufa zwinga. Darum bekehrt euch! Jesus Christus kann euch helfen."

"Just look at the drunkards. These the Devil has ruined so fearfully that one might think they could not be restored in all their life. Many of them have not only drunk away all human sense of honor, so that they can do anything mean and dirty that the dirty devil in hell wants them to do, without feeling any shame; they have also guzzled away their understanding. There is scarcely anything of a real man left in them. The Devil has altogether made them his shoe-cleaning rags, he has made nearly all of them crazy and mad; a great many of them have almost drunk away body and soul, and so they drink on until the Devil carries them down to hell whither all drunkards go. Now, just take a good look at them from without. They have noses like red peppers, ears like doughnuts, bellies like barrels, and they make faces like foxes eating wasps; but in spite of it all they go on drinking; they jump for the rum bottle like bullfrogs for red rags. If we did not know that Jesus Christ has received such degraded men and made honorable men of them, we could not hope that such drunken rumrats could ever be delivered from the devil of drink. But Jesus Christ has obtained grace for all sinners, and even those who are most deeply sunk in the mire of sin are not excluded. By the power of the gospel the most wretched drunkard can be saved and gifted with power, so that he can swim in a stream of rum reaching to his mouth without any desire to drink of it; and even if the Devil should offer it to him, he could by the power of





grace in the gospel resist the Devil, and no devil in hell could force him to the accursed drinking of rum. Be ye therefore converted! Jesus Christ can help you."

Of the many "Mose Dissinger stories" still afloat, we present the following:

Mose was an inveterate foe of the devil who was very real and personal to him. In every sermon he poured out the vials of wrath upon Satan and his earthly followers.

One day, in going down the street in Allentown, he met a group of young loafers at a street corner. One of them jeeringly called to him, "Mose, how is the devil today?"

Quickly Mose answered, "It always gives me great joy to meet one who like you is concerned about his father's welfare."

\* "Hee Mose, wie is dar Deiwel heit?"

\*\* Buwe, es gebt mar immer Freed wann ich Kinner finn ass bekimmert sin weje ihre Dâdi."

Another time, going down the street in Allentown he met a friend who asked him, "What are you doing today?"\*

"Today," answered Mose, "I am going to do something that the devil never did."\*\*

"What is that?"\*\*\* asked his friend.

"Leave Allentown,"\*\*\*\* answered Mose as he walked away.

\* "Uff was bischt drauss?"

\*\* "Heit will ich moll ebbes du dar Deiwel noch net gedu hot."

\*\*\* "Was is sell?"

\*\*\*\* "Allentaun verlosse."





Maybe the most widely known story is that of his wife's hat.

It seems that she had sold the family corner cupboard and bought a new hat with the proceeds. On the Sunday thereafter, she came down the aisle of the meeting house wearing her new hat. Mose looking down from the pulpit and seeing his wife with her new hat, called out, "Behold, here comes Mrs. Dissinger with the corner cupboard on her head."\*

\* "Un do kummt di Dissingern mit em Eckschanck uff em Kobb,"  
or  
"Un do kummt mei Aldi mit em Eckschanck uff em Kobb."

A woman who was a member of one of the churches to which he had been assigned a short time before, complained that though she had been a loyal member for many years, not one of the different ministers who had served the church ever visited her. Her complaint was made known to Mose, and at the same time he was told that former ministers had not been to her home because of its great filthiness.

Mose declared that he would visit her, and also partake of whatever food she might set before him and that he would try to do God's work there.\*

He visited the woman, and, invited to say grace at the meal which she set before him, prayed: "God bless this dirty woman; God bless this dirty food; and God bless poor Mose who must eat it. Amen."\*\*

\* Will browiere Gottes arwet dadd zu verrichde."

The head of the family usually asks the pastor to offer grace: "Parre, sei frei," "Parre, sâg Dank," "Parre fîhr uns im Gebet."

\*\* "Gott, segne des dreckich Weib; Gott, segne des dreckich Esse; un Gott, segne den arme Mos ass es esse muss. Amen."

When Dissinger has served his time at the Philadelphia preaching station, he came to the meeting of Conference. There he was asked by one of his fellow





ministers, "Mose, how did you make out in Philadelphia?" To which Mose answered, "Very well. The pocket is full of money; the church is full of people; and the devil is confounded."\*

\* Wie hoscht ausgemacht?

"Gud! Dar Sack voll Geld; di Karrich foll Leid; un dar Deiwel gud geledert."

One day in walking along a road he came upon two men working on a stone heap. They had gotten into an argument, and were very heated in their argumentation. Mose looked on a moment, then suddenly pushed one against the other; and both fell sprawling to the ground. As they got up, one said, "Parson, is that Christianity?"\* "No," said Mose, "but it is teaching common sense to another on the stone heap."\*\*

\* "Parre Dissinger is des Grischendum?"

\*\* "Nee, awwer es is annre Verstand gelannt uff em Schteehaufe."

Dissinger was an exponent of strenuous Christianity. Yost in his "Reminiscences" tells of the verbal castigation which he gave to a set of rowdies who disturbed his preaching by their loud talking: "Listen now, you fellows, back there; you are all dogs, every part of you except the skin, you must keep quiet or I will come down and throw you out of doors, that you break your necks. I can lick a half dozen such Gadarenes and stuck up chaps as you are before breakfast. Do you hear? Dissinger is my name. There are some orderly people here who have come to hear the Word of God. Such I would advise to secure their hog stables; for if the devils ever should leave you Gadarenes and enter their hogs it would be certain death to every one of them."

This may serve as an introduction to the following story:

There was a blacksmith who had vowed that he would thrash the first Evangelical minister to enter his smithy.





One day Mose came along and stopped off at the smithy. The smith soon discovered that the stranger was an Evangelical minister, and, casting his hammer aside, declared that he was going to lick Mose.

Mose said he had not come to fight and he wouldn't fight. The smith, however, would not have it otherwise. Fight and be licked, or be licked without fighting, that was his ultimatum.

"All right," said Mose, "If there's no other way but to fight, then I'll fight."\*

He took off his clerical coat, hung it on the fence, and said, "There hangs Dissinger the preacher, and here stands Dissinger the man. Now come on and fight."

In the fight which followed, Mose administered a terrific beating to the smith. In after years the smith was one of his best friends.

\* "Schtrawwler Parre." Another name often used was "Busch-parre."

Albright, in his very excellent "History of the Evangelical Church," recently published in Harrisburg, Pa., says that in the early days, members of the Evangelical Church were called, "Albrechts Leut," "Strawelers," "Knierutscher," "Kopfhänger," "Schwärmer," "Krätzer," and "Heuchler."

Albright makes only brief mention of Dissinger.

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Several years ago Isaac Stahl, of Stahl's Pottery in Powder Valley told us the following story of Dissinger. One senses that it is a story told by Mose himself.

Mose had been a servant on the John Steinmetz farm at Schaefferstown, at the time of his conversion and for several years thereafter. John Steinmetz was an elder in the Schaefferstown Reformed Church and was highly esteemed for his piety and uprightness.

Mose after he had become an active minister in the Evangelical Church left Schaefferstown and only at long intervals came back to visit the scenes of his youth. On a visit home, he went down to see the Steinmetz family.





He came upon John Steinmetz at work in the barnyard. He greeted Steinmetz but received no answer to his greeting. Again he greeted him, and again received no answer. All the while Steinmetz continued with his work as if he were unaware of the presence of any other.

Mose went into the house where he received a warm greeting from Mrs. Steinmetz. He asked why her husband would not speak to him. Thereupon Mrs. Steinmetz went along with Mose out into the barnyard.

"John," said she to her husband, "John, here is Mose—Mose Dissinger." And as he silently kept on with his work she asked, "John, don't you know Mose Dissinger anymore?"

Steinmetz stopped working, looked at his wife and then at Dissinger, and said, "Mose Dillinger who worked for me and ate at my table, I know; but Mose Dissinger with a high hat and a long coat, I do not know."

Mose, however, was ready with a reply. Said he, "The Scriptures say that the road into Heaven is narrow and I suppose Mose Dissinger with a high hat and a long coat can slip through better than one who wears a broad-brimmed hat and a wide coat."

Thereupon Steinmetz bade him welcome.

\* "Dar Mos Dissinger ass gschaft hot fa mich un an mei Disch gesse, seller kenn ich; awwer dar Mos Dissinger mit me hocher Hut un langer Rock, seller kenn ich net."

\*\* "Di Schrifft sagt dar Weg wer eng ass in dar Himmel geht un dar Mos Dissinger mit seim hoche Hut un langer Rock kann besser darrich schlubbe wie eener ass en breedranfdicher Hut un en dicker Rock drâgt." According to Stahl, Steinmetz wore at the time a broad-brimmed hat and a short heavy coat.





## HENRY WILLIAM STOY

Leaving Moses Dissinger we go back a century and a half to Henry William Stoy.

He came to Pennsylvania in the year 1752 as a minister and took up the pastorate of the Tulpehocken Reformed Church. The greater part of his ministry was spent among the churches in the northern parts of Berks and Lebanon counties.

In the later years of his life he turned to the practice of medicine, and herein he gained his greatest fame. He died in Lebanon in 1801.

He is remembered even to this day for his cure for the bite of a mad dog. Recently we were told, "There was a man named Stoy who was the only person that was ever able to cure madness. Persons bound with chains and ropes were brought to him from as far away as a hundred miles, and he cured them. When Stoy died, his cure was lost, and now there is no help for mad persons. If one could find that cure one could not only help many people but also make very much money."

Stoy is taken to be the one referred to in the entry which appears in Gen. Washington's account book:

"Oct. 18, 1797. Gave my servant Christopher, to bear expenses to a person at Lebanon in Pennsylvania celebrated for curing persons bit by wild animals, \$25.00."

A person, still living though of great age, told us, "I attended an anniversary celebration at the Host church. Before I left home to go to the church I was admonished by my mother not to forget to visit the grave of Stoyi, on the cemetery there. My mother told me that Stoyi often came to her parents' home. One day, shortly after he had fallen from his horse and the rumor had gone abroad that he had been drunk at the time, he came to





their home. He was indignant about the rumor, Pacing to and fro through the room and pounding the floor with his cane, he cried, "I was not drunk. The horse fell and I also fell."\*

\* "Ich war nicht bedrunke. Dar Gaul ist gefalle un ich bin auch gefalle."

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On his visits to outlying churches, Stoy carried a gun to protect himself from attack and also to shoot such game as might appear along his path. One day he had an appointment to preach. When he got to the church he found only women present. He sat down and waited impatiently for a while. Then looking over the group of women, he muttered aloud, "Why preach to a few old women who have no understanding of things? I'll go grouse hunting."\* Thereupon taking his gun he stalked out of the church and went hunting.

\* "Ferwas soll ich breddiche zu Pâr Wiebsleit die doch nix verschtehne. Ich geh Rehbiehner schiesse."

The above version came from Center County where grouse are still called in the dialect, "Rehbiehner."

The reason for Stoy's reluctance to preach to the women lay in his style of preaching. In the diary of the Moravian pastor at Hebron, near Lebanon, is this entry:

"1790, Feb. 3. I visited Dr. Stoy in town. We had a very pleasant conversation. He is likewise a Reformed preacher and has still sharge of two congregations in the country. He is well versed in natural sciences. In his sermons he is philosophical, deep and expatiating, which obscures and taints the evangelical doctrines which he at times propounds."

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Stoy was a man of great physical prowess. In his day, as through the next century, there were men who





took great pride in their reputation for strength and could not brook having another spoken of as being strong and powerful. Such a one went forth on horseback to seek out Stoy and to make a test of his strength.

When he had come near to Stoy's home, he met Stoy upon the road. He did not know Stoy, and asked to be directed to his home. When told that he was speaking to Stoy, he dismounted and, advancing upon Stoy, challenged him to fight. Stoy not reluctant for the combat, grabbed the man, and with little effort lifted him bodily from the ground and cast him over the roadside fence into a field. The man slowly picking himself up called to Stoy, "Kindly throw my horse over here to me."\*

\* "Sei so gud un schmeis mei Gaul â dariwwer."

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Stoy was famous not only for his cure for the bite of a mad dog but also for a salve which he had compounded for the itch. This salve was known as "Stoy's Itch Salve."\*

One day a man came to Stoy for some of the salve. Stoy, however, had none on hand,\*\* and told his visitor that he would prepare some salve for him and bring it along on Sunday to church where he could get it.

When Stoy came to church, he ascended the pulpit, and announced that he had brought along Itch Salve for the man who had been to his house, and that that man should now come forward and get it.

No one came forward.

\* "Schtojis Gretz Schmier."

We suspect that Stoy's salve was meant for what we in the dialect call "Gretz," "Buschgretz," "Heckegretz," "Hockelbieregretz," "Blackbieregretz," "Hembieregretz," etc., names given to the skin swelling caused by the mite *Trombicula irritans* (Ewing).





This mite is met with in tall grass, bushes, stubble and underbrush during the berry season; and berry pickers bind tar strings around their ankles or put leaves of Pennyroyal in their stockings as a protection against it.

There is also the "Buchweedsegretz," supposedly caused by a prolonged diet of buckwheat cakes. What is generally known as itch is probably our "Siwwejehrichgretz." We have the expression, "so arrick ass dar Siwwwejehrichgretz," (as troublesome as the seven-year itch). This itch is supposed to continue intermittently for seven years.

The number of our dialectal names for insects and their near relatives is comparatively small. One of the most interesting names is "Hawwerleis," which is given to the oat thrips *Anaphothrips striata*, Osborn.

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Stoy's activities as a pastor have been well treated in histories of the early colonial churches of the Reformed Church. His activities as a doctor are described in "Some Doctors of the Olden Time," a paper read before the Lebanon County Historical Society by J. M. Redsecker, and appearing in Vol. I of the publications of that society.

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## THE BUCKSKIN TROUSERS

We never heard who the preacher was that had the experience which we shall relate. In Lebanon County they say it was a preacher who lived near the Blue Mountain; in Lehigh County, a preacher of the Pine Swamp Region;\* in Montgomery County, a preacher up-country. Often he is merely an "old preacher."\*\* Here is the story:

There was a preacher in the Pine Swamp who wore buckskin trousers during the winter. In summer he





would change to linsey-woolsey,\*\* and hang his buckskins in the attic until cold weather set in.

One cold Sunday in autumn he fetched his buckskins down from the attic and donned them. Then he went to church.

Unknown to him the wasps had built a nest in the trousers. They had become dormant from the cold, but the heat of his body revived them and they began to crawl to and fro. Finally, one of them stung. Down came the preacher's hand with a resounding whack. Another sting and another whack. Then sting after sting, and whack after whack in rapid succession. Preaching was forgotten, and the preacher devoted all his attention to the enemy in the rear. And then becoming aware of the amazement which had spread over the faces of the hearers, the preacher exclaimed, "The Word of God is in my mouth, but the devil is in my trousers."

\* "Bind Schwamm," the region north of the Blue Mountain, including part of the Poconos, in the which the people from the lower counties pastured their cattle during the summer.

\*\* "en alder Parre," an old preacher. That is one who belonged to a former generation, or one who had been long in service.

\*\*\* "halblein."

\*\*\*\* "Es Wadd Gottes im Mund un dar Deiwel in di Hosse."

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## GOOD THEOLOGY !

The organization of Sunday Schools in our rural churches often encountered serious opposition. Even after their establishment, their works were viewed with a critical eye on the part of many church members.

The Sunday School of the Egypt Church held a Christmas festival. One of the numbers on the program was a violin solo. After the festival, an old member of





the church came to the pastor and protested against the use of a violin in church.

"The fiddle belongs to the tavern and not to the church," said he. "It is for dancing and not for worship."

The preacher reflected a moment and then answered, "You can use your lips to pray or to curse."\* And that was the end of that.\*\*

\* "Mar flucht un beed mit eem Maul."

\*\* "Un sell wârs End vun sellem."

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### GOOD THEOLOGY?

Unlike the preceding, this story is almost always told of some particular preacher who was well known in his day. We have heard it told of a half dozen preachers who have all gone to their reward. It appears to be a story which springs up after one is dead.

The situation always varies: one time the preacher was intoxicated when he ascended the pulpit; another time he was drunk during the week and had a scandalous accident; and still another time, he was found drunken by an elder of his congregation and roundly re-proved.

Whatever the incident, on the Sunday following, the preacher ascended the pulpit and to an anxious and discontented congregation preached on the theme, "Follow my words and not my actions."

So forcefully did he preach of sin and repentance that he was fully restored into the graces of his people.

\* "Folget mei Wadde un net mei Wercke."



## REGINA, THE INDIAN CAPTIVE

(The story of Regina, the Indian captive, is probably our most beloved story. It has been told and retold numberless times, and always with few variations from the original account given by the Reverend Henry Muhlenberg in his letter to the authorities at Halle. We present the translation which appears in the fifteenth volume of the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society.)

"In February, 1765, a widow and her adult daughter from Rev. Kurtz's congregation came to (see me). This visit cheered me very much because of the peculiar circumstances of the case. The widow spoken of was a native of the old and renowned Imperial City, Reutlingen, in the Duchy of Wuertemburg, and her deceased husband (was born) about twelve miles from Tuebingen. Before the war broke out in this country, they, with their family of children, came hither and sought a home in the interior of Pennsylvania about one hundred miles from Philadelphia. The father was already advanced in years and too feeble to endure hard labor, but endeavored to instruct his children in the Word of God, because in the thinly settled country districts few schools are to be found, or none at all.

"In the summer of the year 1755 the English general Braddock with his army was defeated by the French and the hostile Indians in the wilderness, because the English fought according to European methods and the Indians after the American. Immediately thereupon the hostile savages invaded the remote districts of Pennsylvania and butchered the scattered and defenceless inhabitants, consisting mostly of poor German families, dragging their children through the trackless wilderness into captivity in their huts and caves. October 16, 1755,





this fate also befell the above named Christian family, together with a number of our brethren in the faith. The mother, the widow now still living, and one of the sons, had gone to a mill a few miles distant, to secure the grinding of some grain; the father, together with the oldest son and the two little daughters, remained at home. The savages suddenly fell upon them (the house) slaying the father and the son in their usual barbarous manner. But they spared the two little girls, Barbara, twelve years of age, and Regina, going on ten, bound them and dragged them aside into the forest, leaving several Indians to guard the children. Within a few days the other (Indians) continued to bring an additional number of captive children together.

“After the mother and son returned home from the mill, and found everything burned and in ruins, they fled further inland (down) to Rev. Pastor Kutz’s congregation. The savages now having brought a good number of children, some of them set out with them (the children) towards their own country, not by the usually travelled paths, but through rough and unsettled sections, so that they might not be taken from them. The larger children were compelled to carry the smaller ones, who were strapped to their backs. Now they pursued their tiresome journey, barefooted, over brushes, stones, briars, undergrowth (copse), through mire and swamp. Some children’s feet were worn to the quick, laying bare the bones and tendons, so that they thought they must die because of the agony and the suffering which they endured. But they were urged on mercilessly. In going through the brushes and thickets their clothing was torn into shreds and at last fell from them altogether. When they finally reached the country inhabited by the savages they were divided among them, one being given to a family here and another to another several miles further





on. It is the custom among these people, if perchance parents are deprived of their children in war, that they are replaced by captives taken by them.

"When they had proceeded about four hundred English miles the younger ten-year-old daughter, Regina, was separated from her sister, Barbara, who had been handed over (to her family) and was compelled to go more than one hundred miles further, with a two-year-old child, which she was compelled to carry, strapped to her back. Finally Regina also reached the end of her journey, and together with the child which she was carrying, was given over to an old ill-tempered squaw, who had but one son as her support, to be her slave for life. But he (the son) oft times did not return home for a week or even a longer period, and so neglected (to provide for) his mother. In consequence of this the old woman demanded that Regina should provide sustenance, or be put to death. The little helpless infant also clung to Regina and looked to her for comfort. They were entirely destitute of clothing, and the supply of provisions was very scant. When the worthless son was not at home Regina was expected to see to everything if she did not wish to be scolded and beaten by the old hag (Woelfin). It was, therefore, necessary for her to drag together the wood by which they were warmed. When the ground was open she looked for and dug up all manner of roots, e. g., artichokes, garlic, etc., and gathered the tender bark of trees and vegetables to preserve the family alive. When there was frost in the ground she hunted all kinds of living creatures, such as wild rats, field mice, and other animals which she was able to capture, to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

"For more than nine years, she, together with the other little girl, was compelled to continue in this mode of life, not knowing whether she should ever return again.





“Through the first terrible calamity, when she was deprived of her father, mother, brothers and sister, she was naturally benumbed. In the long journey, with its attendant cruelties, the deprivation of all the necessities and comforts at the hands of the savages—in continued fears and the very shadow of death, there was still room for reflection, and she could not do more than preserve an animal existence. When, however, this miserable mode of existence had become second nature, and the powers of the soul were again brought into activity, the prayers, the passages of Scripture and the sacred hymns which she had learned from her parents, became her chief delight. These divine truths were developed in her soul as a seed which begins to grow, sending its roots downward and the shoots upward, when the genial warmth of the sun causes the earth to produce life. Thus the Word of God, learned by her, gradually expanded into life, and in her tribulation brought peace, rest and comfort to her heart. The miserable mode of living was a good assistant and means of restraint to curb the sinful flesh and its growing desires and the Word of God implanted in her tender youth could so much the more readily promote the growth of the inner life. She stated that during that period of her captivity she had offered her prayers on bended knees, under the trees, numberless times, with the child beside her, uniting in the prayer. Upon almost every occasion during the later years she had a faint assurance and a gleam of hope that she would be released from captivity and brought back to Christian people.

“Among other things the two following hymns had been and still were a constant source of comfort to her: viz., “Jesus Evermore I Love,” and “Alone, and Yet Not Alone Am I.” When finally, during the year just past, the fierce savages were put to flight, and their homes





attacked, especially by the prudent and brave Colonel Bouquet and his victorious army, and were compelled to sue for peace, and to deliver their Christian captives, Regina and her foster child were released with others.

This was a remarkable event, viz., as a large number of captives were brought to Colonel Bouquet in the midst of the trackless wilderness, the larger part being without any clothing, a beneficent charity was manifested, not only by the Colonel himself, but also by his people, in that they cut off the flaps of their coats and waistcoats, and cut up their blankets and so on to cover the absolute nakedness of the poor creatures, it being in the midst of Winter. Then the kindhearted Colonel Bouquet first brought the larger party of former captives from the country of the savages to the English forts on the Ohio River known as Ft. Pitt. There the same spirit of sympathy and humanity was manifested by the (soldiers of) garrison. Whatever each one could spare of his scanty supply of food and clothing was bestowed upon these fellow-creatures to cover their nakedness, to protect them against the cold, and to satisfy their hunger. This manifestation of human sympathy and its effects were certainly pleasant to contemplate. For whoever could find anything superfluous in the line of clothing or covering brought it forward: e. g., flaps, capes, sleeves, pockets, collars, etc., not absolutely needed-extra lengths of blankets, shirts, or cravats, etc. The officers vied with the rank and file of common soldiers in cutting and sewing. First to clothe their male fellow-creatures and afterwards to close up and patch their own garments.

"From Ft. Pitt the crowd (army) of those rescued was finally brought into the province of Pennsylvania to a village named Carlisle. Notice was given in all the papers that whosoever had lost friends, relatives, husband, wife or children, should be on hand and claim their





own (by proper sign). Accordingly the above-mentioned poor widow with her only yet remaining son journeyed thither. She asked the Commissioners for her little daughter, Regina, describing her as she was when between nine and ten years of age. But she could find no one resembling her among the crowd. For Regina now was more than eighteen years of age, fully grown to womanhood, stout, with the bearing of an Indian, and speaking the language of the savages. The Commissioners asked the mother whether she could not designate some characteristic by which her daughter might be known. The mother replied in German: That her daughter frequently sang the hymn "Jesus I Love Evermore," and "Alone, and Yet Not Alone Am I in My Dread Solitude."

"Hardly had the widow said this when Regina sprang from among the others and repeated the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the hymns named. Finally the mother and the daughter fell upon each other's neck shedding tears of joy. The mother with her daughter whom she had again found hastened to return home. The little girl for whom Regina had cared, kept looking on and repeated the things which Regina had repeated. But no one could be found who recognized her as their own child. Hence it was thought that probably her parents had been murdered. But she was not willing to leave her foster mother and clung affectionately to Regina so that she could not be kept back.

"This happened at Carlisle, December 31, 1764. In February, 1765, the widow with her daughter came to me, saying that since her return her daughter had continually pled for the book in which the Lord Jesus speaks so kindly to men and they were permitted to speak to him—meaning thereby the Bible and the hymn-book. For this purpose they had come this distance of sixty or seventy miles. A chest (or box) of Bibles had been sent





in with the newly arrived ministers, Voigt and Krug, and I cheerfully gave them one, together with money for the purpose of a hymn-book. As soon as she had taken the Bible—with evident pleasure—I told her to open it and to read to me what first met her eye. She opened it at the First Chapter of Tobit and read the second verse intelligibly and impressively, viz., "The same was also taken prisoner in the time of Talmanasser (Emmeneser) King of Assyria although prisoner among strangers, yet did he not depart from the Word of the Lord." (This is a translation of Muhlenberg's quotation from the German Bible and not a quotation from our English verse.)

"To me it seemed remarkable that she who had not seen a German book for nine years, and had not read a single syllable during that time, yet had not forgotten how to read, but could do it as well as when she was taken from her parents and carried into captivity in her tenth year. She could still understand German pretty well but could not express herself in it because in regard to matters of every day life, the Indian language had now become her mother tongue."\*

---

\* It should not be out of place to here add a letter written by Rev. Stoy to Colonel Bouquet. The original is in the British Museum, Additional Mss. 21646. Folios 65-66. Our copy was given to us by C. W. Unger of Pottsville, Pa. The letter sheds light on the times in which Stoy labored and in which Regina was taken captive.

Sir:—

I very humbly hope that it will not be disagreeable to you if I write you these few lines since I am constrained to do it not having another person more fitting than you, Sir, to address in this affair. It is now about two & a half years since the savages (or Indians) took a little fort in Virginia near a river named the South Branch, where the brother of my brother in law had taken refuge, with all his family. He is called George Maus (or Mans)





a German Palatine. The Said George Maus with his wife & three of his children having been killed by the Savages, three other children were carried away by the same into the saddest captivity. The eldest of these poor prisoners was a boy of 14 years & the latest report that I have had of them given me by a girl named LeRoy, herself escaped from the hands of the savages, tells me that these poor prisoners, my relatives, are not far from Fort Pitt, or Pittsburg among the Indians. That is why, Sir, that I very humbly and ardently pray you to intercede for these poor captives, if it is at all possible to deliver them from the most miserable & dismal captivity where they are deprived not only of liberty as men but as Christians, and because there is another woman whose husband is called Michel Mallo who was made prisoner at the same time and place and who it is said is at Montreal where she was sold by the savages to a Frenchman. Therefore, Sir, if you will be pleased to take some pains in regard to her deliverance you will do me a very great favor. I will be responsible for all your expences and I will never fail to testify sincerely that I do myself the great honor to call myself; Sir.

Your very humble and Very Obedient Servant,  
W. STOY,

Minister of the German Reformed Church at Lancaster.  
To Col. Henry Bouquet at Pettsburgh.



# The Pennsylvania German Society

The Pennsylvania German  
Society



VOLUME LI

NORRISTOWN, PA.

1945





# The Pennsylvania German Society

PROCEEDINGS AND ADDRESSES

at

FIFTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY

Reading, Pa., October 23, 1942

VOL. LI

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

1945



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NORRISTOWN HERALD, INC.  
Norristown, Pa.





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# PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SOCIETY

## OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

FOR 1942

*President* ..... HENRY S. BORNEMAN  
*Vice-President* ..... CHARLES R. ROBERTS  
*Secretary* ..... REV. SCOTT BRENNER  
*Treasurer* ..... FREDERICK S. FOX

### *Board of Directors*

#### Term Expiring 1942:

HENRY S. BORNEMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.  
H. WINSLOW FEGLEY, Reading, Pa.  
DAVID A. MILLER, Allentown, Pa.  
HAROLD F. DIFFENDERFFER, Lancaster, Pa.  
WILLIAM S. TROXELL, Allentown, Pa.

#### Term Expiring 1943:

FREDERICK S. FOX, Norristown, Pa.  
FREDERICK A. GODCHARLES, Milton, Pa.  
REV. THOMAS BRENDLE, Egypt, Pa.  
JOHN B. LUDY, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.  
W. EMMERT SWIGART, Huntingdon, Pa.

#### Term Expiring 1944:

CHARLES R. ROBERTS, Allentown, Pa.  
HARRY B. HOSTETTER, Lancaster, Pa.  
RALPH BEAVER STRASSBURGER,  
Gwynedd Valley, Pa.  
JACOB ERDMAN COPE, Sellersville, Pa.  
REV. SCOTT BRENNER, Reading, Pa.







## PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SOCIETY MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL MEETING.

Reading, Pa.

October 23, 1942.

The Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania German Society was held in the Abraham Lincoln Hotel, Reading, Pa., on Friday, October 23, 1942.

### BUSINESS MEETING.

The Society was called to order by the President, Henry S. Borneman, at 10.30 A.M.

Scott Brenner, the Secretary, read the Minutes of the Annual Meeting of the Society held in Lancaster, Pa., October 17, 1941, and they were, on motion, approved.

The report of Frederick S. Fox, the Treasurer, was presented through the Secretary, and on motion it was referred to C. H. Herr and A. M. Angstadt, as a committee to audit the Treasurer's account and to make return of its report to the Board of Directors.

The President stated to the meeting that the Auditing Committee, appointed at the last year's meeting, finding the accounts of the Treasurer to be correct, their report has been filed with the Board of Directors.

On motion, the Directors were authorized to invest not less than \$750.00 in U. S. War Bonds.



The Directors were further authorized, on motion, to sell the securities of the Philadelphia Transportation Company, now held by the Society, and to use the proceeds realized therefrom in the purchase of such War Bonds.

The Secretary read his Annual Report, a copy of which is hereto annexed, in accordance with the requirements of the By-Laws.

The term of office of Messrs. Borneman, Fegley, Miller, Diffenderffer and Troxell having expired, nominations to fill the vacancies were declared to be in order and, thereupon, they were re-nominated and the nominations were closed, when, on motion duly adopted, the persons so nominated were unanimously elected as Directors for the term of three years.

The Chairman announced that, in view of the national emergency, the Board of Directors had elected the following Officers of the Society for the ensuing year:

Henry S. Borneman—President

Charles R. Roberts—Vice-President

Scott Brenner—Secretary

Frederick S. Fox—Treasurer

Upon motion, the appreciation and thanks of the Society were extended to those contributing to the program of this meeting.

There being no further business, the Business Meeting closed and the following program was carried out:

#### HISTORICAL PROGRAM.

11 A. M.

Mr. H. Winslow Fegley, Honorary Chairman.

Rev. Raymond Albright pronounced the Invocation.





Mr. Fegley made a formal address to the Society.

Rev. Thomas R. Brendle presented a paper entitled "Pennsylvania German Folk Tales."

Doris and Eleanor Handwerk rendered Pennsylvania German Folk Songs in the dialect.

Mr. Delight Breidegam placed on exhibit decorated Pennsylvania German chairs and gave a description and historical talk relating thereto.

Mr. Henry S. Borneman, the President of the Society, made comments on current publications relating to the Pennsylvania Germans.

#### LUNCHEON

Luncheon was held in the Abraham Lincoln Hotel at 1 P. M., the President of the Society presiding.

The Blessing was asked by Rev. Edwin Harrison Smoll.

Addresses were given by Rev. Lee M. Erdman, D. D., and Rev. Clarence Rahn.

There were 134 persons in attendance.

SCOTT BRENNER,  
Secretary.



# PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SOCIETY

## ANNUAL REPORT.

Submitted by REV. SCOTT BRENNER, Secretary.

Reading, Pa.  
October 23, 1942.

To the Members of the Pennsylvania German Society:

The By-Laws of the Society require that the Secretary shall submit at each Annual Meeting a Report of the activities of the Board of Directors during the year, which has just closed. In accordance with that direction, the following Report is respectfully submitted:

### MEETINGS OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The Board of Directors held three stated meetings during the year for the transaction of current business in fulfillment of the requirements of the By-Laws. At these meetings action was taken upon Applications for Membership, and consideration was given to the current business of the Society leading up to its Annual Meeting.

Minutes of all meetings have been kept, as required by the By-Laws.

### OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF THE SOCIETY.

The following is a list of the Directors now in service:  
Term Expiring 1942:

Henry S. Borneman, Philadelphia, Pa.  
H. Wilslow Fegley, Reading, Pa.  
David A. Miller, Allentown, Pa.  
Harold F. Diffenderffer, Lancaster, Pa.  
William S. Troxell, Allentown, Pa.





Term Expiring 1943:

Frederick S. Fox, Norristown, Pa.  
Frederick A. Godcharles, Milton, Pa.  
Rev. Thomas R. Brendle, Egypt, Pa.  
John B. Ludy, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.  
W. Emmert Swigart, Huntingdon, Pa.

Term Expiring 1944:

Charles R. Roberts, Allentown, Pa.  
Harry B. Hostetter, Lancaster, Pa.  
Ralph Beaver Strassburger, Gwynedd Valley, Pa.  
Jacob Erdman Cope, Sellersville, Pa.

In accordance with the provisions of the By-Laws, the Directors met after the last Annual Meeting and elected the following Officers:

Henry S. Borneman, President  
Charles R. Roberts, Vice-President  
Scott Brenner, Secretary  
Frederick S. Fox, Treasurer.

MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for Membership have been received during the year and added to the rolls of the Society.

There have been losses, through resignations and deaths.

It is noteworthy that only nine members have resigned during the year.

It is with sorrow that a record has to be made of the loss of seventeen members through death:

DEATHS SINCE LAST ANNUAL MEETING.

Mrs. James V. Bull, Easton  
Prof. R. L. Charles, Lancaster  
Milton H. Diffenbaugh, Lancaster



William Fegley, Reading  
Rev. L. F. Gruber, Maywood, Ill.  
Lauriston B. Herr, Lancaster  
(Signer of Charter; Member of  
Auditing Committee)  
Rev. John W. Koch, Allentown  
Jeremiah S. Troxell, Cementon  
Rev. Dr. Preston A. Laury, Bethlehem  
Dr. John D. Matz, Allentown  
George H. Rogers, Lincoln, Neb.  
John D. Souder, Telford  
Hon. Russell C. Stewart, Easton  
(Former Vice-President)  
Dr. Thomas J. Wenner, Wilkes-Barre  
John Yingst, Hummelstown Rd.  
Rev. Calvin D. Yost, Collegeville  
Prof. J. Leon Hartman, Mansfield, O.

The Active Membership at the present time approximates 550.

#### FINANCES.

Mr. Frederick S. Fox presents his report, which is attached hereto, as Treasurer of the Society. It shows a cash balance of \$2,862.42 on October 21, 1942.

It is suggested that in accordance with the practice heretofore prevailing, an Auditing Committee be appointed at this meeting to audit the Treasurer's account. An Auditing Committee, consisting of C. H. Martin and A. M. Angstadt, was appointed at the last Annual Meeting and they rendered their report to the Board of Directors wherein they approved the account of the Treasurer submitted at the last Annual Meeting.

#### ACTIVITIES.

During the year there was delivered to the Members Volume 49 of the Proceedings of the Society. The defini-





tive publication appearing in this volume is "The Old Order Amish of Lancaster County" by Rev. Calvin G. Bachman. This treatise is authoritative in character and has received the widest approval and interest.

Volume No. 50 will be distributed to the Members as soon as the conditions due to the emergency of the war will permit.

The activities of the Board of Directors have been curtailed by reason of conditions due to the war. It is worthy of report, however, that the interest of the Members of the Society in its broad purposes is not abated and we are happy to report that arrangements for the holding of the Annual Meeting in Reading were easily made and an interesting and instructive program provided.

SCOTT BRENNER,  
Secretary.





HENRY HARBAUGH

*Engraved by Sartain from a daguerreotype taken in 1848, first  
used as a frontispiece for "The Sainted Dead" 1849.*





HENRY HARBAUGH ✓

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN

1817 - 1867

by

ELIZABETH CLARKE KIEFFER

---

Together with an Appendix containing the writings of  
Dr. Henry Harbaugh in the Dialect  
popularly known as Pennsylvania Dutch.

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Norristown, Pa.

NORRISTOWN HERALD, INC.

1945



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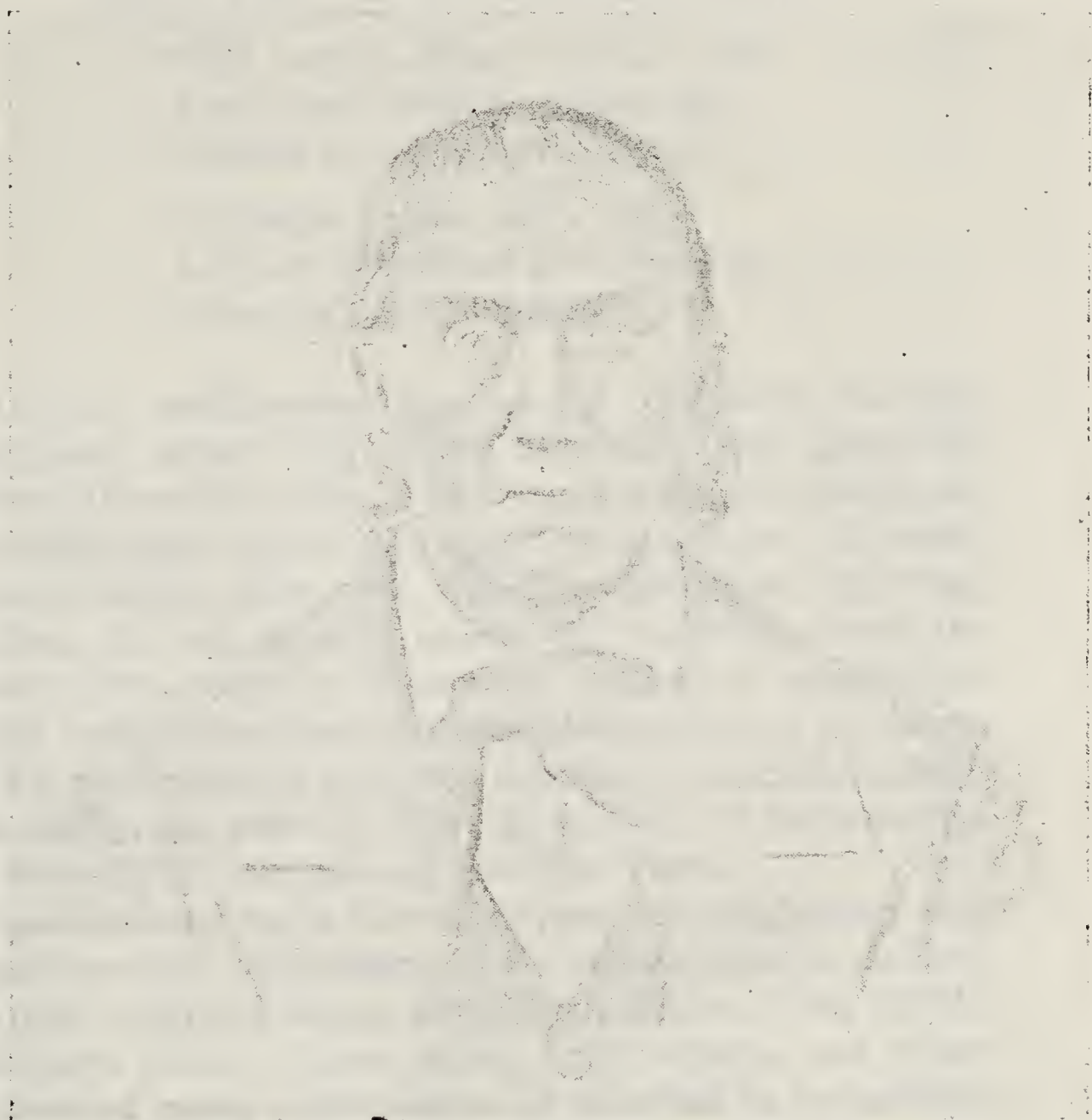
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GEORGE HARBAUGH, FATHER OF HENRY HARBAUGH.

*(From Linn Harbaugh's "Life of Harbaugh")*



## CHAPTER I

### SHADOWS ON SOUTH MOUNTAIN

*"Will wette', Engel sin net weit  
Von unsre' scheene Kinnerzeit  
Die leit an's Himmel's-Rand."*

I'll wager angels often stray  
Into our childhood world to play,  
It lies so near to heaven.

In the northwestern corner of Frederick County, Maryland, where the South Mountain lies along the Mason-Dixon line like a lion on a postage stamp, the Catoctins open out to give space for a narrow, sheltered, sunny valley. Here the Western Maryland Railroad, picking its way daintily among the foothills, leaves the pretty little town of Thurmont, follows a meandering creek around the base of Eagle Mountain, and for about half a mile makes a level run, catching its breath to climb the stiff grade past the State Sanatorium at Sabillasville, to Blue Ridge summit and Pen Mar Park.

Looking back upon the valley from the heights one sees a picture very reminiscent of the Alpine valleys of Switzerland, with red barns, white farm-houses, tiny, fertile, well-kept fields, church spires, mill-wheels, and silver ribbons of roads and streams, all dwarfed by perspective into the fairylike perfection of a Christmas tree garden. Reaching the top of the mountain one can look down the other side from the great resort hotels into Franklin County, Pennsylvania, and there, in reverse, one sees very nearly a replica of the other valley. This one, opening northwest, towards Waynesboro, is narrower, colder, less sunny because of its northern exposure and the long





dark shadow of the mountain, but here one sees again the identical churches and farms and barns. Here are the same well-tilled fields, the same well-mended roads, the same impression of thrift, and industry, and pride. Even today, one senses here in this essentially American scene a character as essentially Swiss as the mountain-born immigrants who, in 1760, sought it out because it seemed like home to them, and who, by their efforts made of it a little Switzerland in America.

In these two valleys dwelt the tribe of Harbaugh<sup>1</sup> (or Herbach, as they more phonetically signed themselves in the early days), and in the northern valley, on October 28, 1817, was born Henry Harbaugh, who, although in many ways the product of his heritage of race and environment, was in another sense so different from his kinfolk as to have aroused in them an alarm which was scarcely abated by his later successes.

His grandfather, Jacob Harbaugh, born in Switzerland and brought to this country at the age of six, had been, with his brothers, the first to settle the Harbaugh Valley, on the Maryland side, where he ruled as patriarch of the clan until the age of eighty-eight, and died when Henry was six months old. George Harbaugh, tenth child of Jacob and father of Henry, being likest his father in disposition, was, like him, eager to found and develop his own little kingdom and hence was the first to leave the home valley which, as Henry wrote in his Christmas story, *The Star of Bethlehem*,<sup>2</sup> "had become too straight for the growing generations of its first settlers." Thus he became the settler of the northern valley, by which removal Henry was born, by the matter of a few yards (the farm stood on the line), a Pennsylvanian.

The stone house, built in 1805, stood against the moun-





tain, almost within its shadow. It was not distinguished by architectural elegance, but it had clean lines and a solid functionalism, which expressed the good taste in such matters which was notable in all the Harbaughs. George Harbaugh's uncle, Leonard, was at the moment making a fortune in Washington and Baltimore as designer and builder of many of the new government buildings. He had come up to the Valley to build his brothers' homes, and if he did not actually design this one in the other valley, at least George probably borrowed one of his plans. It had chimneys at both ends, indicating that the house was heated by fireplaces instead of by the more practical ten-plate stoves of the typical Pennsylvania-Dutch farmhouse. Later the family bought a stove which Henry found useful for roasting chestnuts.<sup>3</sup> Henry making, as was usual to him, a fetish of the familiar, encouraged in himself a sentimental love of the open fire, and wrote one of his least successful poems about it<sup>4</sup>—a poem which reminds us vividly of Ruskin's warning to young lady artists that they must not suppose that because they are fond of the coal scuttle, it is, necessarily, an object of art.

The door of the house is narrow, the windows wide, to admit the light so badly needed for the meticulous cleanliness of the Dutch housewife. The porch from which his mother was later to watch her prodigal's departure from home is in keeping with the severe, but pleasant, simplicity of the rest of the house. We know, from the poems, of the smooth stair-rail, down which young adventurers were fond of taking unauthorized rides; of the latticed windows; of the old walnut chest; of the bench on the porch; even of the death-clock beetle in the floor boards. The steeply sloping roof is empty of windows, but windows under the eaves at the ends





lit the attic, memorialized in one of the best of the poems.<sup>5</sup> Here, between babies, was stored the much-used cradle, which was only a step less crude than the hollowed log which young Henry was fond of examining in the attic of his grandfather's home across the mountains. George Harbaugh, cradled in a log, may be excused for his life-long feeling that he had gone pretty far in providing the soft luxuries of civilization for his children when he gave them a manufactured cradle.

As he later glorified the discomforts of the open hearth, so Henry tried to take pride in the austerity of the interior of his home—the uncarpeted floor, the uncurtained windows. He argued that he was happier in that barren home than in the richer atmosphere of his own house. In a rare moment of discernment, however, he admitted that the sorrows of his middle age were not necessarily brought on by the carpets in his parsonage.<sup>6</sup>

It is tempting to build up for ourselves a rosy picture of that Pennsylvania-Dutch childhood, based upon the dialect poems which have won the love of so many of his compatriots. From "Heemweh," "Die Schlofstub," "Will Widder Buwele sei," and all the others, one might make a very charming genre picture. Like many another sentimentalist, Henry Harbaugh, looking back from his years of tragic responsibilities, thought of home as a refuge, of his parents as celestial beings, and of the joys of his childhood as unmixed with any sorrow save that of being teased about his red hair.

There is no one to contradict him upon these points. None of his brothers or sisters ever broke into print to gainsay him. Perhaps life on the Harbaugh farm was really all a dream of natural beauty, of pleasant companionship, simple piety, and family affection. We





can argue, against it, only our own knowledge that life is not like that—and the one outstandingly significant fact that young Henry Harbaugh left that ideal home as early as it was humanly possible to do so.

The farm, by the time Henry was born, was fairly well carved from the forest. It had been largely untouched when George and Annie Harbaugh moved to it sixteen years before. The former owner had been interested in other things than farming. He was a counterfeiter rejoicing in the romantic name of Valentine Shockey, who taking advantage of the confused state of post-Revolutionary currency, printed his own money in his mountain fastness, defying the federal officers in true Jesse James style, and living the kind of bandit life that most boys long for. He was obviously the great romance of Henry's boyhood, and one of the latter's tremendous thrills was in turning up with his plow a plate made for printing the counterfeit notes (it was probably the only time Henry ever got a thrill out of plowing). For a man of God, Henry always showed an unregenerate love of the picaresque. At forty he still expressed a yearning for some Jung-Stilling to celebrate the adventures of his boyhood hero.

That hero had fallen, however, at the time old Jacob Harbaugh visited him in the York County jail, and took advantage of his pressing need for real money to buy the mountain hideaway at a bargain price. George Harbaugh, who bought the farm from his father for \$200 more than its purchase price (a characteristic Harbaugh transaction), had done well with it, probably taking more money out of the ground than Valentine did out of his printing press.

The bandit stronghold was only a memory. The very cabin in which George and his young wife had set up





housekeeping could only be traced by the larkspurs which grew where the gentle little Mennonite bride had planted them in her door-yard. Here was a thriving farm with house and barn, work-shop, cider-press, corn-crib and, down by the Red Run, the schoolhouse built by George to serve the needs of the community and his own family—the schoolhouse which, long after its demolition, was to remain immortal. (Harbaugh's church, which was also built by George Harbaugh, on the farm, was not erected until after Henry left home, and need not figure in this story.)

Into this home, then, cold and austere, into the hard work of a Dutch farm, young Henry was born—"A little red-headed rascal," as he himself quotes the family epithet. The large and thriving family was dominated by George Harbaugh, the father. He was forty-three years of age when Henry, his tenth child, was born. His picture (reproduced in Linn Harbaugh's life of Henry) shows a typically Swiss countenance. The wide, far-sighted eyes, and unusually large ears of the native mountaineer; the shaggy, overhanging brows, like the eaves of an Alpine hut; the horny, wrinkled skin and wide nostrils of the outdoor man; the lines about his eyes betray a sardonic humor, suppressed with the defiant firmness which speaks in his thin, tight mouth. There is no faintest suggestion here of sensuality or self-indulgence. Here is a man as strict with himself as with his family. His signature, large and firm in the German script, underlines the character of the face—the hand of a writer unskilled with the tools of learning, yet strong of will to make clear his intention, no matter what the medium. The long, neat hair, curling at his nape, the decent Sunday blacks, white shirt and





black stock probably represent his notion of dressing up to have his picture taken.

The traits which his son ascribed to him were industry, severity, piety, diligence, charity (in material more than in spiritual things), and temperance (spiritual as well as physical). "He was averse," says Henry, "to all excitement in politics, all wild speculation in business, and all fanaticism in religion." A favorite maxim with him was "Was übertrieben wird ist nicht gut." It is a matter of note that when Henry writes of him the word "strict" creeps into his prose, both as adjective and adverb and in all the shades of its meaning. His father was "a very strict man in his family"; he was "a strict member of the German Reformed Church" (he calls his dear Uncle Henry "an humble member"); he was "strictly temperate" (if Henry in later years had kept the strictness of his own temperance within the one connotation of the term, he would have been happier).

All in all, we wonder if George Harbaugh was a comfortable man to live with.

Annie Harbaugh (geboren Snyder) was exactly the correct complement for such a spouse—short, plump, rosy-cheeked, gentle, a perfect housewife and a tender mother. Her lowland German ancestry tended to soften the asperity of the Swiss strain, her upbringing in a more settled community, to ameliorate the ruggedness of the pioneer farm world; while her Mennonite pacifism (her parents, while never members of the sect, were both deeply influenced by it) probably reduced the dangers of connubial squabbling which would have threatened her husband with any other wife. If we knew nothing else of her, we could guess much of her character from the fact that while giving birth to





twelve children in 23 years, and rearing all but one to maturity, she still found time to keep her floors scrubbed white, her garden paths swept for the Sabbath, and all the family clothes washed, mended, supplied with buttons, and laid ready each Saturday night.

But pleasanter touches are added to our picture of her by the thought of the larkspur in her first garden, of the poplar trees she brought from her father's home and planted with her own hands before the door, of the pudding and sausage she tucked into the baskets of poorer neighbors, of the bunches of dried herbs hanging fragrant in the attic, and of the Bible she kept on the corner of the mantel shelf to take down on Sunday afternoons.

The story of the "little man in the barn" has been told so often that one hesitates to repeat it; still there is a charm about it that cannot altogether stale. A fragment found among Henry's manuscripts differs in several respects from the published versions, and I insert it here:

"Now, if it were as it was in my childhood, I would here strike for the fence and pass along the row of peach trees that stood like sentinels along the upper fence . . . Their blossoms used to look like flame through the trees of the orchard, or like the red rays of the evening sun upon a hedge. Many a luscious peach did I break from their fruitful and friendly branches. . . .

"Before I bid adieu to the orchard, I must yet visit one more tree—the 'pie apple tree' . . . Now as I stand under this tree, what do my boyhood fancies bring to my mind! This, namely: It stands directly in front of the barn-door in the distance, and here Echo used to answer from the







THE HARBAUGH HOMESTEAD, NEAR WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA.

*Built by George Harbaugh, 1805. Birthplace of Henry Harbaugh. (Drawing by Terry Mitchell, with details restored. Published through courtesy of the artist.)*





barn! We were wont to call him 'the little man in the barn.' I will call him now. Yes, I will! I will see if he is still there. Why do I look around to see if anyone is near? . . . I look up and down the lane—no one coming. But they will hear me in the house, and come out, and wonder! Well, so be it, but I must call 'the little man in the barn.' I must know whether he will answer. Boyish or not, I *will* call!—

“Ho—ho! Still alive?

—Ho! Still alive!

Little man in the barn!

—Man in the barn!

Are you getting old?

—Getting old!

Still your voice is good!

—Voice is good!

Little man, farewell!

—Man, farewell!”

Dominating Henry's childhood were the figures of “the girls.” His older sisters were well grown by the time he came along. Catherine, the oldest, was sixteen, and was married when Henry was two. In fact, her oldest son George was just three years younger than his uncle, and his death at the age of ten must have been one of the factors which impressed the mind of the future poet with so lively a preoccupation with the future life.

Elizabeth and Nancy, who were fifteen and thirteen respectively at Henry's birth, were also married while he was very young, and also gave birth to infants who died early. The healthy stock of the pioneers was growing weaker—or shall we suppose that a more thickly settled community was bringing in diseases with which



the scanty medical lore of the day was unprepared to cope? Rebecca, who was nine years older than Henry, stayed longer at home than the others. She was the sister whom he calls his favorite, and in whose home he became a regular visitor. Her marriage in 1829 must have been the first of such functions in the family which he was old enough to enjoy thoroughly. He does not seem, however, to have enjoyed weddings as much as he did funerals—witness his strange reluctance to attend his own. Susan, aged seven, was nearest in age of the girls, but even she was remote. More companionable were the three boys, John, Leonard and George, aged five, three and two years more than himself, and probably—for he was always a dominant personality—he liked still more the younger brothers, Washington and David, four and seven years younger than himself. It is notable that after Henry had made his epic fight to break the family tradition and get himself an education, both of these younger brothers gladly followed his precedent and left the farm for the professions, Washington becoming a physician, and David a minister. The fate of Washington Harbaugh is a pitiful commentary upon the medical knowledge of his day, for, unable to heal himself, he, his wife and three children died of tuberculosis after a fruitless emigration to Florida when he was thirty-one.

George, the nearest to Henry in age, seems to have been the least congenial of his brothers. This boy, unlike the father for whom he was named, seems to have been the most docile and biddable of the children, and therefore, by that very difference in character, his father's favorite. It was he who was best at all the agricultural duties which Henry detested, he who drove his furrows straight while Henry was dawdling along





with a book fastened to the handle of his plow. It was he who, in his father's old age, took over the management of the home farm (the only child except Susan to remain even near the old place), and, having married a girl seven years younger than himself and having begotten two children when he was nearly thirty, in contrast to his brother's twelve, eventually inherited the farm which Henry despised in youth and sentimentalized in middle age. One needs not be a psychiatrist to understand that such a character might grate upon the vivid and intransigent nature of his brother. Henry seems to have been much fonder of John and Leonard who, although they were sufficiently fatalistic to become farmers like all their relatives, were yet energetic enough to follow what was also a family tradition and leave their narrow home for the freer atmosphere to be found in the opening West. Leonard was with him through part of his sojourn in Ohio, and Leonard and Henry chose wives from within a few miles of each other in that State. It was to Leonard that he fled even in his later middle age, when life became too much for his sensitive nature.

"The boys," then, were distinctly a unit as opposed to "the girls," and obviously, judging from Henry's account, the girls were the dominant party. It was the girls who (probably concerned with the amenities of courtship) stirred up the gentle mother to side with them in presenting a solid feminine front to their father in what was obviously the great family revolution of Henry's childhood, the question of the parlor oil cloth. Handmade by them, on the attic floor, its final laying in place was an event of great magnitude, making so deep an impression upon the nine-year old Henry that he found it a fruitful source of moralizing on the vanities even in his forties.<sup>7</sup>





He probably had his sisters to thank for other pleasures than the oil cloth, however. It was they who prepared the daintier portions of the family meals; it was almost certainly they who made the gay decorations attributed to the Krischkindel<sup>8</sup> on the Christmas tree; and, if it was probably one or another of their husbands who impersonated the terrible Belsnickel<sup>9</sup> at the same season, it was also probably his wife who baked the Christmas cookies in his sack. It was Rebecca who covered his beloved spelling book with flowered calico, in exchange for a pile of firewood, and who, in addition, made him a book-mark of yellow gilded paper.<sup>10</sup> Certainly it was the sisters who were the cooks of the family, for he speaks of their pleasure in getting together a belated meal when Grandfather Snyder made his biennial visit to the farm.<sup>11</sup>

Grandfather Snyder, himself, seems to have been not unlike the Krischkindel in appearance—short and chubby, with flowing white hair, a face “round and mild as the full moon,” “a pleasantness in his eye when he smiled,” and a store of wise and very practical Pennsylvania-Dutch maxims. He must have been a pleasant sight for a boy to see riding “along the edge of the woods” on his gray horse “about one o’clock on a Saturday afternoon,” and the joy of his coming was probably not all conditioned upon the raisins and nuts in his pocket.

Of his other grandfather, across the mountain, Henry remembered nothing. That octogenarian patriarch with the green patch over his blinded eye, was laid to rest under the great chestnut tree on his farm when his grandson was only six months old; but Henry assiduously collected legends of him, made of him an inspiration and a model, and spent long hours by his grave listening to





the "soft, solemn roar of the mountains" and watching the cloud-shadows "like those half-sad monitive feelings which here pass over the heart, bidding us look more earnestly toward the future, so full of hopes and fears." There was much in common between old Jacob and his grandson—so much that, had they known each other, their flint and steel natures would almost inevitably have struck fire. Freed from the irritation of the domineering old man's presence, however, Henry was able to revere and admire and to imbibe strength for his own future from the very air his grandfather breathed.

In practical reality, however, a more wholesome influence on him was the present occupant of the old homestead, Henry's bachelor uncle Henry, for whom he was named, and who was apparently the only one of the older generation who had a sympathetic patience with the dreamy, ill-adjusted child. Henry seems to have visited him often, and to have conceived for this old family home a deep affection which, expressed in his "Annals," has a more genuine ring than some of the more rose-tinted poems of the "Harfe." Here, free from the supervision of home, he was able to explore the old attic; to see the hollow gum-log in which his grandfather's babies were cradled; to sit in the home-made chairs and listen to his uncle's stories of pioneer life—of the wildcat which attacked grandmother at her outdoor bake-oven; of the fight at the tavern when grandfather's eye was put out, and of the stone with which the deed was done, which old Jacob brought home and placed in his garden as a souvenir. Uncle Henry would take him out to look at the great oak tree, which was a sapling when grandfather came to look at the land for the first time. Undoubtedly it was he who thrilled the poetic child with tales of the uncanny prowess of Great-





Uncle Henry, the younger brother who lived with Jacob. He was "not fully sound in his mind" but "very industrious"—a sort of Paul Bunyan at chopping wood and splitting rails, and a sure shot as a hunter. Tales, too, of that gentle giant, the original George Harbaugh, the first settler of the valley, and of Yost, his brother in York who was a teamster with Braddock, and of Leonard, the architect and engineer who helped to build his nation's capital.

From pious Uncle Henry, too, he may have imbibed a deeper spirituality than that of his father's "strict religion" or his mother's cheerful piety. For the old man, alone on the farm, seems to have meditated deeply on "things of the spirit" and to have shared his thoughts with the dreamy boy. In "The Star of Bethlehem" Henry tells the story of a young boy going alone on foot from one mountain valley to another. Through its thin fictional disguise, one easily recognizes a synthesis of many of his own boyhood experiences in making the journey back and forth between his father's farm and his uncle's. Here we have a genuine picture of the early life of the Blue Ridge, of the wagoners on the National Road, of their tavern at the summit, of the wild forest in which one could so easily be lost in trying a short cut. In the "Annals" appears an interesting note, of which Henry Harbaugh, himself, did not apparently know the significance. At the top of the mountain, during his boyhood, there lived a Jacob Harbaugh, a cousin of his father's, at whose home, probably, it was convenient to break the trip. This Jacob, Henry tells us, was called "Mountain Jacob" (obviously to distinguish him from the two Jacobs in the Valley). This trick of designation, had the writer known it, was purely Swiss, arising in just such conditions in the mountain





valleys there, where growing tribes of the same name were forced to adopt descriptive titles to avoid confusion. Thus, in the third American generation, the folkways of an Alpine community persisted.

At home, one of Henry's most thrilling memories was the building of the church in Waynesboro, which took place when he was thirteen. The Harbaughs were not only church-goers, but church-builders. To say nothing of the architectural labors of Leonard Harbaugh in Baltimore and Washington, there was the Valley Church built by Henry's Uncle Jacob, and, later on, the Harbaugh Church built in his own valley by George. It is little wonder that Henry marked the course of his ministry by the building of churches in both Lewisburg and Lancaster. For the Waynesboro church, however, George was not entirely responsible, but he turned over his barn to the carpenters as a workshop, and Henry watched with great interest the construction of the interior woodwork, which was afterwards hauled into town to be set up in the modest log building. It was such early experiences with an occupation that fascinated him so much more than agriculture, that almost made a carpenter of Henry. Undoubtedly the one common quality which links the multitudinous interests of his life is this pre-occupation with building. He was "poetas" in all senses of the word. No trade which involved the self-abnegation of serving the purposes of created things, whether as farmer or as minister, ever appealed to him. It was his nature to create, not to serve. Jesus Christ was a carpenter who called himself a shepherd. Henry Harbaugh was a pastor who thought of himself as a carpenter.

Before the building of their church, the Reformed people of Waynesboro worshipped in the union church.





It was to this church that Henry's remembered pilgrimages were first made. Preparations began on Saturday with a tremendous cleaning of the house, sweeping of the garden paths, and scrubbing of the kitchen floor. At night the Sunday clothes of the entire family were thoroughly examined for loose buttons, split seams or worn places (there could, of course, be no last-minute mending on the Sabbath). Thus thoroughly prepared, the whole family were able to dress decently and expeditiously on Sunday morning, climb into the "carry-all" and set out "around the corner of the orchard" for the four-mile drive to Waynesboro.

"Der Kirchegang in alter Zeit"<sup>12</sup> is not so detailed as the "Schulhaus," but it does give us a certain feeling of the services he recalled. The unison congregational singing, unaided by a choir, the reverent attitude of the elders, the men standing to pray with hats before their faces, before entering the pew, the awed acceptance of the preacher's interpretation of "the word of God"—so unlike the critical congregations of Henry's adult years, of whom he felt:

"Nau sitzt mir schtolz wie Dschurymann  
Gukt, wie der Mann doch schwetze kann!  
Un wie er sich betragt!"<sup>13</sup>

The pastor of Henry's early childhood was Frederick A. Scholl, an itinerant preacher who served churches in four counties. It was his friendly suggestion that first fixed the boy's mind upon the ministry.<sup>14</sup> On a pastoral visit he placed a hand upon the head of the nine-year old and said solemnly, "This boy must become a minister of the Gospel." This sort of remark has always been a cliché with visiting ministers. It is a sort of benevolent limed twig which they feel it a duty to set out in every large family, hoping to catch a bird for the Lord's aviary.





In many devout families of the day, it would have caught the father rather than the child. With many of the Pennsylvania-Germans it was an established custom to devote a tithe of their sons to the church, just as they did a tithe of their substance, and Henry, a tenth child, might well have been the one chosen of God. George Harbaugh, however, was not of this mind. There had never been a minister in the Harbaugh family, and this to him was sufficient reason why there should never be one. He probably smiled to himself at the unworldly pastor who chose from among his sons the "dopplich" dreamer who could never be trusted to do anything well. And, thus smiling, he probably dismissed the the words from his mind.

To Henry they were of much graver import. The Parre had said, "This boy *must*." The Parre, he knew, spoke the word of God; therefore what he said was true. Probably the child had heard his pastor pronounce many a "must" which had failed to make any such impression upon him. This pronouncement had, however, the very great advantage of placing the seal of authority upon his own growing desire to escape from the narrow confines of the valley, upon his instinctive knowledge that he was not destined for the life of the field and barn, in which he was unable to compete with the docile George. He had not, until now, seen a clear way out of his difficulty. Now it was offered him with celestial approval: "This boy *must*—" With all the stubborn tenacity of his vehement nature the boy fastened upon this pronouncement. Meditation fixed it in his mind, and it soon assumed the aspect of a compulsion which acknowledged no obstacles.

Without this compulsion, Henry's career in the "Schulhaus an der Krick"<sup>15</sup> might have been as un-





distinguished as his career in plowing. It is recorded by his confidant, Benjamin Bausman<sup>16</sup> that he was, at first, anything but an outstanding pupil. Much of his first year at the feet of the schoolmaster was probably foreshadowed in the experience of his first day. Brought into school by his older brothers and sisters, he wearied very quickly of the high bench by the stove where the primer class sat:

“S’is hart zu hocke uf so Benk—  
Die Fiess, die schtehn net uf—”<sup>17</sup>

With characteristic independence, he climbed down, took his cap and started for the door. At a word from the teacher, some older pupils moved to intercept him. Balked of this egress, the youngster started up the log wall, like a squirrel “seeking an outlet heavenward through the roof of the schoolhouse.” The master had a problem child on his hands!

The charm of the “little red schoolhouse” has never been adequately explained. Surely the child of the Twentieth Century enjoys his school days more than the pioneer children parroting “a-b ab” in their chilly schoolrooms, under threat of the master’s rod, can have done. Yet none of our recent poets has burst into song about “Dear old Junior High Number 13,” or “How happy were we in Grade 4B.” Is it merely because the fashion established by Whittier, followed by Thomas Dunn English (“Ben Bolt”), by Harbaugh and James Whitcomb Riley, finally sang itself to death in “School Days, school days, dear old golden rule days”? Is it because psychologists have taught us to distrust our own inclination to yearn after childish things? Is it that education, having become universal, has ceased to be interesting? Or did the old-time school really “have something”? Certainly it would be hard to put a finger





on that something in Harbaugh's poem. Unlike the smoother and more sugary verses of Whittier and Riley, the Harbaugh ballad displays a certain realism more akin to the "Hoosier" stories of Edgar Eggleston. The master is apt to box a little boy's ears if he is not clever. The big boys throw spit-balls and catch and kiss the pretty girls on the playground. There is so much interest in the opposite sex that the desks of the advanced boys and girls have to be placed facing the walls at opposite sides of the room, from which position they peek slyly at each other and write clandestine love letters. The best that can be said for the master is that his punishments do not fall upon the innocent, and that he can "cipher through the book." The textbooks were a primer, from which one graduated with pride into Webster's Spelling Book (the 1816 edition) and was overwhelmed with admiration by the sanctimonious poem on its first page. (George was very sour about the necessity of buying another book.)<sup>18</sup>

In an article for the *Guardian* for April 1854 (earlier than the date of the poem) still other details of the school life are given: "At the opening of school, and even before that time, when the trustees had been called upon by 'the new master' to get their consent to his employ, every boy eyed him askance, and there was close study of his physiognomy and a thousand conjectures as to whether he will be 'good' or whether he will be 'cross'. Then, at length, came the 'first day of school'—then the reading of 'the rules.' Here every ear was open wide. Will the present administration follow in the footsteps of the last? Will skating on the pond be allowed at all? And if so, under what restrictions? What course will the new master take in reference to 'pin lotteries', 'snowballing', 'tagging', and 'trading'?"





"As the neighborhood varied in its staple productions, the commercial interests of each boy were deeply affected by any prohibitions or restrictions in the interchange of commodities. There were the boys along the creek whose fathers had geese, that dealt in 'quills.' There was also the 'calamus' district. There were the regions in which 'apples' abounded. There, also, were the boys among the slate hills who furnished 'pencils'. From elder bottom came the 'pop-guns'. Thus, of course, all were in favor of the principles of 'free trade'.

" . . . How anxiously did everyone watch whenever it went towards eleven o'clock, to hear from the master the inspiring words 'get your spellings'. This was next in welcome to the word 'dismissed' because it was known that it was the next important word after 'spellings'. There was one thing about the spellings that very much enlivened the exercises of the school; it was this—that all were then permitted to 'learn aloud'. This gave real unction to the zeal of each. Once in a while, it is true, the buzz and roar rose so high that it was rather too much for delicate ears; but a single rap on the desk accompanied with the word 'silence' brought it all down to the tune of a common beehive in summer. Soon came the order, 'Spell, first class'—then, 'Spell, second class'—then, 'Dismissed!' But who can describe the scene when the whole school made one grand bound toward the stack of baskets and small bundles behind the door. It was 'dinner'!"

Little could be expected in a school which was kept open only a few months in winter. When his burning thirst for the ministry came upon him, Henry soon found he must supplement this scanty education by private study. His methods were ingenious. His plow horses found life fairly easy. Their rest periods were pro-





longed as far as their driver dared, so that he might have time with his books. While the hay-makers slept in the shade at noon time, his nose was buried in a grammar. These methods produced a mind laden with all sorts of curious information, not always well-balanced, not always fully aware of the meaning of his acquisitions; but always original, and unchecked by the conventions. All his life he would do better when he studied alone than when he was supervised. It was the inevitable result of this early self-discipline necessitated by that stubborn determination to achieve the fulfillment of the preacher's dictum.

There is extant among Henry's early manuscripts a long poem, dated "At Home 1840." This was the year he came home from Ohio to make his entrance into Marshall College. The poem obviously represents his first enthusiasm for Byron, as evidenced not only internally but by the two quotations from that poet with which it is headed. It is the story of a boy (obviously himself idealized) who, after a dreamy childhood goes west to study, leaving his boyhood sweetheart behind him, returns to find her wedded to another, goes melancholy mad, and is last seen wandering in a thunderstorm on the shores of Lake Erie.

Beneath the Byronic emotionalism, there is a picture of a lonely childhood, which (because he was still close enough to it to feel its pangs) may be a truer one than the conventionalized pictures of his later years. The title is a little pathetic, for, like many of his early expressions, it betrays how foreign he still found the English language. He called it "The Wonderful Boy," and from the context it is obvious that he intends "wonderful" not in its English but in its Dutch sense. With





careful selection, some of its lines may form a useful summary of this period of their author's life:

“He crept alone among the rocks and nooks,  
As one who seeks aught lost, yet seem'd he not  
To seek; for when he, by laborious means,  
Attained the height of some rough shelving bank  
No object of his search seemed there to be. . .

“He was not selfish by his fellows called,  
Yet did he not associate with them.  
They loved him all, and said he did return  
Their love, tho’ so it did not seem to be.  
When they did talk of hoops, and walking stilts,  
And great athletic feats, and in relating  
Swelled themselves with laughter, to bursting full,  
He took no note; nor seemed to see the force  
Of what they said or done. . .

“ . . . He said he heard  
Soft dulcet music in the warbling rill  
And in the deep and murmuring stream on which  
He loved to watch the bubbles rise and burst;  
He said when 'mong the cliffs that bound the glebe  
Alloted to their pastime rounds, between  
Their study hours, he climbed, he loved to hear  
The hollow moaning echoes in their caves,  
Waked by the winds, give to the genii there  
Mystic response. . .

“ 'Twas wonder'd much what 'twas that ailed the boy,  
Some this, some that advanced, in learned terms.  
As 'compos mentis non,' the doctor said;  
'Deranged in mind—phlegmatic spells resulting  
From eccentric fits, on mania bordering close.' . .

“And all the country matrons wondering oped  
Their eyes, and thought the boy was really mad. . . .

“With books he did commune till midnight hour  
'Twas said that he did read of flowers, and that  
He often pluck'd one by his path, and look'd  
At it awhile in thought, then cast it down. . .





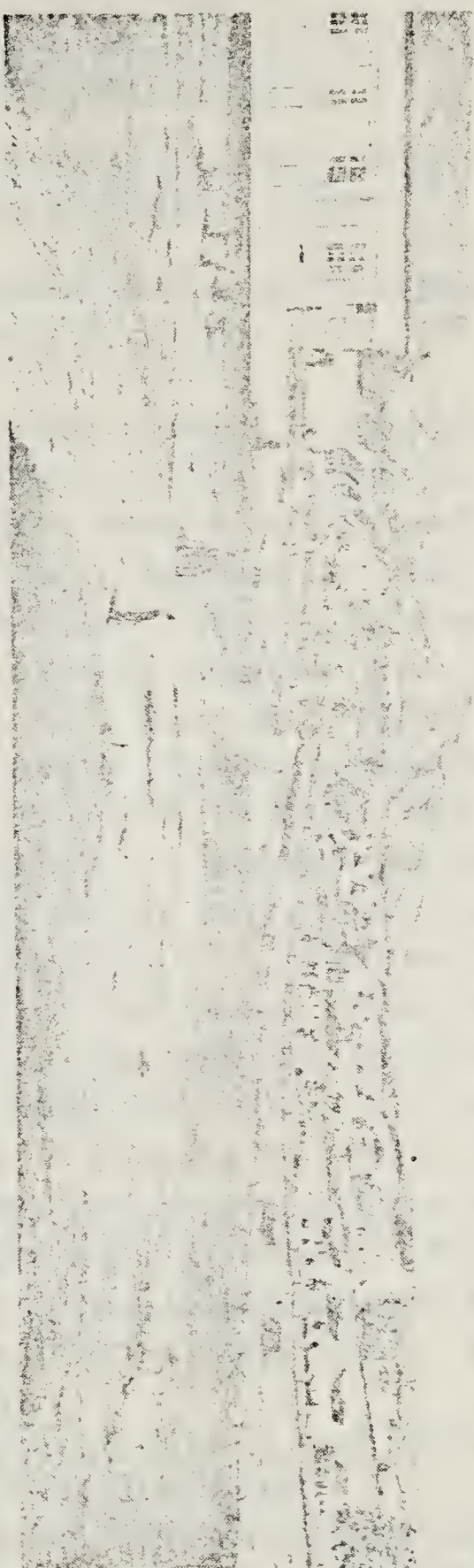
"When in the field, or wood, he plied at work  
(For of a husbandman he was the son)  
He often came to sudden halt, and gazed  
Upon some tree intent, as if he saw  
Some wondrous thing among its branches move. . .

"When labours closed at eve,  
And all (the supper done) to rest retired,  
He stole away, and on a mound that lay  
A distance from the house, where walnuts grew,  
He laid him down, and for long hours did look,  
With steady stare upon the brilliant sky  
And mountains that did girt the vale's extreme. . .

" 'Twas evening now  
A lovely calm, and odorous August eve.  
Naught but the loftiest pine on the high cliff  
Delayed the beams of the declining sun;  
And twilight hung its darker drapery  
Along the mountain and the silent woods.  
From meadows came the sweet and fragrant smell  
Of new-mown hay, and with the honeyed scent  
Mixed rich, which the soft gale abundant brot  
From distant buckwheat fields, when day-time fed  
The industrious bee, sipping its dulcet loads. . .

" . . . The window view at which  
They sat was toward the West, and in the far  
Dim distance lay the Allegany line  
Of dark mountains; that from the fair banks  
Of Susquehanna, to Potomac's stream  
Lay to the sight in grandeur most sublime.  
But to these mountains went his sensual eye,  
While fancy roamed the plains that lay beyond  
Where the Ohio rolls his crystal tide  
In graceful turns along the verdant banks."





MERCERSBURG IN 1846.

*From Marshall College Catalog. Diognothian Hall in foreground, Seminary  
Buildings on opposite Hill.*





## CHAPTER II

### WANDERJAHRE

*"Es is all Humbuk owwe draus  
Un er werd's selwert seh'!"*

All's humbug in the world outside  
He'll surely find it so.

It was in 1833, in the summer of his sixteenth year, that he met the heroine of the melancholy story just quoted. In his more prosaic account, written to his friend Perry West,<sup>1</sup> she appears to have been his sister Rebecca's hired girl. He says, at least, that she was a neighboring farmer's daughter who "lived with" his sister. Rebecca, who lived eight miles from home at Fountain Dale in Adams County, invited young Henry to visit her for a few weeks, "which I then thought a long time to be from home . . . And now you see your little servant and his sister setting out, she on horseback and I a foot-back up the turnpike . . . When we had arrived and entered the house I saw stand before my ravished eyes a girl of fifteen . . . She was then not grown—quick-spoken, dark-eyed—dark hair—which she had cut short and combed straight." We have no record of her name, but many of the early poems are inscribed to "Miss M. I. C."<sup>2</sup> and once, before going home in 1838, he wrote to Perry, "In a few days I expect to meet my Miss M. I. C. (you know), a joyful anticipation." The love affair ripened quickly:

"Nature to her had charms, and she to him  
Was nature's loveliest work."<sup>3</sup>

Either they managed their excursions together with most effective secrecy, or else the family approved, for



Henry was invited frequently to repeat his visit, and in between times filled up the gap with letters. It is difficult to judge how much or how little Henry means when he says, "Young as we both were we were frequently clasped in the arms of affection and would forget that we were mortals." Judging from the amazing frankness of the other letters of this series, he might mean anything from a mere figure of speech to the extremes of Byronic grossness. The family, if they knew about it, may have welcomed an apparently normal human outlet to their problem's tempestuous emotions. They may also have hoped that, if this case of puppy love should turn out to be the real thing, it might be an incentive to the young lover to settle down and accept the career mapped out for him. They did not know their Henry!

The struggle between the two strong wills went on. Henry had begun catechetical instruction under the Reverend G. W. Glessner,<sup>4</sup> who then served the wide circuit of Cumberland Valley churches. What he there learned ("Of the greatness of my sin and misery . . . of how I am redeemed from my sin and misery and of how I am to be thankful to God for such redemption . . .") strengthened, in every fibre of his nature, that ineradicable fixation upon the ministry.

The father was first to show a sign of weakening. He still refused to hear of a theological education, but he finally admitted that Henry was distinctly unsuited for the life of a farmer. He thought, however, that he had found a happy compromise. The youngster had shown distinct talents for that other trade which was sanctioned by family custom among the Harbaughs. George determined that he should be a carpenter. With this in mind, he apprenticed the boy to his Uncle Yost,<sup>5</sup>





who had a saw-mill at Fountain Dale, where his beloved lived. The apprenticeship lasted four months.

It taught him three things. It taught him that to earn one's living was not an impossible task. It taught him that study and work were not incompatible. It taught him that his desire for the ministry was stronger than his desire for a wife.

On June 4, 1836, Henry and George were confirmed by Mr. Glessner in the Waynesboro church. This Henry seems to have taken as the signal for his final breach with family control. He made one more plea to his father to advance him the money for his college course. The old man was adamant. Henry was equally so. He would find the money for himself "where the Ohio rolls his crystal tide."

He paid a last visit to M. I. C. The poor girl was probably bewildered:

"The lady, looked  
At him, and thought he seemed a mystery  
Enveloped in itself, manly and firm."  
(At least Henry hoped that was what she thought.)

"Then in short words  
He said, 'I go where duty calls—'tis hard  
To part from thee, yet harder far to miss  
The end of life. . .

. . . To play with flowers along  
Life's path, for pleasure's sake, is criminal.  
Life is not ours. To spend it as we please  
Is sin, and highest treason 'gainst our God.'"<sup>6</sup>

However, vows of eternal devotion were exchanged, and on either July 4 or August 4, 1836. (he contradicts himself on this subject) he said good-bye to his weeping mother on the old front porch, climbed into the carry-all for a last time, and was driven to Chambersburg to take the stage-coach for the West.





After the forlorn, homesick, back-breaking ride to Pittsburgh, the youth took passage on an Ohio River steamboat, transferred to a packet boat on the Ohio and Erie Canal (probably working his way), and by this method journeyed up the Tuscarawas Valley to Massillon, in Stark County, Ohio, there to join his cousin Daniel Harbaugh, son of the Uncle Yost of the four months' apprenticeship, and endeared to Henry by the mere fact that he had once lived in Fountain Dale.

It may well have been on this canal trip that Henry first met his friend Perry West, from Lakeville, New York; at all events, the episode which Perry described in 1838 might just as well have taken place on this trip.

"The 'Canal Drive' will never be effaced from my memory. With what an awkward simplicity did the old Dutch landlord inform Captain McMillen that he did not know as he could keep him, as he had 'five canal drives' with him already, and then what havoc we made among the cakes, pies and 'sasengers', and how we used to goad each other with 'come driver,—shale-skin ready for ye'—all these, together with our wreck, with the loss of cargo and ship's crew and passengers, in the lock—all these rush across my mind in quick succession."

Massillon, at the time, was just ten years old—child of the new canal. Like all new towns of the new country, it was a busy, booming, vulgar spot, shipping center for the agricultural and industrial products of the neighborhood, which were here transferred from the great wagons to the canal boats, and floated to Cleveland, a trip of two or three days. Here the farmers came to market their goods. Here were taverns a-plenty, and churches a few. Here were shysters and quacks, get-





rich-quick adventurers, salesmen for lots in the many "New Paradises" of the even further West. Here, too, were honest laborers; boys of earnest ambition like the Harbaughs and Perry West; decent young professional men—lawyers, doctors, clergy and school-teachers—bent upon growing up with the new country.

It was a lively, colorful, rowdy world, full of the vulgarity which disgusted Mrs. Trollope and Dickens, and of the strange raw melodrama which fascinated Edward Eggleston; but full, too, of the yearning after nobler things, which expressed itself in the thousands of little schools and academies which were springing up; in the pathetically crude "literary" tone of its newspapers; in its public orations and debates; in the "singing schools" which would develop later into great municipal choruses; and which perpetuated itself in its classical place names (Massillon itself was named for a French theologian admired by the wife of its founder.)

His first Sunday in Massillon, Henry attended church service, sang in the choir, and at once found himself a member of the musical elite of Stark County. He never seems to have prided himself overmuch on his fine voice and musical talents, but they were of use to him throughout his career. Now they made him a favorite at singing schools and churches all up and down the canal, and enlivened the hours of labor for himself and his shop-mates. Perry said:

"I am reminded of the solitary sings you and I used to enjoy in the shop—there we have sung till I was so hoarse I could hardly make a noise like a screech owl, and still could not give it up."

The first week in Massillon Henry went to work with a millwright—a place obviously secured for him by Daniel. Here he began at once to practice his old





methods of pursuing his studies with his work. He placed an English grammar on his carpenter's bench, and memorized conjugations and declensions to the rhythm of his plane. At night while his companions played cards by candlelight in the half-finished mill where they worked by day and lodged by night, he set a new-made bolting-chest on end, equipped it with desk, stool and candles, and shutting its door upon the idle gamblers, spent his evenings in the pursuit of knowledge—or in writing love letters home to his "M. I. C.," or poems for the local newspapers, which uncritical editors joyfully accepted and published under his favorite pseudonym of "Edwin."

"And this was oft his work while others slept,  
When the deep midnight hung in drowsy folds  
Upon the weary earth, and good men dreamed  
Of Heaven, he sat, and with strange look beheld  
The deep original of thought, before  
Him pass."<sup>7</sup>

The large quarto volume of his original productions, which he began to keep at this time, gives us a more poignant evidence of the sincere effort which went into these untutored labors than do his later recollections. Nothing is added to English literature by its pages, but much to our understanding of youthful aspiration. As scholars from the rhyme and rhythm of the *Canterbury Tales* have reconstructed the pronunciation of Chaucerian English, so with very little effort can the reader of these carefully copied verses deduce to what an extent the English language was foreign to the tongue of this product of the "Dutch"-speaking valley:

"Ere I knew grief  
Or could belief  
That there was treachery"

he wrote, and then carefully erased the "f" and substituted a "ve," proving that his eye knew better than his





ear. Time and again he proves in the scansion of a line that he has learned the meaning of a word without learning its pronunciation (he thought, for instance, that "om-i-nous" was "o-min-ous"). Or he confuses an English word with its "Dutch" homonym, as in the case of "The Wonderful Boy."

At times, too, he half remembers a word, or "telescopes" two into one in Jabberwocky fashion, and produces verses like this:

"It is the trinkling tear  
That tells of mortal woe  
'Tis formed in the emotions, ere  
The eye can let it flow."

His study of English grammar was definitely not unnecessary. When one compares these early efforts with the urbane prose, and the wooden but impeccable verses of his editorial days, one is amazed at the distance which his lone efforts carried him. That he never managed to make his English verses sound like those of an English-born poet is not his fault. Santayana himself admits somewhere that, however perfect one may become in a foreign tongue, he must never attempt to become a poet in anything but his mother speech.

There is also the consideration that, after his first youthful enthusiasm for Byron and Burns, he grew afraid of "profane" literature, and restricted his reading to sheer edification, so that he missed a knowledge of most that was finest in English poetry, and lacked a standard of comparison by which to judge his own.

Perry in his letter of Jan. 26, 1839, shows that his love of his friend did not make him entirely uncritical. "I think your rhyming mill does pretty fair business, as you have intimated that you have no one to judge it, or as I should say, as you have no separating bolt to separate





the flour (or good poetry) from the chaff (or bad poetry)."

In a few months, Henry left the employ of the millwright and joined Perry in a machine-shop in Massillon. For the scenes of those days we have to thank Perry's vivid reminiscences:

"What! I forget those pleasant seasons of song and *Debate* which I have enjoyed with you? Is it I who have disremembered the evenings we have sung together till we were hoarse? I forget the instances when we have both occupied the same board, and by the light of our solitary glimmering taper—from quitting time till twelve and 1 o'clock each written to our respective friend?

"The machine-shop with all its appurtenances is incessantly before my mind, the drying kiln, the rattling and rumbling of the machinery, the piles of timber, the large grindstone, the blowups from the Bos etc., etc.

"I want you to tell me all you know about the situation of affairs relative to the Machine shop. Who has quit since you did and what they are about. How Miss Mary Ann Kunkle prospers, Foreman Shoemaker, brother Clarkson, Uncle Clarke and family & so on, & whether they got the new engine completed and in operation. Present my best wishes to Friends all about the shop and all the Shop mates. I cannot mention all their names, and it is needless, for you know I would as much like to hear from one as another. Now peace be with you and yours. N.B. present my compliments to your cousin Daniel."

And again: "As when a dozen or two machinists huddle around a long table in a short room, all striving to be ahead of his elbow neighbor—do you recollect the *feasts* we used to enjoy there at Mack's—and then when I think of being there, it calls to mind a thousand things





which transpired while I was there—you have not forgotten the scrape we had, about the shop being locked, one night & how mad neighbor Shoemaker the foreman got—Ah! he is married is he? Well 'peace & dumplings' go with him & may he enjoy long life & the embraces of one whom he loves & who loves him & may the fruit of their embraces be a few?—not a few—little darling pledges—but were not Mack's little girls handsome and pretty?"

The machine-shop adventure did not last long either. The panic of 1837, while not so bad in this part of Ohio as elsewhere, cut into the wave of prosperity in which the canal region had been rejoicing. Henry and Perry were both laid off. Perry, always a sound realist, went home to Lakeville, entered his father's contracting business there, married, and settled down in a pleasant little cottage with a cow, a colt and two pigs, thus bringing about the delightful correspondence from which we quote.

Henry, meanwhile, went to Harrisonville, in Medina County, what to do there we do not know, except that his employer there failed, owing him \$200, upon which he had counted to pay for his long desired college course.

In November he returned to Massillon to be met by his cousin Daniel with the shocking news of his mother's death—the family having written to Daniel, being uncertain at the moment of the errant Henry's address.

"He immediately asked me to take a walk with him. We found our way into a woods south of the town, where he opened to me the touching news."

Like many another prodigal, he was shaken by this tragedy into a longing to return to the old place. He may have hoped, too, that grief might soften his father's resolution. But he still hoped to recover some if not all





of the lost wages for his summer's work, and meanwhile he must earn his passage home. In December, January, February and early March he worked in the little town of Canal Dover (now Dover) in Tuscarawas County, a collector's port for the Ohio and Erie Canal, and almost entirely populated by Pennsylvania Germans.

We gather that here again he worked at his trade, also that he filled in his spare time teaching singing school, writing poetry for the *Dover Telegraph* and the *Dover Democrat* and for numerous ladies' albums.

In March 1838, being in high hopes of getting his money back, and having at least enough to pay his way home, he set out to take leave of his Ohio friends. Here we come upon the trail of a lady who leaves this story as mysteriously as she enters it. "You will remember," he writes to Perry on Mar. 16th, "my friend north of Canton. I spent some time with her, and then bid her adieu (as I intend starting home in a few days). It was serious season. The last time I called on her—Tuesday evening—I stayed with her until noon the next day, when the parting hour had come. I sat with her on a settee and spoke to her about matters and things when I beheld the drops of sorrow fall between her and me upon the Settee. She dropped her head against my Bosom and now behold those eyes that so often were gently beaming into mine, in streams of sorrow flow. I comforted her and she again recovered her spirits. . . Are there not hearts to love in the West, yea, Perry, there are, and are there none worthy to be loved, yea, there are, but if we love and are loved in the West, must we forget the East. Nay! We will not. Why? because we cannot. What! is not love the same in the West as it is in the East, but stop! the former is love because we must love





the lovely, while the latter is long cherished affection encounters time and distance, etc., etc.—”

For a pre-ministerial student Henry's ideas of the ethics of love seem rather on the Don Juan side. He adds, apropos of Perry's marriage: “If there is bliss in the matrimonial state (which I have no doubt there is) it will be some time before I shall enjoy them as I have made my calculations not to be married untill three years have run through then perhaps I shall try its virtue—”

In reply to Perry's inquiries about the machine-shop, he recounts his visit there:

“Mr. McMillan is and is still getting along the old way, he was very pleasant and affable to me. He took me over head and showed me his machinery, he has 4 or 5 carding machines on hand and some 20 looms, his machinery looks very handsome, the new engine is in full operation, it is a slicker one than the first. Old dad Pearston is still stepping about. . . Reardon is at home but Harper is gone to Canada at preasant. I suppose you heard that he is married he has been married for sometime. Mr. Shoemaker is still there, he was in good spirits when I was there. Mr. Cleveland is also there yet—and Mr. Hail the rest are all quit—Uncle Clarke was in the shop when I was there but he does not work for Mac. His family is still there. I did not particularly understand what Uncle had been Doing this winter but I suppose that he was spunging it. . . Kunkle has moved off South and as I was informed is carrying on the machine Business on a small scale. . . Miss Mary Ann Kunkle is at Mogadore learning the tayloring business, so much for her. Mr. Clarkson is on a farm east of Massillon about 2 miles . . . he farms for the Company. There were about 5 or six new hands in the shop this





winter. There are some 3 or 4 there yet that I am not acquainted with—the small engine is at a sawmill west of the river and is doing as I was informed, good business. Times are very dull in Massillon this spring, a number of young Johns are out of employ, paying their boarding at the taverns. Wheat sells for one Dollar. Roads are muddy, snow is gone and Raining.”

He closes with a statement of his hopes for his visit home:

“I intend to start for home in a few days, and I calculate to go to study grammar and geography at Marshall College at Mercersburg, Pa., perhaps I shall continue on for a year and perhaps not. That will in future determine itself. I did not yet receive a compensation for my last summer’s work and I do not expect to get it before I start to the East.”

Ten days later, on March 26, 1838, he arrived at his sister Rebecca’s home in Fountain Dale, to find that he was just in time for her husband’s funeral. Death seemed to overshadow his steps in those years. It was not an auspicious moment for his reunion with his “M. I. C.” and that expected joy was further marred by his discovery, through local gossip, that his lady had been no more meticulous in her fidelity than he had himself. “Another one was at that time . . . a gallant of my ladies. He being a half-Dandy of a ‘Would-be-if-I-could’.

She used to tell me that he only was a gallant and that therefore she could see no impropriety—To which I could not object.” (Under the circumstances, how could he?) Presently, while his visit to the East was still young, the lady coolly announced that she was going to spend the summer with relatives in Gettysburg.—The modern reader gives a distinct start of surprise when he





notes that Henry had to identify this for Perry as "the county seat of Adams County, Pa."

In reply to his protests, she advanced the entirely rational argument that: "I had informed her that it was not convenient for us to unite ourselves for some time, So she concluded we could Do with the pen." Her journey was set for three weeks from the time he left Fountain Dale to take Rebecca and her children to his home. She asked him to write before she started, and his letter, thus requested, was answered by one from her own home which did not mention the Gettysburg trip, nor give him her address there, nor, indeed, suggest his writing again, but ended with the statement that she would not see him before August. After that, for three weeks, he heard nothing until, going back to Fountain Dale on an errand for Rebecca, he learned from the neighbors that his beloved was still at home. Going to visit her "in as great confidence as ever" he found her looking dejected and pleading a headache as an excuse for not sitting up with him. He demanded explanations, and was told that "she had concluded that it was best for us to suspend our correspondence." The denouement is explained in a sentence which occupies nearly a quarter of a sheet of foolscap, so large does Henry make his emphatic statement: "On the 23 of last February she was married to that same gallant. N. B. her *present husband has a Daughter 14 years old—he is 36 years of age and my once beloved and yet much respected Lady is now his THIRD WIFE ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !*" (the exclamation points are Henry's by actual count).

December 27th, 1838, found Henry perched upon High Rock at the top of South Mountain, gazing mournfully over the scenes of his departed youth and composing the first of his many nostalgic poems on the happy innocence





of childhood, and the perfidy and disillusionment to be found in the adult world. He was never quite able to adjust to that universe of maturity, never quite wise enough to understand the reality that lay beneath the surface appearance of faithlessness. In his many versions of this blighted love (and he used it not only in the realistic letter to Perry, but in his one venture as a novelist, "Early Affections," published serially in one of the Ohio papers; in "The Wonderful Boy," above quoted; and as inspiration for a dozen melancholy lyrics in the next few years), he never once seems to have thought of the heartache of the girl whom he had left to the sordid realities of life as a farm servant, while he adventured as a "Frei Bursch" in the jovial west; no thought of her normal passions forced to feed upon his romantic quatrains, and chilled by his calm announcement that he "had made his calculations" to keep her waiting for three more years; no consideration of the family pressure that must have been brought to bear upon her; of the temptation offered by the devoted attentions of an amorous man who did not think that learning was more important than love. Henry saw only that he had been treated with perfidy.

There were other reasons for his melancholy that December day. If he had hoped that the death of the good mother would heal the misunderstanding between his father and himself, he had been mistaken. George Harbaugh still refused stubbornly to help his son prepare for the ministry. Nor had the \$200 still owed to him in Ohio been paid. His projected summer of study at Mercersburg had been abandoned. We have no way of telling how he filled the time, for except for one poem, inspired by the explosion of a steamboat at Cincinnati in





May of that year, no manuscript of the period is to be found.

By January 1839 he had returned to Canal Dover and was there engaged in teaching school. It was the year the Ohio Uniform School Law went into effect, which may have opened an unexpected opportunity. A letter which Perry answered on January 26, but which has unfortunately disappeared, evidently explained this sudden transformation, for Perry, in reply, answers questions about the school system of New York State, and twits his friend upon his new status, claiming that his independence as a married man gives him more opportunity to continue his studies than Henry can have: "I can do up my chores, and take my book if inclination dictates it & read without the disturbance of half a dozen brats and urchins scampering about the floor & ever and anon coming to me to have me let them take my knife, etc. etc. or I can get my pen & ink & cover half a sheet without hearing a single word or being jig-gled by some little scamp clambering up my chair-back to look over my shoulder & now while the pitiless storm is howling without & the wind is driving the snow in clouds and hurricanes & banking up my cottage door, I take my 'stumpie' of a quill (as Burns calls it) and spread myself upon the cross-legged dining table to scribble to you while 'wife' naps it on the bed & having a good big pile of wood in the corner with a crackling fire in the stove, I think I am as well sequestered as your honor while in your school-room & I have this advantage, when I become weary of writing & wax sleepy, I can turn into bed without the trouble of bundling myself up snug in my coat and overcoat & tieing up my ears & then turning out into the cold snowstorm to go to my lodgings. Yes, I can bank up the fire, prepare my 'kindlers'





see that the cat is out & the door latched, pull off my clothes, extinguish my light & slip into a warm bed &—.”  
(Somehow one wishes one could have known Perry.)

Henry's next letter of Feb. 1 is gotten up in newspaper style and headed:

Monthly Messenger Edited by H. Harbaugh.

Dover, Ohio, February 1st, 1839

Vol. 1st

No. 1

Knowledge is Power

Terms 18 3/4 cents per copy<sup>s</sup>

The columns of this gazette are devoted to poetry and news items, one of the latter being the account of a “ball”! Henry undoubtedly felt that, after his disillusionment with life, he was plunging himself into a very sink of iniquity. As nearly as one can gather, it was the only party of the kind which he had ever seen, or ever saw afterward, but it remained, for him, throughout his life, the very pattern of the vices of high life. He felt sure that he knew all about the follies in which “modern society” indulged. Like the saga of Valentine Shockey, this one contact with worldly sin came to assume in his thoughts a sort of horrifying glamor, and he used it many times to embellish his sermons and *Guardian* articles with an example of the naughty life lived by the unChristian majority.

As described in this letter, the scene cannot have been quite so dreadful as he later envisioned it. It happened at a tavern in a small village where he spent the night while going from Dover on a visit to Massillon. The “ball” was being held in an upstairs room, and the inn-keeper invited him to look on:

“Night drew on apace, and as it approached new views and visions presented themselves to our view. The din





and whir of carriages up and down street, with lasses covered with gauze and lace fluttering in the air, all gathered up! All, all, all, in the parlor or setting room. How does Miss Flapwing appear this evening? Oh Gay. I suppose she takes the shine off Miss Greatsplash? O I don't know—there is Miss Obsquint she has her face set elegantly to return compliments, etc., etc. visa versa, untill the ball-room was lighted up and the word was given to the gentlemen in the quizical society to attend the ladys upstairs, and now cliter clatter, cliter clatter. Did you ever seen a drove of sheep running over a stone fence, if you did you have some idea of this circumstance. Well now—'Thinks I to myself' this is a pretty exhibition. This is one of the accomplishments that some folks tell us are so indispensably requisite to make persons appear graceful and agréable in the world. Well, after awhile, I was invited to step in and see. 'Thinks I to myself I'll go.'

"The partners were chosen, all on the floor! all, all. Fiddler ready—ready, and now Lo! and Behold! What a beautiful sight! At least 15 gentlemen and as many ladies, all on foot, engaged in the pleasing and essential exercize of '*Dancing*.' And what did it look like? Do you eat any corn mush in York state? If you do, just look into your mush pot when it is in a high condition of boiling and you will see a striking resemblance, by considering the top of their heads as the top of the mush-pot, up and down, up and down. At last the fiddle stops, and away they fly like a tale that is told."

The rest of the letter is taken up with the discussion of the theological question which Perry had proposed in his last. This was the supposed object of the entire correspondence. In each letter a subject was announced, upon which the other was to write his opinions. Here a





curious difference is noticed by the reader with patience to follow the somewhat naive disputation. Perry, so sane and well-balanced in the questions of everyday life, inclined to fanaticism in his religious beliefs and to apocalyptic interpretations of Scripture, while Henry, growing more and more intolerant in the realm of ethics, treated his theology with an open mind and a sweet reasonableness that speaks well for Mr. Glessner's catechizing. Perry, for instance, was deeply impressed by the novel doctrines of the Baptists—until he attended a "protracted meeting" and saw them in action—whereas Henry insisted that "The religion of Christ is a religion of the heart and does not consist of formal rites or cool observance of the law."

This letter of Feb. 1 contains the information: "My health this winter has been remarkably good, my first quarter of school was up on the 26 of last month. I have taken up for one month more." He speaks very little of his teaching experience, of which he does not seem to have been proud. Indeed, if teaching was paid, as in Perry's community, at the rate of 15 to 25 dollars a month for the winter term, it was not a position to be coveted.

We have, indeed, only one curious memento of the Canal Dover school, in the form of a solemn testimonial indited in an interesting school-boy imitation of his own best handwriting, on the back of one of his own compositions of the period:

"This is to certify that H. Harbaugh has been kind to evry one of us and he has tried to learn us all he has done unto us what was right and I give him the praise of any one that I have went to.

Adam Helwig."





As a testimonial to the teacher's efficiency this leaves something to be desired.

It is interesting to speculate upon the relationship of young Adam Helwig to the Miss Rebecca Helwig who, the next year, married Henry's older brother Leonard. It seems probable that Henry lodged with the Helwigs, and Rebecca may have been one of the young ladies mentioned in Henry's next letter to Perry, Feb. 23, 1839: "The 2 last evenings back I spent with two female acquaintances in the privacy of the said my residence. The case was this, the females are engaged in making a quilt and they know (but this is boasting) that I am a tolerable —(you must say it) fellow—So they invited *only* me to give them company. We sung, we talked, we eat apples—and one of them and I Q-o-u-e-ted [can he possibly mean coquetted?] a little. O, Perry, who is better qualified to pour the balm of consolation into the heart of the way-worn pilgrim through the cloud-thatched vale of life than a virtuous, sincere, and intelligent female!"

Thus consoled he was able to relate to his bosom friend the story of last summer's tragedy, and to conclude quite calmly: "My last month of school is out. I will now work in Dover until 1st of May then I go to school."

If we are to trust the numerals which someone has added to the outside of these letters, seven are here lost from the series. They do not begin again until the fall of 1840 when Henry is safely in Mercersburg. Two eventful summers lie between, and a winter again spent in Canal Dover, presumably teaching.

The summers were spent in the village of New Hagerstown, in Carroll County, Ohio, (A place of "two taverns, two churches, three stores, one squire, a female seminary & an academy," of which the population, even to-day, is not quite 200.) The Academy was one of the





hundreds of such institutions which flourished in small Ohio towns before the public high schools crowded them out of business. For two summer terms Henry Harbaugh, now in his twenties, was a student at this boys' school. He took an active part in student affairs, becoming a member of the "Madison Literary Society" which, after the fashion of the day, enrolled half of the student body, while the other half joined the "Franklin"—thus furnishing opportunity for the debates and oratorical contests beloved of all young men in that heyday of the stump speech. Henry was elected to office in the former, for we have his inaugural address, which unfortunately, is neither dated nor specific as to the position he filled. He also took part in all public exhibitions of the society and the school. His efforts for these occasions were sometimes a little startling—as is the case of his burlesque treatise on "Modern Logic" in which he investigates with exhaustive rhetoric the question of whether a man's mouth may properly be called a "tobacco box," since a "box" is a receptacle into which something is put. His opening is as inelegant as his subject:

"I shall not detain you with preface, introduction, or apology, but pounce right upon my subject like grim death upon a dead nigger."

Other essays, however, are more serious—some quite ambitious, like the lengthy and philosophical discourse on *Music* which he presented at the exhibition which closed on Sept. 27, his first summer term at the Academy; or the "Dialogue" between an American Indian, a negro slave, and a white slave-owner, on which he obviously spent much time and labor (for five re-workings of it exist)—a production which shows a great deal of social conscience for the 1840s, and might have enlight-





ened Dickens as to the opinions of small-town society in the middle-West.

Linn Harbaugh quotes (presumably from one of the lost letters to Perry) a description of his room at the Academy:

"Fancy to yourself you see a large, three story brick house, not altogether finished. Now do not be forever gazing at the outside, but step in, straight forward, upstairs, turn to the left, (need not knock), well here is Harbaugh's studying room! Take care, don't tramp on the nail that sticks up in the floor near the door. Do you know what that's for? Well, I'll tell you: there are a few fellows in the other rooms who are fond of popping in to molest me, so you see we take that piece of board, and put one end against the door and the other against the nail, then when they knock, 'there is nobody at home.' "

We know from the dedication of several poems that his room-mate was named R. Armstrong; we know that the students referred to the place most frequently as "Connotton." We catch a vague glimpse of another young lady by means of several verses "Respectfully dedicated to Miss A. B." We know there was an "Old Leylac Bush" somewhere in the vicinity, which, if his date is not wrong, unseasonably bloomed in June.

Beyond this we know little of New Hagerstown except that his spelling, grammar and handwriting improved a great deal, but that his taste for florid rhetoric was greatly aggravated. Linn says that Henry's father visited him late in the summer, but that nothing came of the visit so far as Henry's hopes of financial aid were concerned. That he was back in Canal Dover by December 1 is shown by the manuscripts (poems for the "Dover Democrat" addressed to "Miss E - -"), but ap-





parently he only taught for one term this time, and returned to New Hagerstown in March, where he remained until October, taking part in debates and contests, and delivering an ardent Fourth of July oration apparently to the entire community.

On August 25 he wrote the first poem dedicated "To Miss G-d-ch." Many years later he wrote for his oldest daughter Mary a "History of Louisa Harbaugh":

"In the summer of 1840 I became acquainted with your mother, who resided with her parents about a mile from town. Becoming interested in her, I procured for her Books from the Academy Library to read, and in various ways, encouraged her in the cultivation of her mind for which she showed much taste. . . She had learned the milliner trade, and circumstances seemed to confine her to it, and thus to interfere with her desire of going to school . .

"When I left that place in October 1840, for Mercersburg, I agreed to correspond with her, in order to give her the same counsel and assistance as I had rendered her before, for which she was anxious. It was mutually understood that our correspondence should have no further meaning or design."

This sounds distinctly cool. Henry was taking no chances of further emotional entanglements. His immediate concern was college. To Perry, however, safely away in Lakeville, his enthusiasm was less temperate:

"I left [Ohio] on the 20th Oct, in a 2 horse Carriage, in company with my Brother [Leonard] and his wife. He got married out there & was just bringing his wife to see the country, so I got passage. We were on the way 7 days, arrived on 27th, had good luck & found all my friends and relations well, & glad to see the lonely wander once more. I was very reluctant to leave Ohio





and particularly the Vale of Connotton where with my school associates I have spent many halcyon hours, as the poet says: "patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi, 'viz, 'reclining beneath the shade of the wide-spreading beach-tree.' Our hearts & feelings in concord with Nature's harmony—but not only with such—but with one more lovely, more congenial & more beloved. With her have I often passed 'The rural day & talked the flowing heart . . . ' Hours, Perry, have I spent in Connotton's Vale that Like those in Massillon will never be forgotten. . . There is one there, (a Yankee, her father at least is from Conn.) with whom I spent many pleasant hours. She is intelligent, virtuous and prudent, & beautiful. I got a letter from her a few days ago. After mentioning her regret at our estrangement she makes the following quotation from a book called 'The Religious Offering' which I presented to her, which shows volumes of her prudence. She says that however much she desired my presence yet—

'I would not call you from the post where  
*duty* bids you be.'"



### CHAPTER III

#### SUNLIGHT ON THE NORTH MOUNTAINS

*"Was war do'n gelernt Gemisch,  
Mit grosse Biecher uf'm Disch,  
Un Dinte, un Babier."*

Oh what a lot of learned men!  
Their tables filled with book and pen  
And ink and paper, too.

John Williamson Nevin, newly called to the chair of Didactic Theology in the seminary at Mercersburg, and of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy at Marshall College, only a few months married, and only newly dismissed from the Presbyterian into the Reformed Church, struggling with strange doctrines, new educational problems, and the adjustment of himself to the Pennsylvania-German atmosphere in which he had never before so intimately moved, found himself, at the opening of the fall term of 1840, compelled by mere humanity to take upon his shoulders, in addition to his own novel duties, as many as possible of the executive burdens of the new college, to relieve the frail and failing constitution of its vivid young president, Friedrich Augustus Rauch. Dr. Rauch, scholar, dreamer, organizer and teacher of almost legendary excellence, had burned both ends of his candle until its lovely light had irradiated a little community of scholars to such an extent that they were to glow with its radiance for half a century to come. But the heat of its burning was melting his slender body to its rapid end. He spent most of his days on a couch in the North Cottage, and the vigorous new professor who already worshipped him, took details from his hands.<sup>1</sup>





Young Dr. Nevin, himself only thirty-seven years of age, of the so-called "Scotch-Irish" stock of the upper Cumberland Valley, handsome, poised, distinguished, suave in manner, meticulous in dress—a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, a former professor of Biblical Literature at Western Theological Seminary—classical and Hebrew scholar, author of an authoritative book on Biblical antiquities and editor of a moderately successful religious paper, was utterly competent to assume his new responsibilities.<sup>2</sup> He sat one morning, early in November, 1840, at his desk in the newly built Seminary building which, for the present, served the college as well. The winter term was about to begin, and he was hard at work. He looked up to find before him a heavy-set, red-haired, roughly clad young Dutchman, 23 years old, awkward of manner, thick of tongue, utterly alien to the cultured man whom he approached. There was in his bearing the diffidence of the child of the lonely mountain farm, the crude vulgarity of the journeyman carpenter of the raw frontier, the sentimental romanticism of the untutored disciple of Bryon and Burns; and yet there must have been, too, a certain steady self-assurance, born of his utter faith in his "call," and of his experience of the possibilities of self-support and self-advancement.

Even at that first meeting something must have flashed up in the souls of these two men, so unlike in externals, so like in essential character. The quick mind of the professor must have seen in the untutored mind of his junior, material ready and eager for his molding. The would-be pupil must have seen the man who could most readily fulfill his long frustrated dreams. It was beyond the powers of even a Nevin, however, to have divined the future in which this young man would sit in his





chair, inhabit his house, teach his courses, popularize his theology. Nor could he have dreamed that, himself still in the height of his own powers and usefulness, he would one day preach the funeral sermon of the restive young man before him. Nevertheless he was impressed.<sup>3</sup>

The admission and classification of the youth, however, were a matter of perplexity. There were, of course, in a college primarily intended for the education of the rural Pennsylvania-German youth, many students as crude, many with as little background, perhaps a few with as irregular a preparation, but a man of 23, with less formal schooling than most of the small boys of the Academy, with almost no money, laboring against family opposition and the laughter of his friends, who announced with composure that he wished to study Latin and Greek and to be prepared for almost immediate entrance into the seminary. Really, for an inexperienced administrator this was a little hard. Nevin gave the young man a stiff oral examination, and was astonished at the results which personal application had produced. He accepted the applicant, and classified him first in the preparatory department,<sup>4</sup> although in view of his maturity he was not required to live with the boys in the crowded and unsafe building then occupied by the preparatorians, but allowed to take a room at Mrs. Boyd's, one of the numerous boarding houses in the town.

The catalogue of Marshall College for that year first carried the description of its situation, which has been often quoted but is still as vivid as when it was new. We more than suspect it to be from the pen of William M. Nevin, who had just joined his brother at the college, in the chair of Ancient Languages and Belles Lettres—

“Mercersburg is a village of about twelve hundred inhabitants, situated in Franklin County, in the midst





of a fertile limestone region, near the base of the North Mountains. It is more than usually retired, though within a short distance of the great thorough-fares of travel on different sides. At the same time it has the advantage of a daily mail. Few places, it is believed, furnish less occasion, in the case of Students, for distraction or dissipation of mind. It would be hard to find a location more favorable altogether to health. As respects scenery, it may be described as more than beautiful; it is absolutely splendid. At the distance of from two to five miles, the mountains are thrown around it in a sort of half-circle, gracefully irregular, and imposingly picturesque; forming a vast amphitheatre, from whose towering sides, in every direction, Nature looks forth upon the beholder, through sunshine or storm, in her most magnificent apparel . . . All that surrounds us, in early life especially, is educational. The world within us is ever an image, more or less, of the world that looks upon us from without. In this respect Marshall College may be said to possess, in the absolute retirement of its situation and the rural interest with which it is surrounded, a more than common advantage. The moral influence of its position is healthful. Spiritually as well as physically, the air that breathes upon it is pure and salubrious, and the skies that look down upon it benignant and free."

Henry wrote to Perry on Nov. 26, "I like the college well. I of course, thus far, have not much enjoyed myself much—being altogether strange. Boarding is from 1.50 to 2.25. I pay 1.87½ per week—tuition from 10 to 18 dollars per session." [This was higher than the Preparatory fee, and slightly lower than the college—in keeping with the other irregularities of his position.] "There are about 125 or 30 students. I am studying, at





present, Latin & Greek only. Greek is hard—more so than plaining ‘Lags’ or ‘boating in the ice.’ The College course is four years, probably I will not take a full course.”

Judging from this statement, Henry must have been, at the moment, completely under the tuition of William Nevin—the happiest influence he could have enjoyed. William, although lacking the tremendous force and driving energy of his brother, had a charm and winsomeness of character which his brother lacked. Only ten years older than Henry, but far his superior in education and culture, he was equipped to give the boy that for which he yearned in his heart far more deeply than he did for the ministry. Even within their first term of college the influence of the new professor is markedly discernible upon the literary productions of the new pupil. These two were to grow very close in their relationship; the feeling of pupil-teacher was gradually to fade into the background of a friendship based on mutual respect, and eventually the stronger character of the younger man was to climb into the ascendancy, until when Henry was pastor and William elder of the First Reformed Church in Lancaster, the older man was distinctly proud to serve as subordinate to his former pupil.

One of the first considerations of a new college student, in those days, was the choice of a literary society. Marshall College had two English societies, the Goethean and the Diagnothian, which were bitter rivals, and one German society, the Deutsche Gesellschaft. As between the two English societies, Henry decided upon the Diagnothian. There was, we may be sure, keen competition for his membership. The societies had not yet built their halls, and needed every available asset in manpower for the project. No new student was too poor, too awkward,





or too inconspicuous to be enlisted. Whether Dr. William Nevin's humorous account in his "Sobersides Papers"<sup>5</sup> is intended literally may be open to doubt, but we can accept the fact that representatives of the societies waited at the inn to meet the stage-coach, or even when warned of the approach of a promising freshman, walked across the hills to ride in with it, in order to urge the claims of their organization upon the newcomer. There is, officially recorded in the minutes of the faculty, the case of at least one bloody nose arising from this internecine rivalry.

Henry, however, seems to have made his choice not because of the virtues affirmed by its members, but because of the faults alleged by its rivals (a not unusual reaction). According to legend, he replied to the Goethian assertion that the Diagnothians lacked piety, with the retort, "In that case perhaps I can do them some good."<sup>6</sup> Whereupon, early in December, he wrote a formal little note to the society, in which he stated that "Having connected myself with this institution, and intending to spend some time in the pursuit of literature," he has decided to prefer their society "from a belief that I shall be enabled to unite with you with greater pleasure and benefit."<sup>7</sup>

Unlike young Theodore Appel, who although six years younger than Henry was already a Junior in college and had joined the Diagnothians a year before, Henry did not at first thrust himself forward. Theodore tells us that at the first meeting he attended, he sprang to his feet in the discussion, "as the longer I put it off, the more difficult it would be for me to break the ice, and the more likely it might turn out that I would get back into a corner and stay there."<sup>8</sup>

Henry may have heard that such temerity had earned





the youngster a snub from the president, who rebuked him for quoting scripture, contrary to the by-laws of the society; or it may have been that Theodore's brashness was really, as he claims, a cover for timidity, and Henry's restraint merely the poised self-confidence of one absolutely sure of his powers.

Theodore reports: "He sat and listened, for awhile, but looked as if his thoughts were somewhere else, rather absent-minded; and it was not thought that there was anything special in him, or that anything special would come out of him. On one occasion, however, when he was called on to read a composition, he got up and recited a very beautiful little poem, full of tenderness and pathos, something very remarkable in the circumstances, and very surprising to his fellow-members. The wonder was where this rural addition to the society had found such thoughts and such words. At once he rose up as one of our brightest stars, and we were all of us very proud of him."<sup>9</sup>

No evidence seems to exist as to which of the many poems of this period is here referred to, but if the epithets "tenderness and pathos" really apply, (and Dr. Appel was usually felicitous in his choice of epithet), the most likely candidate would seem to be the rather wistful lyric "I once had a beautiful rose-tree," which in spite of its crudities, and although like most of his productions of the time, it still dwells upon blasted hopes and blighted affections, is really startling in its improvement over his Ohio efforts. The poet in him was beginning to learn the control of his Pegasus, and there is much in the verses which excels his later secular poems.

Another striking and curious relic of the period is entitled "Imitation of Mignon" and begins, "Know you the land where the Buckeye blows?"<sup>10</sup> It is a light-





hearted and engaging pean in praise of Ohio, and his fair maid, and a cot by the stream; but it marks a sudden awakening to the possibility of using the things he knew as poetic material. The poem has the scent and color of the Ohio harvest field, and extols the "red robin," the oak and the elm, and the waving wheat, and maids who "dress neatly and love without rules." It is as fresh and natural as an American primitive in painting, and offers a promise of good things to come, which in this field was never fulfilled. Professor Nevin's influence was making itself felt.

It is startling to find a college student imitating Goethe at a date when the great man's name was scarcely known in the United States. The explanation, however, is obvious. We have said that he joined the "Deutsche Literarische Gesellschaft." This society was the fruit of Dr. Rauch's desire to awaken in the breasts of the stolid Pennsylvania-German students a pride in their cultural heritage, and an understanding of the history and literature of their ancestral home. Having, himself, mastered the English language in the few years of his American exile to such perfection that he could publish books in it, in which one can find little evidence of his foreign birth, the vivid little president was not unnaturally impatient with persons of German origin and American rearing who could speak fluently only in what must have seemed to him a "pidgen" language and were ill at ease in both the English and the German tongues. The Gesellschaft aimed to remedy this defect. In the true spirit of Dr. Rauch the members were unsparing in their criticisms of one another when their tongues lapsed into the comfortable "Deutsch." Henry, who had only heard the high German in church and in family prayers, and had spoken exclusively in the dialect, was quick to see the handicap





which such a lack might become to him in his chosen profession. Although many preachers were already going into the ministry of the Reformed Church without a knowledge of German, the greater number of churches still had at least some services in German, and many required at least one German sermon each week.

In January, just after the fire which destroyed the old Preparatory building, he wrote to his father:

"I intend to commence to study the German language on Monday, as I consider it wrong for me to keep studying other things of less importance before I know the language in which I was raised better. I will study the German with Professor Good. He is a good German scholar and fond of teaching it . . . Probably if snow comes some of you will pay me a visit [by sleigh], and if so I hope you will not forget to put some of the good apples in the box."

Rev. William A. Good, rector of the Preparatory, had obviously stepped in to take the place of Dr. Rauch, now rapidly becoming too ill to teach even from his couch, as he had done in the early winter. However, Dr. Good probably followed the outlines worked out by his great forerunner, and taught by the study of the best in German literature. Marshall College was the first college in America to list Goethe's *Faust* as a textbook; and by the spring vacation in April, Henry is writing to Perry: "I am pursuing my studies at home . . . I chiefly read, and spend some time at the Greek. I am at present reading Rollin's Ancient History in English and *Faust* in German; a tragedy by Goethe. It is lengthy. I read it chiefly to get at the most classical German—he being one of the best of German writers. I studied the German grammar at College during the winter. I am fond of it—the German poetry is lofty and pleasing—particularly





that of Goethe and Schiller, the prose is full, pompous and comprehensive. One thing I remarked more particularly in the German poetry. It is this. Ideas can be expressed with beauty, that if they were brought in English would be flat."

This is an astonishingly keen observation and implies more than he realized. He has struck not only the reason why almost all attempts to translate German lyrics are failures, but also the reason for his own pathetic lack of success as an English lyricist. The subject matter of his English poems is often the matter of which Schiller and Goethe made immortal poetry—in English, as he himself has just said, it is "flat."

Henry's decision to study German may have been the final cause of his father's change of heart. It is more probable, however, that it was the result of long accumulated pride in the boy's firmness of purpose, so like his own, and of respect for his genuine achievements in the face of so many obstacles. At all events, some time in this year, George Harbaugh agreed to help his son with the expenses of the remainder of his course, and the nightmare of penny pinching was removed.

The year of 1841 was a crucial one for Marshall College. It was the first year of Dr. Nevin's presidency. It was the year of the "Centenary Celebration" of the founding of the Reformed Church on this continent, of the enthusiasm for which the Synod proposed to take advantage in order to raise funds to establish the College and Seminary on a firmer basis. The year began in January with the burning of the old Preparatory building—no great loss to the College, as it forced the erection of decent quarters for that department. Far more tragic was the death, on the fourth of March (the day of Wm. Henry Harrison's inauguration as President of the





United States), of Friedrich Augustus Rauch, the first president of the college, and its inspiring leader through so many troubles. Henry, writing to his brother George, said: "Suppose you come up some one of these Saturdays and I will make you a present of a copy of Dr. Rauch's Psychology—the book the man wrote who died last spring, and that will pay you for your ride."

The fire and the death, with other events of the year, were published, with illustrations, in the *Rupjonjim*, a manuscript weekly magazine written by a group of students, the mention of which brings us to one of the most entertaining events in young Harbaugh's career, or indeed, in the whole history of Marshall student life of the period. So amusing indeed is the history, and so difficult is it at this date to dig out the story from the archaeological obscurity in which it has been buried, that the modern student who sees the episode emerging feature by feature under his efforts, like an ancient terracotta coming out of its coating of mud under the brush of the skilled paleontologist, is tempted to enlarge upon it out of all proportion to its historical or biographical importance. The story, gathered from many sources, but chiefly from a bound file of the said periodical in the college archives, is this: In the summer term of 1840, there had appeared on the campus a weekly paper known as the *Ranala*. This was probably founded (although we cannot be certain of it) by Jeremiah H. Good and Reuben Good, younger brothers of William Good, rector of the Preparatory and Henry's German tutor. These two were later co-founders of Heidelberg College in Tiffin, Ohio, of whose seminary Jeremiah was for some years president. The paper was written in long-hand by the editors, and illustrated by Jeremiah who was a remarkably clever artist with a sharp facility for





catching likenesses. His illustrations were signed with the pseudonym "Jared." Several copies of each issue were made, and passed from hand to hand among the subscribers. Whether there was really a squabble between the brother editors, or whether they merely saw the financial advantage of competition, at the beginning of the Fall Term the *Rupjonjim* made its debut, professing to be the violent rival of the older paper and devoting much of its space to criticism of the other editors. The *Ranala* continued publication still under control of Reuben Good, and probably his roommate, George Staley. The *Rupjonjim* purported to be edited by Jared and Franklin, and the bound volume has a colored title page headed simply *The*, above a picture of three students around a table with paper and ink. The three portraits (obviously real likenesses) are undoubtedly "Rup," "Jon" and "Jim." As it seems to have been a point of honor never to mention real names in these publications, it has been impossible to identify any of these.<sup>11</sup> They were certainly above the average run of student journalists, for their work, although often crude, and sometimes scandalous, is bright and entertaining even today. In addition to news, literary essays, travel and poetry, and "Jared's" really striking pictures, there were also personalities. The mud slung at the editors of *Ranala* seems sometimes ill-natured until we know that the rival editor was Jared's brother, when it becomes merely horse-play. Some of the other persons referred to under pseudonyms were not, however, so well pleased. Their objection seems to have been based upon the fact that "Jared's" portraits were too lifelike, and he had many letters of protest.

In February of 1841, the *Rupjonjim* announced the publication of another rival paper, the *Aldeboronti-*







THE PICTURE WHICH WITH THE POEM "JONNY PEEP" CAUSED THE DUEL  
WITH POKEBERRIES, 1842.

(From "The Rupjonjim" manuscript student newspaper, in the  
Nevoniana collection of the Fackenthal Library, Franklin & Marshall  
College.)





*phosciphornisticos*. We learn from Theodore Appel's notebook that the editor of this jaw-breaking performance was Daniel Negley—an irregular student, and a most unpopular character. This boy was handicapped by a short right leg, so that he was forced to wear what was the only remedy for that deformity in his day, a heavy cork sole. Students, angered by his sharp and clever sarcasms, and his incorrigible prying and tattling of campus gossip, inevitably nicknamed him "cork-leg." The same number of *Rupjonjim* which contains the announcement carries as its feature a poem, the first of a series, entitled "Jonny Peep." It is illustrated with one of Jared's full-length portraits, which, while it avoids showing any deformity of the feet, seems to have been, as usual, quite recognizable. The first poem begins:

"I write this to be published in  
Your noble paper, *Rupjonjim*,  
And as I go I will relate  
The doings of a little prate;  
Who's e'er awake and ne'er asleep  
Known by the name of 'Jonny Peep.'  
\* \* \*

No one hates him, only such  
As think that Jonny knows too much.  
For what he knows he's sure to tell,  
And many do not like it well."

The author of this new series is said, in an editorial, to be "a new contributor," and this is all we might have known of him, had not the original manuscript, folded and addressed "To the Editors of the *Rupjonjim*," and all in the writing of Henry Harbaugh, been found a year or so ago among the Harbaugh manuscripts.

The second poem (also vividly illustrated) reveals that the leading offense of "Jonny Peep" lies in leading lovelorn students to confess their amatory woes to him,





and then to publish the tale. One wonders whether Henry had been telling his own favorite story. A note further on in this number says that the editor of the "Alde" has "been brought over for trial for two cases of libel already . . . very good beginning for a two-weeks paper."

The next number, the "Fourth of March" issue, is the one which describes the inauguration of General Harrison and the death of Dr. Rauch. Jared copied from several published pictures an elaborate picture of the inauguration, inserting therein the portraits of his rival editors, making "Cork-leg's" shoe very conspicuous, and drawing attention to it in the accompanying notice. (The memorial portrait of Dr. Rauch, complete with urn, by the way, is said to be the best known likeness of the little scholar, and was produced in quantities by the artist for sale. The Diagnosthians ordered two of them.)<sup>12</sup>

The "Jonny Peep" poems had by this time raised a considerable stir. Like the schoolmasters who came to London to thrash Dickens for lampooning them in the character of Squeers, boys throughout the college began recognizing themselves either as the injured lovers or as Peep himself, and wrote to the editor demanding the author's name. One of them definitely threatened a libel suit. The editors replied that "Your base assertion will never draw from us the author of *Jonny Peep* or any other article."

Whether this or another cause brought the friction between "Cork-leg" and his fellows to a head, we cannot tell. It would be fun to think that Harbaugh was the offender whom Mr. Negley challenged to a duel, but there is no proof of it whatever. Dr. Appel says he was "offended at something or other," and the poem in the next *Rupjonjim* lays the cause to a quarrel about a





watermelon, which ended in the offender laying irreverent hands upon the cork-leg. At all events, the harassed editor of the *Aldeborontiphosciphornisticos* issued a formal challenge, which to the considerable affright of his cooling emotions was accepted. All narrators here agree that all parties concerned, the challenged enemy, and the seconds on both sides, were agreed to teach the pitiful but mischief-making editor a good lesson, and to force him to carry through his challenge in dead earnest, although the pistols should really be loaded with pokeberries. The stories also agree that on the duelling field Negley broke down and humiliated himself with abject apologies and pleas to be let off, but was forced to stand up and fire. From here the stories differ. Dr. Appel says that, seeing his opponent fall to the ground, apparently dripping with blood, the poor boy took to his heels and had to be sought out and disillusioned. The account in the *Rupjonjim* is even more humiliating:

“The champions shoot, Daniel falls to the ground,  
O’ercome by fright, not by a bleeding wound  
(For it had not been thus by fate decreed  
Of Daniel’s life to cut the brittle thread.)  
All red was he indeed. Yet not with blood  
But with poke-berries to which some kind God  
Within the charged pistol had changed the shot.

\* \* \*

Cordial is now applied. Daniel revives  
Quite glad to find he’s not dead but alive.”



## CHAPTER IV

### DEAR FRIEND

“’S *sin Unchuld's*—*Geischter, froh un schlicht*  
*Sie wandle do im Mondelicht.*”

The ghosts are innocent and fair  
That wander in the moonlight there.

Nov. 26th, 1840

H. H. to Perry West.

“Perry I have a notion to get me a Yankee wife when I get through college. What do you think of it? Suppose I bespeak her now and take her to me when I get through with my studies. What say you to it? Wouldn't the interval be a good time and opportunity of *cultivating and testing a genuine feeling?*”

Feb. 6, 1841

H. H. to Louisa Goodrich.

“I have been thinking about what you often told me, that you would like to go to school, and the interest I feel in your happiness makes me speak of it. It is true that you can have some opportunity where you are [with an uncle at Gnadenhutten, Ohio] or at home, but these schools will never suit you . . . you will never attain the object you long for unless you can go some where away from home. And you have an excellent chance, as you have an uncle in Steubenville, who no doubt would be happy to have you stay with him . . . And I have no doubt, your parents would let you go as freely as where you are now, if you desire it of them . . . If I were you, I would propose it to my parents, they would not deny it to one





they love as much as they do you. I hope you will not take anything amiss that I have said, but regard it as . . . coming from one that allways cherishes the warmest feelings toward you."

March 15th, 1841

Louisa G. to H. H.

"Dear Friend,

. . . I proposed to my parents to let me go to Steubenville. They think I cannot go; and I cannot go unless they are willing. There is a female school here now. There are 18 or 20 ladies attending. I suppose I can go here after a while; but I would freely go to Steubenville."

May 12th, 1841

H. H. to L. G.

"You say I shall not forget you if you cannot go to school. I never can forget you. When you write please tell me what they said, and if they know that I requested it of you, and tell me the reason why they are not willing. Whether on account of not wishing to let you go from home, or the expenses, or on some other account. You need not be backward about telling me."

May ? 1841

L. G. to H. H.

"It is on account of the expenses, and also because they do not wish me to go away from home. But I could go if I had enough to go on."

June 24, 1841

H. H. to Perry West.

" . . . Now Perry, just consider, a moment, how



strangely the world tumbles in circumstances upon us. A few years back we were together at the same table—shop—stove and ‘board’ and had, by the by, a shorter way of communication by (Just as I had finished the word *by* in popped a student with the usual phrase on his tongue ‘come friend Henry, let’s take a walk.’ Well, of course, I must go, the consequence is that a day has intervened, and now I am again at the pen, ready to take down the word) *blocks*, which, you will recollect, refers to the epistles we were wont to throw to each other across the machine shop. Do you mind how you used to criticize me for my pronunciation of the *v* for *w* such as ‘*werry* good’ and ‘cast iron veels.’ I am happy to inform you that during my peregrinations in the West, I overcame these difficulties. They may, with propriety be called ‘difficulties’ for such a full-born *Dutchman* as myself . . . Perry, I think I must try to pay you and the New England cities a visit some of these years . . . If you have any splendid ladies there tell them to wait till I get through college, *plague* these colleges, there is nothing in them half so sweet as the society of ladies—but no odds, we some times fly off at a tangent and still get with them. Such was the case last evening when I and that student took that walk. We met a few ladies and walked with them. But accuse me not of inconstancy!”

Notebook of Dr. Theodore Appel:

“Somebody paid *Jane* a good deal of attention—H.H.—but as he was engaged to a lady in Ohio, he naturally felt the incongruity of such a position. In some way or other it was so managed that John [Leshner] got into his shoes—apparently cutting him out and then all was well.”





H. H. to Louisa's daughter, many years later:

"Though there was at this time no actual engagement between us . . . yet such was my interest in her, that I wrote her as follows:

July 6, 1841

H. H. to L. G.

"Now I want to be candid, and hope you will be too. You know my object in life. You know the situation in which I intend to place myself in future, after I finish my education. And you can judge what kind of a companion would make me happy. You know I must have one that is educated . . . Now you have given me repeated proofs of love . . . and I can assure you that your love is reciprocated by a heart warm as your own. I mention these things so that none of us may be deceived in our hopes. Now I want you to be candid, and write me your candid and sincere thoughts. As I love you dear as my own happiness, I cannot deceive you. The reasons you say are that they do not want you to go from home. And the expenses. This last difficulty could easily be removed . . . Now tell me when you write whether your parents would freely let you go if you get the means some other place, and also tell me whether it is the sincere desire of your heart to go, or whether you would rather break off from me, and not go . . . I often told you my mind—probably not as plain as now—but we have a right to write plain—it is between us and a matter in which our happiness is concerned . . ."

July 26, 1841

L. G. to H. H.

"Dear Friend,

I received your last letter a few days ago, which was



welcome and it is with much pleasure that I embrace this privilege of answering it . . . I cannot deceive one whom I have placed so much confidence in as I have in you, and as you said I hope the confidence I placed in you was not misplaced for I always have placed a great deal in you, more than in any other person . . . You wanted to know whether it is my sincere desire to go to Steubenville to school or break of you and not go—I would rather go to Steubenville to school if I had wherewith to go on. We have had a good school here last winter; and this summer there are several ladies that come from a distance to school here. There was 12 from a distance which helped the school considerable. Some was from Canton and other places . . . I would rather go to school here awhile to get farther on, and the expenses I suppose would not be more than half so much and my parents would rather I should go here . . . they are willing that I should go here steady . . . You said you did not know if our circumstances would admit whether I would be willing to link my destiny with you—I would for anything I know now; if you love me as you say you do, you know that I must think something of you or else I would not be willing to promise one who is nearly a stranger to me. To be sure, I been in your company a great deal and have enjoyed some of life's brightest hours with you—but there is others that I been longer acquainted with than I was you—but the hours I spent with you were the happiest I ever spent with anyone . . .”

August 9, 1841

H. H. to L. G.

“. . . If the Seminary is good, and you have a good teacher it will be a good plan. It depends altogether on





the Teacher. You can do well enough if you go. Tho. you will not probably learn as much in the same time as you would at Steubenville, yet as you say it will not cost so much . . . We cannot enter into engagements now, but we can continue to write and see if our feelings toward each other will continue. You know it is an important step, and as it will be some time yet before I finish my education. It will give us both time to think and you will have time as well to get an education. If I live and am well, I expect to see you next spring, about May. And if you are willing we will make no engagements until then . . . I will then persuade your parents to let you go to Steubenville."

Sept. 5th, 1841

H. H. to L. G.

"Do not let yourself be cheated out of this winter's school . . . study with Mr. Sweeny . . . if he charges you anything, 5 or 10 dollars, I will send it to you as a present and no one will be the wiser of it . . . The winter season will afford you much time for reading, for I do not expect that you will spend much time in company. I do not wish you to think that I object to your keeping company, for I have no right to do so, but I know that you will be very little benefited by the company about there. I do not know whether or not you were benefited by my company, but I endeavored to assist you in many ways to improve your mind."

Nov. 20, 1841

L. G. to H. H.

"It is cold and gloomy; everything appears sad and dismal with the gloomy aspects of coming winter. There is not even a flower to look upon to relieve the mind.



There is no female school here yet, nor any signs of any. I don't know what I shall do. I can't recite to Mr. Sweeney now—Mrs. Sweeney took sick on her visit home . . . He rooms with one of the students now, so it would not do for me to recite for him . . . Everything seems to turn against me."

Marshall College, Dec. 15, 1841

H. H. to L. G.

"Let not your hopes be so soon beclouded. You have still *One* friend."

Theo. Sem. Mercersburg, Pa., May 22, 1842

H. H. to L. G.

"Dear Louisa—

I returned to Mercersburg on yesterday evening, considerably fatigued and confused in mind, so that, until now, I felt ill-qualified to write to you . . . It is now a few days over a week since I left you . . . There is every variety of scenery on the road from Ohio here. Along the Ohio River is a lovely spot. The green banks that enamel the stream are shaded by the blossoming Buckeye, and the gentle current murmurs by as gentle and even as a good man's life. And then as you pass farther east you see by the wayside many a tasty cottage and many a lowly cabin—wealth and poverty, side by side. The lordling and the slave—the oppressor and the oppressed are all together and you are led involuntarily to ask yourself why this difference? And he is a philosopher who solves it aright . . . From [Laurel Hill] there is nothing but Mountains for about 130 miles at the end of which is a lovely valley in which Mercersburg is situated 100 miles long & 30 to 40 broad. On the top of the highest mountain the leaves were scarcely started,





the woods was bare, the trees are there about 4 weeks later in getting leaves, owing to their elevation—Through these mountains is some sublime and majestic scenery, cold rocks raise their hoary peaks on high like battlements to buffet the stormcloud . . . I have loved the mountain in all its wildness from my earliest childhood. It has been my intimate companion, and I feel myself made big with every intercourse I hold with its terrible majesty. Its power seems to correspond with something of power within me . . .

“Since I arrived at Mercersburg I have been in considerable confusion as you may suppose from fatigue and other sources consequent on a journey. And it will take me a few days before I get arranged. You see, from my writing, that I am exceedingly nervous, my hand trembles as I write, you must try to read it the best you can. And my thoughts are in such a state that I cannot write you a pretty letter . . . There has been a death, of one of my acquaintances since I arrived home. A young lady—lately married. She was a lovely girl. She died suddenly . . .

“Louisa write to me soon—*very soon* and tell me *all*. When you are going away—I suppose you are tending the writing school—I have every confidence in your faithfulness—forget nothing of which we spoke. Write without reserve. Your letters are kept close. Keep mine more so than ever. Never let it enter your mind that you are causing me any inconvenience. All I do for you increases my happiness . . . The enclosed money is not good here, but it is good I think in Ohio . . . perhaps you can use it. If you can’t use it get Armstrong to pass it for you . . . It got too far from home, that is the reason it won’t pass here.”





July 9, 1842

H. H. to L. G.

“For my part, I want to hear from you as frequently as possible. For you are my dearest friend on earth . . . I feel just as much interest in you now as if the sacred tie were already bound around us, for it is bound in heaven if not on earth, and it cannot, nor do I wish it broken . . . Your letters were beautifully written. It gave me delight to see the improvement you have made . . . I am fond of seeing a lady write with a pretty hand. You see that I write very carelessly, this comes from having so much to write every day . . . So you must not take pattern from me. [Note: Henry’s hand though not “pretty,” however, was always easily readable.] . . . I am glad to hear that your uncle is willing to board you. You must not engage to do any part of their work in order to make your board cheaper. I want you to have *all* the time for your studies and your board and tuition shall be paid. I have been thinking that probably you cannot get what you need to furnish you for school at home, such as clothes, etc.—you know some old folks think a little is enough. You must not think hard of me for mentioning this, for as you say in your last, you consider me ‘nearer & dearer than father or mother,’ so I wish to be to you. And you must not hold anything back from me. It would hurt my feelings if I thought you did. Now if you need some just tell me, as if we were already united. I will send it to you in the next letter as you need some time to fix things, and it is already fast drawing towards fall. You of course keep our letters secret, and I have told no one of our arrangement. So just be free and open. My brother knows nothing of our engagement . . . No one knows that we are engaged except Armstrong . . . I told him nothing about Steuben-





ville, only that you intended going there. You need not mind what folks say about your going. You do no one any injury by it. I know it is sufficient joy to you to make one heart beat with joy. There is one Louisa, and you know whose it is . . . I am repaid for all if I but live warmly in your affections.

"There is an Academy a short distance from here where they want a teacher—probably I will accept and teach for them this winter. I can study nearly as much as I can so. I would get through with my studies just as soon. I would get good wages. What do you think? Shall I take it? I intend to finish my studies in a year and a half from this fall. If I teach I will pursue Theology privately. Some think it is the best way. Professor Brown did so, he told me it was a good plan.

". . . Do the folks think we are engaged? What do your parents say? Are they yet willing to let you go to school? . . . Mr. Leshar was just now in my room. He wishes to be remembered to you. Send him a small lock of your hair in your next letter. He was going to ask you for some but forgot it—just mention in the letter that it is for him (in some corner) and he will not know that I told you to send it. The ladies of the choir here suspicion that I have some one afar off. They tried to pump it out of Mr. Leshar but he would not let anything slip. So they are in the dark only so far as they can guess. I still tell them that if I serve so long as their president or leader that I must have one out of the choir. They seem to have no objections to that . . .

"Louisa, have you concluded to join the church this summer? I do not wish to advise you as to which church you should join . . . but I think you should join one . . . Let us, though separated, yet go the same blessed road towards happiness and heaven.





" . . . If you can get to love it, I would like you to learn to sing. No doubt they have a good teacher there, and it will be good exercise for your lungs."

Certificate signed by J. W. Nevin.

"Mr. Henry Harbaugh has been in connection with the Theological Seminary of the German Reformed Synod, as a student of theology, since last fall, having previously prepared himself in the Preparatory department. He bears an excellent character, as a Christian man and a student, and I can readily recommend him as one likely to give satisfaction as a teacher in the situation for which he proposes to apply at Waynesboro."

Aug. 5, 1942

H. H. to L. G.

"I am happy to hear that you are glad to go. I will gladly assist you if you can only be happy—tell me in your next when the session commences, you would perhaps better go a week or so before it commences, so that you can make all arrangements. I suppose your Aunt can give you a quiet room. You must also make arrangements for our correspondence . . . whether you can trust your aunt.—Is not your brother in Steubenville? If he is can't he receive them for you? . . . According to that "Outline" which I gave you about the rules of the school, they do not wish you to be extravagant in clothes, and that is a good rule. Yet you know there is a difference between small towns and large ones such as Steubenville in the customs, so that you can know better what you want when you get there—and some little things that you may want that your parents will not get for you—you can get when you come there. You must not be uneasy. All will be well. Take what they





will give you, and the rest you can get yourself—I will enclose a small note, you can use it if you need it—if not you can keep it—if you need it before you go just spend it. I'll send you more. My Brother David has a little of my money [David & Washington were both now at the New Hagerstown Academy] . . . I told him a little story That is I told him I had a small debt with a person out there, and if he was ready to pay it, I would tell him who to pay it to . . . I will now write to him to put it into a letter and hand it to you and that you will give it to the person—now when he gives it to you just keep it . . . It is perhaps a little *fib* but it is not a *big story* and one that will not do any injury to no one . . . I do not know whether I will teach that Academy or not . . . My attachment to you has been to me the source of many joys—I have been in the circle of the gay. I have been in the halls of the wealthy and the proud [one wonders where] and I have listened to the music of the beautiful—but I loved them not—you I have loved.

“. . . I am glad to hear that you are endeavoring to give yourself away to Jesus . . . Life is uncertain, death is certain sooner or later, and we must at some time leave the earth for the immortal shores.

“. . . Louisa, the apple-butter parties are commencing again soon. I would advise you not to go to any—especially in the evening—for many reasons—I know you would not enjoy them they are too frivolous . . . How is the Geranium and the other plants?”

Aug. 15, 1842

L. G. to H. H.

“We had sacrament here yesterday, we have had a good meeting, we had four preachers—there were 14 connected themselves with the church. Armstrong was





one and the two Miss Rowleys and myself . . . Aunt Louisa returned from Steubenville on Tuesday last. The school commences the last week in October . . . Louisa says that I will have a good room to myself, but I will have to pay more for my boarding than I expected. I will have to pay a dollar a week unless I work night and morning. At that rate it will cost you too much."

Aug. 20, 1842

H. H. to L. G.

"Let not the world with its folly for one moment draw your feet from that straight but flowery path upon which you have entered . . . I do not wish that you shall work while you are [in Steubenville] You will need some time for walking and for devotion, and the rest for study . . . I do not expect to teach that Academy. I think it would take too much of my time."

Sept. 30, 1842

H. H. to L. G.

"I have established a Bible class about 2 miles from town among the young folks of the county. They are verry attentive and take a great interest in it. I meet them on every Sunday afternoon at 1/2 past 3 o'clock. The class is composed of about 15 young persons male and female, and is still increasing. I expect to have an interesting class . . . We had a fine commencement here at our college—there were 9 graduates . . . The students are nearly all gone home, and the College Building is nearly empty. It is only now and then that you hear the sound of footsteps through the forsaken Halls . . . I promised to come and see you in the spring. I am afraid I cannot come, you know the road is long and time is precious . . . I expect to finish my studies next fall."





Nov. 3d, 1842

H. H. to L. G.

"I am happy to hear that you are at school and at such a respectable one. I know of no Female institution in the Western States that bears so good a character abroad as that at Steubenville . . . being among strangers is, at first not so pleasant but it is much to your advantage."

Nov. 19th, 1842

H. H. to L. G.

"Even the common modes and courtesies of society are important in their places. Coming in contact with so many from all parts of the country will make one acquainted with the different manners . . . I am glad to hear that you like study, and also that you have much time to read. That is a good book you mentioned, do not forget to "search the Scriptures." It is a good plan to commence before and read regularly through by reading a certain number of chapters every day. This is the plan I pursue. I am at present in Exodus, besides this I read other parts of the old and new testaments for devotional exercises, such as the gospels and the psalms . . . Have it so laid off as to get once through in a season. In this manner one will get its history in a regular chain, and it will be better understood. [This is the origin of the elaborate chart of daily Bible readings, which Henry later published in "The Golden Censer," and which was included in many editions of the "Order of Worship" of the Reformed Church. It still appears from time to time in religious magazines, and many devout people still use it as a guide for daily reading, without knowing its origin.]

". . . One thing I must remind you of, and that is



to preserve an erect position when you read or write at the table. One can injure his health soon by not sitting up straight . . . Always tell me your wants freely, for it is freely that I send it to you. Are you not mine? As much so now as you can be at any time . . . I am very comfortably situated this winter. I have a fine furnished room [Room 18, College Building], carpeted floor and curtained bed. And what is better a fine room-mate. He is from the South (North Carolina). He sends his love to you. He says he loves you on my account. Send him a lock of your hair, a small lock. His name is Jeremiah Ingold.

“ . . . I told you that I would give you some account of the doctrines of our Church. It is necessary that you should know our articles of faith so that you can unite understandingly with me as a minister . . . I will send you the Heidelberg Catechism . . .

N.B. You must write longer letters.”

Henry's next three letters are devoted almost entirely to an Exegesis of the Catechism. Some of their paragraphs he incorporated into his later works on the subject. The principal non-theological passages follow:

Dec. ? 1842

“Don't forget to learn to sing. Do you love it? I pass many moments with music on my Bass viol. Do any of your ladies play the guitar? I love to hear it.”

Jan. 3, 1843

“I have been at home since I wrote you. My Brother [George] was married. My pleasure was not much. I would have been quite as happy if I had been at my studies . . . On the Saturday previous to New Year, I





preached my first sermon. My room-mate and myself were called upon to go about 12 miles to preach."

Jan. 21, 1843

"You ask me if I was embarrassed when I preached. I was not. I felt perfectly composed. I have to preach again on the 4th of February, about two miles from town . . . I have a class of little ladies whom I teach singing . . . It is right that you should feel that yours will be more than ordinary station in point of responsibility. [As his wife.] Prepare for it . . . Will you be prepared to get married when I come out next fall?"

Steubenville, Jan. 30, 1843

L. G. to H. H.

"Dear Friend,

The changing scenes of another year have closed, and where are we? . . . It is but a short time since we beheld Nature dressed in green, and heard the sweet birds enchanting their sweet songs through the groves. But now their songs have ceased, and winter has disrobed nature of her rich dress, and everything appears dark and gloomy. So passes away life. A few short days more, and we will be numbered with the dead.

". . . I got a good report . . . I get along in vocal music just middling. I like it. I am glad when vocal music morning comes but I never expect to be a very good singer. I intend to try and learn if I can. If you want to see my report, I will send it to in my next letter . . . You want to know if I can be prepared to get married next fall. I expect I can, but don't you think it would be better to put it off until you get settled some place? . . . I will leave this matter for you to decide. I



can be prepared . . . I hope to be enabled to perform my duty in this world, and be prepared for the next.

“. . . Your present is nothing much, only some braided hair. I don't know whether it is long enough for a ristlet but it is as long as my hair will make . . . I thank you for your New Year's gift. I will try and pay you some day, if with nothing else but my love.”

Feb. 16, 1843

H. H. to L. G.

“I have a class of singers, which I meet every Tuesday evening. They are little girls from 12 to 14 years of age. They are very attentive and are learning fast . . . Have you thought about how you would probably spend the coming summer? Will you go back to Steubenville again? . . . The return which you mentioned in your last you would give me is sufficient for all I have done or can do for you.”

Mar. 6th, 1843

H. H. to L. G.

“I can truly say, Louisa, that it fills me with encouragement and delight to know that you are so open and confidential, and that you see as I do . . . and that you are willing, yea so anxious to prepare yourself for your station. Be encouraged, tho you may feel unworthy to be a servant of God, as also I do. Yet if he has called us he will prepare us . . . I am glad to find that you are willing to return again [to Steubenville]. I think you ought to return next summer . . . I expect to go to be licensed at next Synod. It meets in October next, and as there is a great demand for ministers in our church it is likely that I will be settled soon after. I do not, as yet, know where . . .





"Mr. Leshner was just now in my room. He wishes to be remembered to you. The Bell on top of the Seminary has just rung 12 o'clock. So I go to dine."

Mar. 20, 1843

H. H. to L. G.

"You say in your letter that spring has again returned. It may have returned on the sunny Ohio, but it has not returned to us. Snow here is 8 or 10 inches deep and people are busily engaged in sleighing. It is very cold. I hope, however, that soon the gentle and balmy spring may make her appearance. Today we followed a young child to the tomb. It was an infant daughter of our steward. Aged 2 years. Its cherub spirit has gone to God to bloom and flourish under more genial skies. Sweet babe farewell! I helped to bear it to its lonely house . . . All around us our friends and acquaintances are falling like untimely figs; by this we are oft reminded that we too must fall . . .

"Louisa, I still strive to make my way towards Heaven—yet like old Jacob I find many dangerous foes in my way . . . I sometimes feel almost like the spies which returned to the camp of the Israelites in the Wilderness of Paran, and said 'there are giants in the land and we cannot possess it' . . . Louisa, pray for me."

Apr. 11, 1843

H. H. to L. G.

"I have just returned from a visit home. I feel very much fatigued on account of the too severe exercise of travelling about. I returned in a buggy with the exception of 4 miles which I accomplished on foot . . . The session in the Seminary closed on Tuesday last; that of the college closes today. Our examination came off in a





manner very satisfactory to us, and as far as I know to the board of Visitors also. I was examined in Exegesis, Homiletics, Introduction to the Bible, Church History, & Theology, besides these our class studied Hermeneutics and attended lectures on Pastoral Theology in which we were not examined. You will see from this that the past session was one which set us to work severely. The coming session will be far easier.

“. . . When this reaches you, you will have arrived at your childhood's home . . . I hope that your remembrance of the time spent at S. may ever be sweet to you . . . As to your returning to school, I will leave that altogether to you. I have thought it over, and as you know best all the circumstances, you will also, yourself, be the best judge . . .

“If you remain at home you can read a good deal. Let me advise you, in reading, not to read too fast. It has a tendency to unhinge the mind . . . You will not take it unkindly in me when I request you, in your intercourse with the gentlemen, particularly the students, to discourage too great familiarity . . . believe me, my dear Louisa, I have no thoughts of Jealousy that induce me to make these remarks, but you know that we must ‘avoid even the appearance of evil’ . . . You must not think hard of me for mentioning this. I ask your pardon.”

April 22, 1943

L. G. to H. H.

“Dear Friend,

. . . I did not get home until the 5th of this month, the roads were verry bad indeed. I found my friends all well except mother. She fell and hurt herself verry bad. She was going to the spring. Stept on some ice, slipped





and fell. It is now four weeks next Monday and she can only set up a few minutes at a time . . . It will be impossible for me to return to school again.

" . . . Some of the gentlemen has called on me a short time in daylight . . . they know better than to come in the evening . . . Rest assured my dear friend, I do not keep company with any of them. I hope you do not think I act so base."

May 29, 1843

H. H. to L. G.

" . . . I received a letter a few days ago which comes indirectly from a charge in Lewisburg, Union County, Pa. It is an excellent charge on the West Branch of the Susquehanna River about the middle of this state. They wish to know if I would accept a call from that place . . . If I could get a call from some place in Pa, are you willing to come? You need not be afraid of the country, for it is further advanced in settlement than Ohio, and our towns are far more beautiful."

June 8, 1843

L. G. to H. H.

" . . . I have made it a subject of prayer. I have weighed it well in my own mind. I have thought of leaving my home and Parents. I leave them with feelings of sadness . . . I hope you will never have reason to say or even think that I have kept you from the path of duty . . . I believe I am willing to go wherever God in his providence calls me . . . You will bring me home sometimes: will you?"

June 14, 1843

H. H. to L. G.

" . . . I want you to be ready to sing for me when I



see you. I wish you could hear my little ladies sing. The grown up ladies of the town are beginning to get a little jealous. And as I lately left the choir they think I take more interest in the little girls. They judge right . . .

"You shall see my friends and my home, as well as my present place of sojourn. I will show you all my private walks and lone retreats . . . You shall see the scenes which I love, because I love you.

". . . Can you tell me whether you have thought of having a wedding party or just get married privately. I will leave it all to you . . . I am yours in the most solemn bonds.

July 20th, 1843

L. G. to H. H.

"My Dear friend,

. . . This is a beautiful evening and I have seated myself in my little room by the window where you and I have often been together, for the purpose of writing to you. There is something solemn in this silent hour. Darkness hath drawn her veil over the face of nature . . . I love the lovely twilight it is the time for reflection . . . Oh: there is something so touching in the sound of the leaves as the breeze wafts them about at this lone hour, it carries our thoughts to a better land where angels dwell, and music resounds through every grotto enchanting the senses with its melody . . .

"As to our union, you and I agrees. I would rather be married privately. I had thought of having no one but your brothers and such friends as you choose to have, and aunt, uncle & my brother from Steubenville . . . I long to see you, and would not care about getting married if I could only see you every week as I could





once. I did not know then how much I loved you until you were absent awhile.

“. . . You ask whether I would rather go east in the Stage or in a private conveyance. I don't care which just whichever suits you. I think we would have more pleasure to go in a Buggy by ourselves, but that is not for me to decide . . . if we go for good I would like to take some things such as quilts and bedclothes if you could prepare some way to take them, they would save us getting some.”

Aug. 2, 1843

H. H. to L. G.

“If God will, I will see you some time in October.”

Aug. 26, 1843

H. H. to L. G.

“This evening the choir meets, but I cannot go, I want to speak with you. It will be a greater pleasure to me. I was at the college door a few minutes ago and I see there is light in the church. I suppose they are all there in full time. There is a concert of flutes above me on the third story. Its notes roll out sweetly upon the calm evening air. They are playing ‘Sweet home’—but this is no ‘sweet home’ to me. I am tired of Mercersburg. I want to see you.

“. . . It will be best not to get married until I have a place . . . but our union can take place sometime in the fall.”

Sept. 8, 1843

L. G. to H. H.

“Dear Henry,

“. . . That is a sweet letter. I love it, but you much more . . .



"Sarah [her small sister] brought in a large apple the other day. She laid it away and said she was going to save it for 'Louisa's Henry.' I am afraid her apple will not keep . . . .

"It is a solemn thing to get married."

Sept. 27, 1843

H. H. to L. G.

" . . . I long to see you but I expect it will still be about 6 weeks before I enjoy that pleasure."

Oct. 23, 1843

[begun at home. Mailed in Lewisburg]

H. H. to L. G.

"I looked patiently for a letter from you while I was at Synod at Winchester . . . I was lisenced on Monday . . . I cannot decide on my duty until I visit Lewisburg . . . I expect to come for you in a buggy. I hired one to-day. It is a neat one with a good roof. I think you will find comfortable riding in it. I expect to see you in about 3 weeks from date of this letter. You must not count on the day."

Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa.

Nov. 13, 1843

H. H. to L. G.

"I promised in my last letter to let you know further about my settlement here, as soon as possible. I have been delayed beyond my expectations in becoming settled . . . I assure you I have sighed to see you, often, yes often! And now, Louisa, it will be the 28 or 30 before I could leave here, and at least the middle of December before I can reach you. Now can you come in the winter? Or must we be separated untill spring. What





do you think? Which is best? We know which is sweetest, but which is best? . . . 'Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.' "

Nov. 23, 1843

L. G. to H. H.

"Dear friend,

I received your first letter you wrote from Lewisburg, and also the last one. I did not answer the first. The reason why I did not. It was long on the way. I thought you were not going to write any more. Just quit all at once. It was only three days from the time I received it till you were to be here (and not here yet) and I knew you would not get it in that short time, so I did not write. I looked for you anxiously from the time you wrote untill yesterday, then I gave up. I knew all was not aright. I thought many things. I just came to the conclusion that if you could not find time to write or come, I would not think nor look any more for you. But this morning brought me a letter. I was almost afraid to open it, but I did and found things pretty much as I expected. It appears from your letter that you cannot see me untill March. So it is. Every letter puts it off something longer. When March comes there will be some other excuse and you will perhaps want to get off altogether . . . If you think it best to wait till spring I will do so. I have nothing to do nor say about it; you know it is cold now and the roads are bad, and it would be trying our health to go so far in the winter. I would not be afraid to start when it is so cold. It is a long time to wait yet four or five months but it appears it must be so . . .

"It is now three years since you left, and only come once, and then business called you, or I suppose I would



not have seen you then . . . I will wait patiently. I don't want to go where I am not wanted . . . I hope you may enjoy yourself well this winter. You must not get sad. Remember you have my prayers and always will have tho I see you not . . . They always told me I loved you too much and that I would yet get disappointed. I did not think that I could love you too much. I have often prayed that I could love you more. If it is wrong I hope to be forgiven.

“. . . Some say it would be better for me if you would not come at all . . . you know the folks around here generally have lots to say. I have heard many things lately; but I don't care. Although it don't comfort a person much.

“. . . Pray for me as you have done, and rest assured I will for you. You are as dear to me as ever . . . Forgive me for not answering that letter . . . do not tell me you are coming again untill you can come . . . Were I to consult my feelings I know what I would say; but I suppose it is best as it is; so we will leave it in the hands of providence to determine when we shall meet if ever. Farewell.”

Note by H. H. on back of the above:

“After receiving this letter I made my arrangements to go for her, and we were married at her father's house December 14th, 1843. Arrived at Lewisburg, by stage, on Christmas Day.”





## CHAPTER V

### LOVE AND LEWISBURG

*"Hab awwer noch in keener Schadt  
Uf e'mol so viel Freed gehat."*

I've never had—not anywhere—  
Such perfect joy as I had there.

Although it was understandably annoying to his bride, Henry's procrastination in going to his wedding was not without some justification. Immediately upon his graduation, in October 1843, he had gone to Winchester, Virginia, to the meeting of Synod, at which he was to apply for a license to preach. Quite a company went from Mercersburg—beside the professors who, of course, were important members of the Synod, there were his roommate Jeremiah Ingold, E. V. Gerhart (then teaching in the Preparatory), J. H. A. Bomberger, Geo. Besore, and Aaron Wanner.<sup>1</sup>

Harbaugh and Wanner were the only members of this group who were up for licensure.<sup>2</sup> Wanner, who had already secured a charge, was also to be recommended for ordination. They were examined by a committee headed by Daniel Zacharias, and passed favorably, along with a student from Princeton who was transferring from the Presbyterian Church. "Our examination was not hard. We got through easy, and I believe to the satisfaction of the committee."

Ingold applied to the same committee for an honorable dismissal from the seminary, as a student in good standing, and without remaining until the close of the session, said good-bye to Henry and set off for his home





in North Carolina, where he was licensed next year and where, as teacher and preacher, he shepherded his people through the difficult years of the War between the States, aided in preventing within the denomination that painful North-South division which split so many religious bodies, took a lively part in the coming "Mercersburg Controversy," helped to found a college (Catawba), and died 50 years later at an honorable old age;<sup>3</sup> but he passed thenceforth out of the life of his roommate, to the no slight regret of this biographer, who feels that a longer intimacy with this cultured Southern gentleman might have had a softening effect upon the character of that child of the Dutch country.

Henry wrote: "Do you mind the pavement where I held your hand for the last time—perhaps forever!—No more students together, no more chums together, but still now & forever friends together, as I hope"—but this was not to be quite true, for distance and different interests kept them apart, and the question of the liturgy made a coolness between them which was not healed by their attempts to settle the difference in their letters.

While Synod was meeting Henry received a call from the people of Lovettsville, Virginia, who had a committee present at the Synod to look over the new licentiates. To this he might have responded, save for the fact that a letter was forwarded to him, at the same time, renewing the inquiries made earlier by the officers of the Lewisburg charge. This was a much better prospect and Henry was justified in postponing his decision until he should have made the trip up the Susquehanna.

He went home for a week-end, then over to Mercersburg to empty the desolate Room 18 ("I believe that even the Bugs have left it," he wrote to Jerry); to gather up some tidbits of rather scandalous local gossip; to say





good-bye to "Eliza," whoever she may have been; and to endure the tearful farewells of his little singing school ("I will not say whether I [wept] or not. I didn't of course, that would have been soft.").

At last, on Oct. 30, he was off for Harrisburg (his second trip by rail); and the packet-boat *Williamsport* up the river, an overnight journey from 4 P. M. to 10 A. M. "Packets go slow on that canal, and accommodation rather ordinary," he wrote. It snowed during the cold October night, and he sat or lay in his bunk huddled among strangers in the crowded cabin, while a band on deck ironically played "Home, Sweet Home." He was cold, and nervous, and apprehensive. "I thought of laying my head on your bosom, my dear Louisa, and being their at home."

Next morning he discovered a Bible in the cabin, refreshed himself with the 147th Psalm ("Oh how sweet! How devotional!") and brought his spirits back to normal by finishing the letter to Louisa which he had begun at home a week before. By the time they had turned into the West Branch of the Susquehanna he was in a mood to find Lewisburg the ante-chamber of Paradise, which it always thereafter seemed to him to be.

We have three descriptions of the little town of the Buffalo Valley written by him. The first, hasty impressions tacked on to the end of his letter to Louisa before he mailed it that night; the still more ardent enthusiasm of his letter to Jerry a week later; and a more literary and less entertaining account intended to be published in the opening number of "The Guardian" in 1850, entitled "The Place We Hail From," but never printed because, before the publication date, he realized that he was going to move to Lancaster.

From these sources we compile an idea of the town





as it seemed to the young aspirant, that is as charming as it was to himself. It adds up to the sum of his enthusiastic outburst to young Ingold: "It is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 times as large as Mercersburg and 5 times as pretty. Oh, Jerry, it is lovely!"

Lewisburg (little larger today than then with a population of about 3000) lies on the West Bank of the West Branch of the Susquehanna, 50 miles above Harrisburg, "Where the Buffalo Valley opens out broad and beautiful upon the river." Just above Northumberland, which he describes in somewhat perplexing terms as "ancient English & classic (Dr. Priestley died and is buried there)." The surrounding scene of mountains, river and valley seemed homelike to his Swiss eyes. The good soil—now that there was no danger of his having to plow it—elicited his farm-bred approval. "The most beautiful land, positively, I ever saw." The canal here led up the east side of the river, and the approach to the town was across a 1200-foot bridge. He saw it surrounded by "a broad plain of farmland, with graceful knobs, bluffing mildly out upon it at from 4 to 6 miles from the river." "Young timber, farmhouses and barns elegant and tasty, roads prime." The bridge led directly into the main street of the town which was then almost new. "About 15 new houses were built this summer principally brick 2 stories with a Gothic story on top, a new and beautiful mode of building." There were ten streets (five each way), 4 churches and town hall ("all the churches have steeples and bells on them"), six common schools, one academy, one "select female school," and before he left, "Lewisburg University" (now Bucknell) had erected its first building, "on a beautiful hill south of the town," and (an attraction which he did not notice in his first descriptions) "a lovely rural cemetery, enclosing six acres, and





laid out in family lots and circles, with two acres of ornamental ground planted with trees from different climes, and a fancy house for the sexton built over the gate."

The charge for which he was a candidate was made up of three congregations. The one in Lewisburg worshipped alternately with the Lutherans in a union church, "I think the roomiest and as pretty as any" of the 4 churches. There were 100 members, and a Sunday School of 150. Henry preached, on his first Sunday, to a packed house ("literally crambed full"). Their former pastor, S. H. Reid, had just left to succeed Moses Kieffer at the Water Street Church in Huntingdon Co. There was a German preacher who had visited them every 4 weeks (as Mr. Reid could only preach in English), but he had promised to resign as soon as a bilingual pastor could be found. The second congregation, 5 miles west of the town, was larger and demanded all German preaching. It had a large church and a fine organ. "Their pastor is guilty of bad things," wrote Henry, and someone later blotted out the unseemly statement, but not illegibly. The congregation intended to demand a resignation. The third congregation, five miles east, was smaller but had "a lovely house" and no pastor. It wanted all English services. "The people generally here are more intelligent than in Franklin County."

An unexpected difficulty arose when the German supply preacher of the town church refused to resign. It was this which delayed the departure for Ohio. The church could not legally call Harbaugh until the other man was out, nor could they legally dismiss their pastor—only the classis could do this. (Henry could not foresee how glad he was to be of this restriction 15 years later.) A special session of the Classis was called at





Milton for Nov. 22, 1843,<sup>4</sup> to settle the difficulty, and if Henry wanted the charge he had to stay for this meeting. He spent the time in the home of "a rich old man—a member of the church. He thinks the world of me. He has an only daughter at home. She is a sweet girl." (What a thing to write in that heart-breaking letter to Louisa!)<sup>5</sup>

Classis untangled the knot. Henry was called by the Lewisburg congregation and by the one to the east—the larger German church was not, it seemed, satisfied with his college-learned German, and, indeed, he admitted shortly that his German services in the Lewisburg church were his greatest ordeal, and although his facility in the language later improved, he was never quite at home in it, always fearing a slip into the homely "Deitch." His trip to Ohio, to bring home his bride, was his last long journey by stagecoach. He described it in Oct. 1863, in a humorous article in the *Guardian* entitled "Can a Stage-Driver Refrain from Swearing?" in which he related how he beguiled the trip by experimenting on the effects of criticizing a driver who swore at his horses to all the succeeding drivers, and observing how remarkably pure the language of the others became.

When he brought his bride to town on that Christmas Day, there was no parsonage ready for them. They seem to have spent their first weeks of married life visiting about among the parishioners—a difficult ordeal for the girl from Ohio. On the eighth of January, however, they moved into a house belonging to a Mr. John Brown "beside the race in the direction of the college."<sup>6</sup> The house was cold and damp, having stood empty all winter, and although the carpet had been laid and Henry started a fire on the sixth and kept it going over the weekend, the chill was still there, and spoiled





the tremulous joy of their first supper ("the first time I ever eat at my own table"). By the tenth Louisa was ill, and who can be surprised, after all she had been through? She wrote in her diary, "I thought of my kind mother. Oh how kind!"

On New Year's Day, both Henry and Louisa started diaries. Henry's began: "Was awakened early by the ringing of bells—sounds solemn at night when just roused out of sleep." Louisa's was obviously an effort, and it is to be suspected that she cribbed a bit from Henry, for there are sometimes verbal identities between the two. Before the month was out, she had given it up, but Henry's continued to within a few weeks of his death.

The busy life of pastoral service had begun. Not only was Henry forced to preach three (sometimes four) times a Sunday and several evenings through the week, but he felt it his duty to attend week-night services in other churches in town when not himself preaching. He organized a "Ladies Sewing Society" for the benefit of a "female library" ("my suggestion"). He sent Louisa and Leah Reber (the "sweet girl" of his earlier letter) out to distribute Bibles to families that did not own them. He conducted prayer meetings, Sunday School teachers meetings, Bible classes, choir rehearsals, weddings and funerals. Years afterward Benjamin Bausman<sup>7</sup> recorded the comment of a Pennsylvania Dutch widow, the funeral sermon of whose deceased husband had placed the conscientious young preacher in great embarrassment between his desire to comfort and his duty to condemn the intemperance which had brought his subject to a drunkard's grave. "Des war emol en schlipprige schlapprige predigt,"<sup>8</sup> said the old lady sourly.

But it was Bausman, too, who told of the other





drunkard whom Henry literally nagged into reformation, following him into saloons, dragging him safely past them, sitting up with him on difficult nights, and praying with him and for him, until in desperation the poor soul straightened up and became an exemplary citizen. Thus early he had begun his bitter and never-abated war with the liquor traffic.

Shortly before Harbaugh finished his Mercersburg course, there had broken out in that erstwhile peaceful village the first of the religious controversies which were to involve the professors of the college and seminary, and finally to crystallize into the "Mercersburg theology" which was to be to the Protestant churches of America as Puseyism to the Anglicans. It began, quietly enough, with Dr. Nevin's criticism of the conduct of a ministerial candidate for the Reformed Church in Mercersburg, who had attempted to show his power by putting on an impromptu revival meeting. The resulting exhibitionism and emotional display had shocked and disgusted the college president, who had felt it his duty to remonstrate privately with the offender. The aggrieved and indignant young man made public protests, distorting and misrepresenting Dr. Nevin's words to a point where the professor found it necessary to justify his position in the first of his controversial pamphlets: "The Anxious Bench: A Tract for the Times," which he published in the spring of 1843.<sup>9</sup>

When Henry began his work in Lewisburg he found that this lively little booklet had preceded him there. The four churches of the town, and the country churches as well, had all felt the urge of the "new measures" introduced by Methodism—all had established Sunday Schools, Bible classes, prayer meetings. There was (to judge from the diary) hardly a week when some church





in the vicinity or in another of the river towns was not holding "protracted sessions," and it seems to have been a habit among the clergy and the more pious laymen to make up parties to visit such meetings, so that, several times even during the first winter, poor Louisa was left alone in the new house, while Henry went off with a jolly party for a few days of religious dissipation at Milton or Mifflinburg.

Into such an atmosphere the pamphlet from Mercersburg was received with serious offense. Although it attacked only the mass hysteria of the revivals, it was generally interpreted as being hostile to all the "new measures," and therefore dangerously reactionary. Moreover, although its very simple proposition was that salvation cannot be attained by physical extravagances and public self-display, but only by true repentance and faith, which are always private and unassuming; yet the general feeling was that Nevin had attacked the entire doctrine of conversion and was claiming that heaven could be reached by some other road than by a change of heart. Henry was expected to explain and defend this shocking heresy, not only to his parishioners but to the religious people of all sects. On his most peaceful errands to the butcher or grocer or harness-maker, he was apt to be stopped by some pugnacious controversialist who wanted to know if he too believed that it was right to keep poor souls away from God just because they were "too dumb" to memorize the catechism; or worse, by a facetious agnostic, the town postmaster, who opined that the great professor wasn't so smart if he didn't know that a bench couldn't be "anxious."

With characteristic honesty Henry seems to have refrained from taking sides until he was quite certain of his own beliefs. He wrote in his dairy, "Hate polemics!"





Inclined, of course, to side with his beloved professor, he was, however, never too easily swayed by authority. He always made his own decisions on theological as well as on personal matters. The dairy does not give us much indication of the processes by which he reached his final conclusion, nor do we have letters from him for this period. Knowing his mind, and the influences upon it, however, we can reconstruct something of the struggle which led him to the final certainty. There was, on the one hand, his own vigor and energy, which naturally inclined him to the robust vehemence of the "new measures." In seminary he had attended many prayer-meetings in the dormitories, which were undoubtedly tinged with that very emotionalism which Nevin deplored. He and Jeremiah Ingold had founded a lively little Bible School in the hills, which he had written up in a series of rather incoherent articles for the *Messenger*<sup>10</sup> under his favorite pen name of "Edwin." He liked the hearty singing and the ardent fellowship of such gatherings, and he had the native sentimentality of his race which delighted in the emotional displays which were repugnant to the Scotch blood of the Nevins. Moreover, he was shrewd enough to see the point of the Lutheran preacher who saw in revivalism "The lever of Archimedes which can raise our German churches to the degree of respectability [in regard to size] in the religious world which they ought to enjoy."<sup>11</sup>

On the other hand, his own religious experience had been sound and wholesome. Neither he nor any of the persons whose religion he most respected had ever gone through the violence of a public conversion. With all his eagerness for new ideas, he had a strong respect for tradition. He had been thoroughly imbued with the doctrines of the Heidelberg Catechism which insisted so





strongly upon inward changes as opposed to outward show. His interpretation of these had been reinforced by his intensive studies under Nevin, who was himself at that time groping toward an understanding of that great charter of religious liberty, and therefore made his classes upon it doubly exciting. Probably beyond all other considerations there influenced him, even unconsciously, his own instinctive love of the beautiful. That in him which invariably led him to love the great masterpieces of poetry and prose revolted at the tawdry cheapness of revivalistic preaching. His exquisite musical taste must have shuddered at the revival hymns. Long hours of communion with cloud shadows in his mountain valley had ill-prepared him to endure the shouting of the "redeemed," the goans of the "mourners," the grotesque posturings magnified by flickering oil lamps, and the hot stench of sweaty, hysteria-driven bodies, which were all characteristics of this form of religiosity.

Each reference to the controversy in the diary shows more and more firmness in his support of Dr. Nevin's side of the question. Steadily but surely he was taking his stand in the developing controversy in which, unfortunately, his old friends Jeremiah Ingold, the brothers Good, J. H. A. Bomberger and other lesser figures were to seek the extreme opposite end. From this early date Henry Harbaugh was aligned with the Mercersburg theologians, and because he was the only prominent member of the group who spent most of his service in the active ministry, it could be said of him by a later critic: "Nevin and Schaff fathered the movement, but Harbaugh was its apostle to the Gentiles."

On Wed., Jan. 24, he was ordained before the Susquehanna classis at Milton, the laying on of hands being performed by Rudolph Dunger, pastor at Mahony, and





Ephraim Kieffer, pastor of the Buffalo Valley charge at Mifflinburg. Mr. Kieffer also preached the ordination sermon on the text "We are ambassadors of Christ."<sup>12</sup> Henry wrote in his diary: "God grant me grace to pay my vows!"

We gather from the diary pages a fair idea of how the country preacher and his family managed to live in those days. One entry notes a shower of gifts from the parishioners for furnishing the home. Another records how a woman in whose home he spent the night sent a blanket to his wife. Old ladies of the congregation knitted his socks. Men of the consistory stopped by with loads of firewood. Two-thirds of their meals were taken away from home. Country members gave him peaches and apples for the picking. Neighbors helped him with the heavier work of his own house and garden.

On Feb. 4 he performed his first baptism. On Feb. 10 he read in the *Messenger* of Dr. Phillip Schaff's acceptance of the professorship at Mercersburg. He wrote, "I wept when I read his letter." This is no exaggerated sensibility; it is a typical expression of the general feeling of the people of the Reformed Church about the coming of the great German theologian who, they felt, would lift their denomination from its comparative insignificance to a foremost place in American Protestantism. The curious inferiority complex which makes the Pennsylvania-German constantly fear that others are despising him, makes him also feel that by rights he and his institutions deserve an exalted respect. The wave of enthusiasm which swept the church when others besides Harbaugh read this same letter, was well-nigh as hysterical as some of the manifestations of revivalism itself. Germany was sending one of its greatest scholars to inspire the little Pennsylvania denomination with the





light of the new learning. Ministers trained at the mountain seminary could never be looked down upon any more by the graduates of Yale and Princeton. A new epoch was dawning for the German churches of America which would need no artificial aid of "new measures" inspired from England. The Synodical committee was already preparing its formal examination into the orthodoxy of the candidate. The students of college and seminary were wreathing a triumphant arch and practising an original anthem of welcome in German. Even the little boys of the new Preparatory (risen from the ashes of the old) volunteered to pay for candles to illuminate their building as the collegians were doing for theirs.

The glory of the seminary, until now, had been Rauch and Nevin. Rauch was gone. Now it was to be Nevin and Schaff. Who knows, even now in the little Susquehanna town, the obscure, newly-ordained preacher may have been certain in his own mind that some day it would be Nevin and Schaff and Harbaugh.

He did not, however, waste time in idle dreaming. With the intense practicality of his ancestors he concentrated upon immediate needs. In the same entry which describes his emotion at being part of the "chain of union" which bound all servants of Christ in the spirit expressed by Schaff's letter, he continued: "Must get the 'Penny Gazette' into the S. School if possible. Sent for six copies."

Along in April he began to make a garden—a practice which he followed with benefit to his health and pocket-book all his life. He planted 240 onions, and regretted that the evening primrose seeds which his sister Eliza sent him could not be expected to bloom that year. Louisa had been ill most of the winter, and his strenuous





life of preaching in a different church almost every day did not allow him much time to nurse her. The constant exchange of pulpits with ministers in his own and neighboring towns, however, gave him a chance to make the greatest possible use of one sermon. Three or four texts seem to have served him throughout the winter, and when he grew weary of a subject in English, he translated it into German. He did a great amount of reading, noting with pride when it was especially serious: "Dr. Owen on the Person and Glory of Christ. Excellent, Deep."

As Louisa grew better with the coming of spring, they had a sort of belated honeymoon—took walks by the river, dug up wild flowers to plant in their garden. "This has been a very early spring," he wrote, "at least a month earlier than usual. The Lord breathes on the fields and they smile in beauty."

In May he made his first trip home, taking Louisa to visit his people. They travelled by buggy, stopping with brother ministers on the way, often preaching or lecturing for them.<sup>13</sup> They stopped for three days at Mercersburg, where he called together his little singing class and reviewed them in what they had learned. "How pleasant it is to see the fruits of honest toil," he wrote. They reached his home on a Saturday evening and went to the Waynesboro church next morning. On Sunday evening the neighbors gathered for a service in the schoolhouse, (The nucleus of the Harbaugh congregation was already in existence), and Henry preached, using one of his favorite sermons on the text, "Search the Scriptures." They stayed in the home community for a week, driving to visit all his sisters' homes, and across the mountain to the old homestead, where he found good old Uncle Henry sitting on a block by the barn, seem-





ing forlorn and exiled on the farm which he had made over to his nephew Leonard.<sup>14</sup> Henry was full of enthusiasm over his beloved mountain scenery. Louisa, who had always lived in a flat country, was less moved. She frequently stayed at home rather than go with him on the tiresome mountain drives. He evidently made an effort while at home to get his financial affairs in shape. He wrote: "My remaining debts from my studies give me pain." He does not hint that he might have kept clear of debt if he had not paid for that schooling of Louisa's. His whole attitude on that subject was that her education and his were of equal importance to his own happiness. He speaks of trying unsuccessfully to borrow money in Waynesboro, and seems to have left with the business still unsettled.

They went back to Mercersburg for the next Sunday, heard Dr. Nevin preach, and saw magic-lantern Scripture pictures at Dr. Traill Green's. Henry was so enthusiastic that he ordered a lantern and slides for himself, and used them often at Lewisburg. They went on to Harrisburg for two days at the Sabbath Convention, and so home, arriving on June 1. In the enthusiastic delight of re-entering their own house, they began at once to clean house, whitewash, plant in the garden and rearrange furniture. Henry took up his former vocation and carpentered convenient shelves and tables, and laid a carpet in his study. "I cannot study in a naked room—" This is a long journey from the days of the parlor oil-cloth and his home-made study in the feed-box in the sawmill at Massillon.

He was very much excited by the fact that he had been asked to compose a Prologue in verse for the exhibition meeting of the Diagnothian Literary. He labored over it for many hours, but the result is not im-





pressive. Many years later it was discovered and published in a Waynesboro newspaper.<sup>15</sup>

As early as this summer he was beginning to talk to his people about building their own church. He had long conversations about it with his elders. He worked hard with his choir and his teachers' meeting, and organized a tract society. In his spare time he worked in the garden or played his bass violin. He went often to country sales to buy furniture for the house. He never speaks of it as "our house" or "our furniture," but says, "my parlor," "my settee," "my kitchen stove." He was married but not yet altogether aware of it. He read a book of travels and was shocked. "A wonderfully barbarous thing is the slave market at Cairo." Inspired by it he read "The Koran of Mohamed." In August a circus came to town. Henry said, "the devil is busy." August 6 he wrote: "Rather a gloomy day . . . How well would it be for the minister if the Cong. would discharge their obligations punctually." On the ninth he borrowed a buggy and drove Louisa and a friend to the country. The horse ran away, the friend was hurt, and the buggy badly broken. The owner when he was told of it showed "a very narrow and selfish heart." Henry was forced to give his note of \$75 for the buggy, and then to pay to have it repaired for himself. He had long been trying to find a good second-hand buggy, but this was paying the price of a new one for a damaged article. The expense was a calamity.

In September he dug potatoes and did some more carpentering—a study table of which he "changed my notion and commenced turning it into a stand for flowers"; and book-shelves which he preserved in their original intention. He was, by now, writing numerous





verses and articles for the newly established *Lewisburg Chronicle*.

The fall and early winter passed quietly. He celebrated his 27th birthday by learning to weave willow baskets. The anniversaries of his coming to Lewisburg and of his marriage passed unnoticed (indeed he was away from home on the latter). His father visited him—a lonely and failing old man. He attended Synod at Allentown, and several meetings of the local classis. He was becoming more and more involved in the local temperance agitation which seems to have been an outlet for those emotional tendencies which in other people were finding vent in the revivals of which he, more and more, disapproved. He discovered also an intellectual dissipation which substituted thereafter for the romantic fiction which he loved but thought was vicious. This was the reading of tourist guidebooks, loaned to him by a much-travelled gentleman of the neighborhood. He experienced a deep perplexity concerning the bodies of the angels. He knew they were spiritual, but it obviously worried him to try to visualize them without the wings and harps of his childhood imaginings. He spent some time looking this up in various authorities, and finally comforted himself with St. Paul's explanation, "there is a natural body, and there is also a spiritual body."

So came the end of the year and the end of the first volume of his diary. "I am 365 days nearer my grave," he wrote.

The second year was much like the first. He had settled into the routine. By using his old Lewisburg sermons in other communities, and translating the English ones into German and the German into English, and adapting the adult sermons for Sunday School and young





people's prayer-meetings, he kept up his average of five or six sermons a week without too much over-exertion.

His purchase of the magic-lantern had been an inspiration. He used it for Sunday School, catechetical class, prayer meeting and lecture tours in other towns and country charges, including Mr. Kieffer's churches up the valley. By combining the pictures with comments drawn from Nevin's "Biblical Antiquities," he made a great impression upon the children—so great, indeed, that he was forced to forbid children of other denominations to come to his lectures, because they crowded his own people out.

In May he moved into "the northside part of Dr. Beck's house." He paid a short visit home by himself, and in June took Louisa, now far advanced in pregnancy, for a two weeks' visit to her people, leaving her there while he went to visit Leonard Harbaugh near New Philadelphia.

At home again, he fixed up the house for Louisa, and the stable for his horse, seeming to have trouble getting enough hay and oats for the poor creature. ("Too much care on my mind," he lamented.) He was expanding the subjects of his favorite sermons into books, which, so far as I can discover, were never published—one on "Zaccheus" and another on "The Hypocrite" were finished this year. His financial troubles were worrying him. "A pity preachers cannot live on wind," he wrote in July, and in August, "I ought to have less of domestic cares on my mind."

Abolitionism was creeping into the Valley, and he was uncertain as yet what stand he should take. His lecture on "The Illegality and Immorality of the License Laws," delivered before a temperance conven-





tion at New Berlin, Aug. 18, was published as a broadside.<sup>16</sup>

He bought a second-hand piano in Milton and began taking lessons from a Mr. Kalish, who because of their mutual tastes in music had become his closest friend in Lewisburg. In the fall he had great difficulty finding a servant-girl to help Louisa with the housework. He was not entirely pleased with Dr. Schaff's little book "The Principle of Protestantism" which was the opening salvo of the Mercersburg Controversy. Henry said, "Too much speculation"—as compared to some of the things other young ministers were saying, this was a favorable comment.

On Oct. 17 his first child, Mary Olivia Allena, was born, and Henry spent much of his time in the next weeks trying to find a nurse for her—"very little Christian accommodation," he wrote, but in the next breath adds that the neighbors were helping out. Louisa was very ill, and the indifferent and poorly paid servant-girl left them during the first week. Henry, in addition to his regular work, had to keep house, nurse the baby, and wait upon his sick wife. His debts worried him, and the means of actual livelihood were hard come by. One day he spent in a country orchard picking 10 bushels of apples which a parishioner gave him for the gathering.

Winter came on, unusually heavy, and Louisa was not well enough to attend church until mid-December. Henry took an agency for a book "The Family Library" to help expenses; also took subscriptions for "The Messenger." One of the deacons collected \$29 of his salary from the congregation. Henry wrote scathingly, "He must go sleighing and has no time to collect!!!"

In 1846 he preached a series of sermons on





"Heaven," doing much serious reading in preparation for them. Preparations for building a separate church were going on rapidly. It is hard to tell whether this was the cause or effect of a distinct feeling of antagonism between Henry and the new Lutheran minister who shared the church building with him. "I can see little difference," wrote Henry, "between modern Lutheranism and Methodism." There was considerable friction with the Lutherans over the decision to separate, but the latter eventually bought the Reformed congregation's interest in the church for \$1,100.

He visited his home in June, stopping, of course, at Mercersburg, where he had long talks with Drs. Nevin and Schaff. He paid off the last of his college debts and paid a man in Waynesboro for the horse he had bought last summer. In September, after attending a series of dull Temperance meetings, he made this significant note in his diary: "Temperance seems to be about exhausted. The arguments are all used up. We must have law on the subject." It was the beginning of what was to become for him a settled distrust in the slow processes of education, the despair of an inward improvement of the human soul, and the trust in external coercion that, in a colder nature, would have produced the type of reformer who does more harm than good. Henry Harbaugh's warm Pennsylvania-Dutch nature prevented him from indulging the excesses of some of his Yankee prototypes, but the intention was there. He was, in theory at least, a prohibitionist, an abolitionist, an advocate of blue-laws, and of strict censorship of press, stage and art. Nevertheless, like the preacher of Ecclesiastes, having cried "Vanity of Vanities," he "still taught the people wisdom," and looking back from the vantage of a





century, one can see results from his teaching and none from his legislation.

In September he gave up smoking and "thru away what cigars I had left."<sup>17</sup> He also heard in Williamsport his first Episcopalian sermon. He went home to preach at the laying of the cornerstone of the church his father was building on the old farm. The plans for his own church in Lewisburg were drawn in November, with himself taking an active part in the work. The affairs of the nation intruded upon his consciousness at Christmas when, on a visit to Ephraim Kieffer at Mifflinburg, he saw a troop of soldiers on their way to Mexico. He wrote: "They hollowed a great deal. It sounded barbariac."

On the first of April, 1847, the Harbaughs moved to "a two-story frame house opposite Solomon Ritter's marble yard on Main Street."<sup>18</sup> The diary remarks: "It is a troublesome business. Reminds us of our pilgrim state. We live in tents not in houses." On April 21, a daughter, Laura Amanda, was born. Conditions were a little better than at the birth of the first child. There was a regular servant, and a midwife was called in good time. The young father's mind seems to have been much more excited about the cornerstone laying of the new church, which was planned for the 7th of May.

They were taking advantage of the fact that Dr. Nevin was to attend the meeting of Susquehanna Classis at Orangeville, to inaugurate the new building with what, in Henry's mind, at least, amounted to a papal benediction. He drove as far as Aaronsburg to meet the great man on April 26, took him around by way of Mifflinburg, to share the honor of entertaining him with Ephraim Kieffer, and brought him home to Lewisburg





to stay for twelve days; while the good doctor visited and preached in numerous churches of the neighborhood. One thinks with sympathy of the state of a household which was forced to entertain at the same time Dr. John Williamson Nevin and a sickly new-born baby.

The ceremonies went as scheduled. Dr. Nevin preached in the morning in English, Rev. P. S. Fisher of Centre County, in German in the evening.<sup>19</sup> The cornerstone was laid, with the usual contents, except that the usual bottle of wine was omitted, and Henry's pamphlet on the License Laws was included instead.

The following day he and Dr. Nevin left for the classis, but were overtaken next day at Bloomsburg by one of his parishioners who informed him of Laura Amanda's death. Rev. R. A. Fisher returned with him to his home and performed the funeral services on the following day.

In proportion as he seemed to be indifferent to this little one's birth, so he seemed overwhelmed by her death. He spent days seeking a suitable tombstone for the tiny grave in the "lovely rural cemetery." He returned with increased ardor to his studies on the Future Life, which he already thought of embodying in book form. This, the first invasion of death into his own personal life, continued as a deep impression on his heart. Ten years later, visiting her grave, he used the tombstone as a desk and wrote one of the simplest and most pleasing of his English poems—a birthday wish, addressed, with full assurance of her understanding it, to a little girl in Heaven "who is just ten years old to-day."<sup>20</sup>

Louisa was prostrated by her baby's death. She was in bad health all summer. Henry made more of a point of sitting with her and of taking her on his travels. In





August they made a trip to Easton, where Henry preached and collected money for his new church. He wrote an article on the trip for *The Messenger*, to which he had now become a regular contributor. This early experience in publishing his ideas and experiences was excellent training for his future activities as a writer. As he continued to write under various pseudonyms, it is not always easy to recover these early efforts, and when found, they are often very crude and juvenile, but they are taking shape.

At the end of August they decided to go to New Hagerstown. Louisa had been longing for home, and her parents, brothers and sister had been begging to see her child. Some of their letters, too, had hinted that, in her new elevation as a minister's wife, she had grown to despise her humble family, which must have distressed Louisa's gentle heart. A brother even wrote that he had passed near Lewisburg while helping drive cattle east, but had refrained from visiting her for fear of embarrassing her by his appearance. Henry, made tender by their mutual loss, determined to satisfy her longing.

With a new horse (cost \$45) and a freshly repaired buggy, he and Louisa, with two-year old Mary, started west. They had a pleasant journey through the mountains and into the land of the Buckeye tree. Only one unpleasant incident marred the trip. On the fourth night they "went to a house 11 miles east of Blainsville . . . a miserable dirty place where we spent the night." Later he elaborates this to add that it was discovered, too late, that there was scarlet fever in the house.

They reached New Hagerstown on Aug. 31, where Henry left Louisa while he went to a meeting of the Ohio Synod at Carrollton, to which he had been named as a delegate from the Eastern Synod. On Sept. 6, Louisa's





brother William rode over from New Hagerstown to tell him that his wife had been stricken with scarlet fever while visiting an aunt in the village.

She did not even have the happiness of dying in the beloved little room that had sheltered her girlhood dreams—the room from which she had written so many letters to her Henry—in whose window had bloomed the geranium plant he had given her when they were boy and girl sweethearts. She was too ill to be taken home. She lay in the bed in the home of her aunt for twenty days, the terrified husband sitting beside her most of the time. The little girl was at the home of her grandparents, where her lively Aunt Sally made a tremendous pet of her and later begged earnestly to be allowed to bring her up.

Louisa and Henry drew closer than they had ever been. In the hours when she was free of delirium she was able to talk with him. She was convinced from the beginning that she would die, and alternated between a natural terror and a sincere belief in a country of angels and songs and sunshine, where she could have her baby again. Her talks with Henry included such personal considerations as the white dress in her trunk which would be an appropriate shroud; and such wistful questions in metaphysics as "Shall I recognize my baby when I see her?"

The course of her illness was complicated with a bad cold in the chest, and later with inflammatory rheumatism. Henry added to his usual theological reading books on the "Water Cure" and "The Power of Mind over Body," which he attempted to apply in addition to the doctor's prescriptions. These seemed to induce delirium, and the doctor said the rheumatism had gone to her brain. She had visions of angels which Henry was





not sure were all to be ascribed to the fever. For a few days she seemed better, and Henry, in relief of spirits, went hunting and shot a few squirrels to make broth for her. When he came home he found her worse.

His brother David, who was now a minister with a charge nearby and was an intimate friend of the New Hagerstown family, came to be with him and was, fortunately, there to take charge when the end came. On September 27th her tortured body was at rest, and robed in the white frock she had chosen, they carried her to a strange cemetery in New Philadelphia—the nearest resting place they could find. Henry remained to see a neat picket fence put up around the grave, and held little Mary up to look at it. “Oh, God! Help me to part with her!” he wrote.

On Oct. 2, in a dismal rain, he started for home with his orphaned child. “The idea of going away from her grave was almost intolerable,” he wrote, and, a few days later, commenting on the fact that he was retracing the same road they had travelled together a month before, he made the very human observation: “Along the road memory called up constantly conversations I had with her, which I am sure, under other circumstances, I would never have remembered.” He had to pass the gloomy house where Louisa had been exposed to infection. “I felt much!” he says. In Hollidaysburg, where they stopped over Sunday, his miseries were increased by a sudden violent attack of hives. A doctor called in treated him with calomel which made him violently sick and left his body stiff and aching. Friendly people at inns, where they had stopped on the way out, recognized the little girl and tortured him by asking after her mother.



On October 13 they came in sight of Lewisburg. "The sun was just going down, casting his yellow rays over the town and country . . . The steeple of the Ger. Ref. Church for the first time caught my eye."





# VENDUE.



The subscriber will sell at public sale, at his late residence,

*On Saturday, the 23d instant,*

## THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY, VIZ:

*One Piano Forte, one Horse, Saddle and Bridle, Harness, Buggy, one Pig, Bedsteads and Bedding, two Stores and Pipe, Tables and Chairs, Settee and Sociable, Carpets, Looking Glasses, Tubs, Barrels, Vinegar, Potatoes, &c., &c., &c., KITCHEN FURNITURE, &c., and a variety of other articles, ordinarily belonging to housekeeping too numerous to mention.*

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, when terms will be made known.

**H. HARBAUGH.**

Lewisburg, October 16, 1847.

**N. B.** The House for rent from now till Spring.

THE SALE OF THE YOUNG WIDOWER'S HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS AFTER THE  
DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

(Original in the collection of the Historical Society of the Reformed Church, Lancaster)



## CHAPTER VI

### HEAVEN

*"O, wann's net vor der Himmel wär,  
Mit seiner scheene Ruh, . . ."*

Oh, were it not for heaven, and  
For heaven's happy rest.

In the case devoted to Harbaugh mementos in the rooms of the Historical Society of the Reformed Church at Lancaster, the eye is caught by a handbill headed in large black type, *Vendue*. It states at some length that on Oct. 23, 1847, the household goods of Henry Harbaugh of Lewisburg will be sold at public sale, at his home, and a note added to the effect that the house is for rent from now until spring.

As we read the list of homely articles which had made a home of the little rented house, we are moved, as their owner must have been, to look back over those four short years of his married life—those first years of his ministry. Like the scenes of the road from Ohio, they must have brought to his mind so many simple, poignant episodes—the piano which he had gone so blithely to Milton to buy; the horse and buggy which he had prepared for that fatal journey; the pig, on which they had undoubtedly counted for their winter's meat; the settee and "sociable" which had graced the parlor where the weekly teachers' meetings had been held; the potatoes which he and a deacon had gone to the country to dig; and all the little shelves and tables and knicknacks which he had built in his spare time, now lumped together with the hencoop on which he had worked for three days and about which he had con-





fessed, "I got quite irritated about it," under the general head of: "A variety of other articles ordinarily belonging to housekeeping."

It was the end of an epoch for him. His first love, his first home, his first experience of parenthood were at an end. He had reached the maturity which is sometimes won only at the cost of sacrifice. With the little daughter from whom he refused to be separated, in spite of offers to care for her made by relatives and parishioners, he went to boarding, first with a Mr. Smith and then with a Mr. Schrack, both members of his congregation and friends of long standing.

He had two important activities to keep his mind and body employed during that lonely winter. The first was the new church. It had risen rapidly during the month of his absence. In the first week of his home-coming he began going about collecting money for a bell to hang in the new steeple which he had first seen in the sunset light as he drove up the river road. There were a thousand little cares, a thousand major and minor decisions to be made before the church should be consecrated in January. The oil lamps to be hung, the carpet to be woven (at "Half-penny's factory"), coal to be laid in for the winter, window blinds to be secured, and in New Year's week a grand final cleaning, polishing and arranging of furniture before the final consecration services on Jan. 7, 8 and 9. Rev. E. V. Gerhart who had promised to deliver the principal address, could not be there, but Rev. P. S. Fisher took his place, and the other sermons were preached by R. A. Fisher and Ephraim Kieffer. His first great venture in church building was completed.

The other supreme adventure of this year was the preparation of his first book. It seemed to him a direct





matter of celestial guidance, that his mind had been for several years occupied with questions pertaining to the future life. It was a study into which he had first been drawn by the difficulty of answering the many questions which were addressed to him in the early days of his ministry by members of his church whom grief had led to wonder about the fate of their loved ones. It was a day when death was very near to everyone. The expanding country with its very high birth rate, its utter lack of sanitary knowledge, its crude medical and nursing skills, and the crowding and pushing of the seething masses of incoming population engendered epidemics and diseases that, in our day, are scarcely believable. Very few husbands there were who had not lost one wife (usually in childbirth). The mother who was able to bring to maturity more than half of the children she bore was envied by all her women friends. Young men and women died early of the tuberculosis which was prevalent in nearly all families. Recurrent epidemics of small pox and cholera wiped out whole communities. When one examines albums of college photographs of the fifties and sixties, one sees faces pitted with pox. There were other diseases even less understood, mentioned merely as "a fever" or "a flux," which accounted for more and more deaths. Appendicitis, of course, was invariably fatal, tumors inoperable, and other ills now easily remedied were mysterious visitations of providence, to be endured as well as possible.

A man who reached his middle years had ordinarily as many of his loved ones "on the other side" as he had in this world. It is natural that he should have wondered about their present state of existence. His religion assured him that they still lived. It gave him little satisfaction when he questioned about the exact latitude





and longitude of their new abode—about the kind of spiritual body in which they were clad. When he wanted to know, “Does my beloved lie asleep in the churchyard, waiting for the day of doom, or is she, even now, praising God with the holy angels?” He was not able to puzzle out an answer from the allegorical language of the scriptures. It would have been no comfort to tell him, “She has entered into the Absolute” or “She is one with the Great World Soul.” Nor would he have found beauty in the thought of a spirit freed forever from the gross limitations of human physiology and able to perceive all truth at once without the aid of eyes, ears, nose and mouth.

What he wanted was to be assured that when he died he would see his wife coming to meet him, looking just as she had when he loved her best, clothed in some style not too outlandishly different from the best taste of the 1840s, and preferably speaking an understandable German, which was, after all, the language God spoke in the big family Bible.

Henry Harbaugh, though better educated, had very similar desires. “It is not in the nature of refined social being . . . that our interest in those we learned to love should cease when they die.”<sup>1</sup> He could recognize a difference between a spiritual body and a physical body, but he wanted the spiritual body to look the same to his spiritual eye as the physical body had looked when reflected upon his human optic nerve. He set out to find what all the greatest thinkers of all ages had said on the subject.

His researches had led him through many books and and many languages. He had embodied many of his findings in funeral sermons, addresses and lectures, and had several times spoken of making a book of them.





During Louisa's illness he had been very glad of his studies because they enabled him to reply with dogmatic assurance to the questions she asked him about the experiences ahead of her. In the months to come he was equally glad for his own sake. He solaced his loneliness with picturing the land in which he was quite sure she dwelt: "Oh what scenes of joy must she be passing through at this time!" he wrote. A large part of his time during the winter of 1847-8, and the summer of 1848, was absorbed by the preparation of his manuscript. He combined, with a really impressive amount of research, an inductive facility which applied the methods of Sherlock Holmes to Bible references not even generally thought of as referring to the Future Life; and he put his results together with a sort of tender, personal eagerness resulting from his own recent experience, which produced a book so suited to the need of the moment that, upon its publication in March, 1848, it swept him into immediate fame and furnished him the one steady source of income for the rest of his life. Published by Lindsay and Blakiston of Philadelphia, after two New York publishers had refused to read the manuscript, ("what arrogance!" said Henry) the book appeared first under the title "The Sainted Dead," which was in later editions changed to "Heaven" for the sake of uniformity with its two sequels, "The Heavenly Home" and "The Heavenly Recognition." It ran through 15 editions, and by the time when the Civil War again increased the need for it, the three titles had been made up in a uniform edition with a de luxe binding, boxed together and sold as a gift item to be sent to those in sorrow.

The spirit of the times is so changed that today, less than a century after its publication, the book bears little





message of comfort to even the most deeply religious. Indeed, to a person with a spiritual conception of a future life, its materialism is bound to be offensive. Yet, because it expressed so much of the character of its author, and played so great a part in the religious thinking of at least the laity of his times, it seems wise to give an outline, here, of its major propositions.

He divided his inquiry into four questions: I. Is Heaven a Place? II. Where is Heaven? III. Do the Saints at Death pass immediately into Heaven? IV. Is there Sympathy between Heaven and Earth?

Under each of these headings he made an elaborate historical study of the answers given by ancient and modern theologians, then proceeded to demolish in turn all those theories of which he disapproved, and to build up of what was left his own theory as to the truth. In each case his answer, fortified by an imposing display of erudition and by the comfortable support of Bible passages proved to be the answer most desired by himself and by the majority of his readers. In their simplest form, his answers to the first, third and fourth questions were an affirmative, while to the second he found so ingenious an answer that the timid inquirer could feel as certain of where he was going after death as if he had seen it mapped in his geography book.

One is irresistibly reminded of the passage in George Macdonald's mystical fairy tale of "The Princess and Curdie," where Curdie at the command of the old princess steps into what she tells him is her bedchamber, but what seems to him to be the night sky. Says Macdonald, "That which needed a floor found one, and his foot was satisfied." Harbaugh in his book provided satisfaction for that part of the human mind which needed the support of the familiar—the part which needed a guide-





book for the unknown world, and a trunkful of earthly luggage to carry along.

His argument for the existence of a material heaven is somewhat ingenious. St. Paul's distinction between an earthly body and a spiritual body, he explains, is not a distinction between material and immaterial. An immaterial body would be a contradiction in terms, since the word "body" can only be defined as incorporated matter. Therefore, since a body is material, and St. Paul uses the term "spiritual body" there must be such a thing as spiritual matter, differing, obviously, from earthly matter, but still matter. If then the saints have bodies, these bodies must occupy time and space, and "we may be firmly persuaded that heaven, which is to be their eternal abode, is a local, material heaven; in all respects suitable to be the dwelling-place of such bodies."<sup>2</sup> From this point he goes on to argue that since our earthly training in the use of the senses would be entirely wasted if heaven were not to some degree like the earth we know, we are justified in picturing a world very similar to our idea of the Earthly Paradise. "What a garden of delights must that world be! What scenery must the heavenly landscape present to the enraptured gaze of the saints . . . What cool groves, what fragrant bowers, what quiet meadows, what murmuring, laughing streams, what green extended plains, what solemn mountains, what bright and peaceful heavens!"<sup>3</sup>

He then passes to the consideration of the actual locality of the Spirit World. He starts with two axioms based upon the Bible passages describing the ascension of the Lord, and Paul's and John's visions of the other world. First: heaven is not visible to the human eye—and he interprets this as meaning not even with the aid





of the telescope, thus disposing of the school of thinkers who place heaven on one of the stars. Second: heaven is "up," which, he says, in the light of our present knowledge of the shape of the earth, can only mean away from the earth's surface, therefore we cannot be allowed to imagine that heaven while invisible is close to us. Heaven, therefore, must exist at a point in space so far away that it cannot be seen by the strongest telescope.

At this point our author suddenly exhibits a wholly unexpected knowledge of astronomy. Where he picked it up is a matter for speculation. It was not on the curriculum at Marshall College, although it was probably touched upon in the mathematical courses. The most likely guess is that he learned something of the subject in his long conversations with Dr. Traill Green, Professor of Natural Sciences, a young man of near his own age, with whom he had formed a close personal friendship which lasted long after his brief college experience. It might also be that the celestial science has been one of the subjects discussed over the roast eggs in Room 18, for young Theodore Appel had displayed an early enthusiasm for the stars which was to lead eventually to the establishment of a really superior department of Astronomy in Franklin and Marshall College. It would seem that whatever Henry's knowledge of the subject, it was acquired during his school years, for no works on astronomy appear among the many books mentioned in his Lewisburg diaries. Yet now we find him launching into an apparently well-informed discussion of the Precession of the Equinoxes, the proper motion of the stars, and Herschel's explanation of the galaxy.

It is largely upon the work of Herschel that he bases his arresting, and so far as I know, original conclusion that Heaven lies at that infinitely distant point in space





around which the entire stellar universe revolves; he even hints (following Herschel) that the exact spot is somewhere in the constellation Hercules. The planets, Harbaugh feels, constitute the first heaven, the stars the second heaven, and this "grand central body" to which all others are bound by gravitation is the third heaven, "the capital of the universe." Here is the throne of God. Here lives the ascended Christ, and with him Enoch and Elijah, who, like Him, went to heaven in the flesh.

Here the modern reader becomes conscious of a distinct regret that Harbaugh was not acquainted with Einstein's theory of curved space. There are several points in his argument at which we feel that it would be nicely supported by the New Physics. Of one thing we may be sure, if the theory of Relativity had been propounded at the time "The Sainted Dead" was written, the red-headed preacher in Lewisburg would have appropriated it to his ends with as calm an assurance as if it had been worked out for the purpose.

His third inquiry as to *when* the saints go to heaven takes longer, and its solution is less neatly worked out. He has first to dispose of the theories of purgatory, of a Hades separate from Heaven and Hell (he decides that "Hades" is a collective term including both of the others); of Transmigration; and of "The Sleep of the Soul" awaiting the Day of Judgment. Through all of this discussion he clings steadfastly to the Evangelical doctrine that salvation is through the blood of Christ alone, and that no further opportunity will be given the soul after death to accept the saving grace which it has refused in life. This disposes of Purgatory and of Transmigration very readily, but leaves him a more difficult puzzle in how to reconcile his original contention that the soul must have a body, with his present desire





to prove that the soul can live in Heaven before the resurrection of the body. He draws a rather tenuous argument from Paul's remark, "whether in the body or out of the body I know not," for he says, if Paul was in the body at the time without knowing it, then the soul can act without being conscious of the body, and if he was out of the body, then the soul can exist without the body. He also argues that insanity, delirium and coma do not prove that the soul cannot exist outside the body, but only that it cannot act when tied to a defective body. Then he begins to pile up scripture passages which speak of the soul apart from the body; ending triumphantly with the Saviour's reply to the thief, "*This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise,*" proving that not only would the thief go immediately to heaven, but that Jesus himself expected to go there before his bodily resurrection.

Thence, of course, he passes to the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, in which both of these souls were living and conversing while the rich man's brothers were still on earth; and to John's vision in the Apocalypse in which he saw the saints singing and praising God before the day of Judgment. His final argument is that the idea of the soul sleeping in the grave is too gloomy for Christian acceptance.

His conclusion as to the true doctrine on this question he sums up in a verse, which he uses without quotation marks:

"One gentle sigh their fetter breaks;  
We scarce can say 'they're gone,'  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Her mansion near the throne."

The only attempt he makes to reconcile this contention with his earlier axiom that the soul in heaven must have a body is his suggestion that in this period of living





without a body, the soul will "become conversant with and habituated to a purely spiritual existence" just as, on earth, it learned to use a body, "So that after the resurrection, when body and soul are again united he will be able to hold converse and communion with either material or immaterial existences, at pleasure."<sup>4</sup> He thinks that a beautiful corollary to this is that the souls who died at periods of the world's history in which men were not so far advanced in spiritual attainments as they are in this spiritual modern age, will have a longer existence in heaven in which to perfect their spiritual growth, than those who die nearer the end of the world. Those who are still alive when the trumpet sounds will be so far advanced spiritually as to need no tutelage in how to live outside the body.

In his section on "Sympathy Between Heaven and Earth" the author widens his inquiry and asks not only whether the spirits of our own dead can communicate with us, but whether it is possible for all celestial beings—"angels, principalities and powers"—to come and go between the two worlds. Can Moses and Elias appear to men on the Mount today? Can the angel Gabriel enter the temple at the hour of incense, and converse with the priest before the altar? His answer to this is, of course, that nothing but man's stupidity and hardness of heart stands in the way of a constant and easy interchange between the worlds. The immense distance of heaven is no barrier, for "Even embodied spirits are capable of annihilating distance as in the case of the magnetic telegraph."

He takes up, first, the question of Divine sympathy with man. Here he is on ground familiar to every Christian, and to which no argument is apt to be offered. God speaking to man in nature; in the Sacred Word; and in





the action of the Holy Spirit in man's own soul, is so well understood that no argument is here needed to convince the reader. Next he turns to the angels, and after exploring the many stories of angelic visitations in Scripture, asks: Do the angels still walk the earth? He concludes that although no one claims to have *seen* any angels, recently, there are many incidents which can only be explained on the basis of angelic intervention. His most original contribution on this subject is the suggestion that the bodies of angels are probably made of some substance like hydrogen gas which would only be visible in certain lights (he does not bring in at this point, as he might well have done, the argument that all the recorded appearances of the angel Gabriel took place at twilight). Finally he ventures upon the question of whether the sainted dead can communicate with their loved ones. Here he manages to avoid entirely the question of spiritualism (of whose current phenomena he may well have been unaware). He used little argument here, but becomes entirely dogmatic. The dead, he says, *must* continue to love those they loved on earth, by the very definition of the word love. They *must* know more about us than we do about them because they are more enlightened. They must therefore desire to communicate with us in order to warn and counsel us, and "it is neither unreasonable nor unscriptural" to believe that, under certain circumstances they may be permitted so to do. Only—here he holds out a nicely sugared bait—it would, of course, be impossible for the sainted dead to communicate with an unsaved sinner, for, even in this world, the saved and the unsaved have no communion except that of the flesh. Therefore, he who wishes for messages from his beloved dead must first be saved, and then must cultivate a "lonely and deeply





spiritual nature" so that he may "always living on the verge of the unseen world, hear whispers which the dull ear of sense, and worldlings hear not."

He closes with a translation of the German quotation from his currently favorite author Stilling, which appears on his title page: "Blessed are they that are homesick, for they shall come to their Father's house."

This was the labor which solaced the first winter of the pastor's widowhood. He rented a room in another house from the one where he boarded, doing his studying and writing there. Little Mary spent much time in the homes of friendly neighbors, but her father liked to keep her with him when he could. She rode with him to make parochial calls, and he even took her along when he went to preach at Milton, or when he exchanged pulpits with Ephraim Kieffer at Mifflinburg. Rev. Kieffer, whose wife had also died in the fall, was more close to him now than ever, and Henry seemed to like having his little girl play with the large family of the Kieffer children.

He had severed his connection with the Center church that year and now divided his time between Lewisburg and Milton. With spring he became interested in beautifying the grounds of the new church. He directed the planting of eight locust trees along the side, and, himself, planted a balm tree in the churchyard. A congregational party was held to sow grass seed on the lawn, and before many weeks had passed it had grown to a point where the pastor could get some healthy exercise by mowing it.

His mind having turned to trees, he bought a weeping willow for Laura Amanda's grave, and spent much time in the designing and supervision of a monument to be sent west for Louisa's lonely resting place. He wrote later: "It cost \$60 exclusive of transportation."<sup>5</sup>





In mid-June one begins to sense a trouble in the smooth course of his writing. Again and again he says, "I did not feel well for writing," "Had to work up hill all day," "felt as before," "it does not go good." To these are added other notes of complaint: "It is lonely to be alone and not good." "Felt lonely after I retired." "I had a trial this morning correcting my child. I had to use the rod—How can I raise it properly? I do not see."

At the same time one begins to note in the diary a curious series of "x"s. One name appears to have been omitted and xxx substituted wherever it would have been used. In a list of Sunday School teachers, for instance, or of those present at a prayer meeting, or the guests at supper at a neighbor's. There would have been nothing suspicious in seeing the same name often in such lists. There is something very peculiar in its consistent omission.

When Henry first came to Lewisburg, he wrote to Louisa of his warm friendship for the Reber family. Leah Reber, the "sweet girl" of his letter, became not a rival but a close and valued friend to Louisa Harbaugh, and into the circle of their friendship she soon brought her own dearest friend, Louisa Linn. The Linn family of Buffalo Valley was a large one and important in the society of the neighborhood. Of Scotch-Irish origin, they had settled in Pennsylvania in 1732, and had made a place for themselves in the life of the expanding country of the West Branch.

James Fleming Linn, of Lewisburg, was a lawyer and a cultured man, widely read, possessor of a good library, and keeper of a lively diary which his son, John Blair Linn, later expanded into his entertaining book, "Annals of the Buffalo Valley." He had married Margaret Wilson daughter of Hugh Wilson (later Associate Judge of





Union County) of Buffalo township,<sup>6</sup> and was the father of eight children, of whom the youngest was a daughter, Mary Louisa, born 1827. Originally they were members of the Presbyterian church, but on Nov. 30, 1845, one year after Henry came to Lewisburg, J. F. Linn, Martha and Louisa Linn were received, by certificate of transfer, into the communion of the Reformed Church.<sup>7</sup> The reason for this change is nowhere recorded. It may have been merely an admiration for the new preacher. It may have been friendship for the Rebers. It may have been the temperance question, for the Linns were staunch teetotalers and prominent backers of Henry's local temperance crusade. J. F. Linn was chairman of the committee which published Henry's pamphlet on the License Laws.

Louisa Linn with her friend Leah became a teacher in Henry's Sunday School. With him they attended a Sunday School convention in New Berlin. They sang in his choir and worked in his tract society, and in Louisa Harbaugh's sewing society.

The Harbaughs were frequently entertained by the Linns, where they spent many pleasant evenings, singing, talking, or in Henry's favorite indoor sport of roasting chestnuts.<sup>8</sup> On one such occasion Henry wrote feelingly, "Oh how valuable is intelligent Christian society!" And again, "How pleasant it is to be permitted to enjoy at times intelligent society! O what ignorance does the world contain!" There does not seem to have been anything snobbish in Henry's preference for the society of these new friends. All his life he had been starved for intelligent conversation; he had always dreamed of being intimate in a home where books and music and the affairs of the spirit were of major importance. He had seen something of this in the homes of the professors at





Mercersburg, but he had entered those homes as an inferior. Now, at last, he was received as an equal—indeed as a respected pastor into a home that answered all his longings. One inclines to guess that it was the whole Linn family with which he fell in love rather than especially with Mary Louisa.

The year before his wife's death, Henry persuaded two of the Linn Boys, John Blair and James Merrill, to go to Marshall College, where he frequently visited them on his trips to his home.<sup>9</sup>

On his return to Lewisburg from that tragic journey to the west, he wrote: "Was called upon by many who mingled their tears with mine. Went with Mr. Linn to see his family. Mrs. Linn wept much . . . Leah and Louisa and others called on me and the child this evening." Years after, in writing for Mary Olivia a history of her mother's life and death, he wrote of this visit: "It is a singular fact which long afterward Mary Louisa called up to my mind, and which I then recollected, that when she and the others were sitting around the room, . . . you left my knee where you were sitting and ran to her, and she took you up."

Through the winter he spent many evenings and ate many meals with the Linns. On June 4, to the joy of lovers of Barrie, we find Henry, like the "little minister," changing his text. He does not, however, explain the circumstances. The entry reads: "In the evening at 5 o'clock [preached] on Ps. 84, next last verse. Leah, Louisa, Wilson Linn, and children were there, so I changed my subject." The text in question was: "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk up-rightly."

Let the entries of the next few weeks speak for themselves:



June 5

I called at Mr. Linn's . . . M. Louisa has the tooth-ache bad.

June 7

Went to see Mr. Linn in the afternoon. Talked with M. Louisa a long time.

June 14

I went to the choir. Only one there when I came x x x. I spoke of my dreams..

June 26

After meeting went to the Rebers. Miss M. L. Linn & Leah & I made some music there. Walked home with M.L.L.—I still feel depressed in mind. Suspense. Hope deferred.

June 27

[This one is rather mysterious]

Stopped at Mr. Linn's—Wrote off the names of Miss Reber and Miss Linn who went to get cakes for the fourth of July. Someone took a walk in the country. x x x Started with Mrs. Linn—but she had to turn back—Raspberry plate!

June 28

Saw Mr. Linn . . . went with him to his office . . . Talked much on the way. Was encouraged . . . Choir. A walk in company. A private walk. A question. Home. Prayed for a particular subject. Felt much comforted and relieved.

June 29

This is an interval of peculiar suspense in my life.

June 30

Suspense—solus!—God is merciful and good.

July 1

Felt sweetly comforted this morning. My child seemed to feel my joy!





July 3

. . . Called at Mr. Linn's. Had a long conversation with *Mrs. Linn*. x x x not there. Home—10 o'clock. Felt wretched! Did not sleep for hours. Thought it was half a night before the clock struck eleven. Almost found relief in tears but could not weep—my grief is dry and terrible like Africa's arid sand!

July 4

. . . Called a moment, know not how or why, at Mr. Linn's. A stranger called. I left . . . A mystery I cannot solve! Will wait its time now, to this I am firmly resolved.

July 7

. . . Called on Mr. Linn. Felt somewhat in perplexity. Walk to the cold ground. *Mrs. Linn*. Exit. All doubts removed. Mystery solved! Thanks to God, he is good!

If the mystery was solved for him, it never is for us, but one can guess what happened. Miss Linn, with the delicacy of her generation, felt that she had been addressed too soon by the widower, and insisted that he wait awhile longer. This we may deduce from the fact that he makes no mention of the affair throughout the rest of July and early August, although he continued to call almost daily on the Linns. In July he made a short trip to Philadelphia. (He still found a child's delight in riding on a train.) He had hoped to secure the influence of Dr. Joseph F. Berg, a former professor at Marshall College, and now pastor of the Race Street Church, in his attempts to get his book before a publisher. Dr. Berg had not yet begun his bitter feud with everyone and everything connected with Mercersburg, and eventually helped the young man to secure an audience, but he was not at home at this time. Henry went sightseeing in-





stead, choosing as the thing most natural to visit, Laurel Hill Cemetery. He also tried to see Girard College, but could not enter the building as its charter barred out ministers—"It will come to nothing," pronounced Henry.

On August 10 his cause with Miss Linn was probably helped by an event which he underlined heavily in his diary, "*Br. Kieffer married.*" His friend Ephraim Kieffer, who like himself had lost a first wife the year before, had now married, by odd coincidence, another Miss Linn (Margaret Margery)—a second cousin of Mary Louisa's, but intimate with the Lewisburg family, for she visited there shortly before her marriage and may have had a share in breaking down her cousin's scruples. The newly married couple visited the Linns for three days, from the 21st to 23rd of August. On the 22nd Henry wrote: "Ladies Miss Linn & Mrs. Kieffer took a walk. Mr. & Mrs. Linn and I in the parlor. I asked them the all important question—and received a favorable reply."

On the next day his final word was spoken: "Choir. Lou—home. I asked *when* now. But seriously, *when*? And came to a comfortable conclusion."

October found Henry in Hagerstown for the historical meeting of the Eastern Synod at which the "Mercersburg Controversy" first blazed into a serious affair—which in the years to come was very close to dividing the already small denomination. Henry had not yet definitely taken sides, although his sympathies were as always with Dr. Nevin. He was more interested in the report he had to make as chairman of a minor committee. He got home on the 27th, and went at once to Mr. Linn's where he "found the home of my heart!"

An entry in the Lewisburg Church Records reads as follows:





"Married Rev. H. Harbaugh & Mary Louisa Linn, Nov. 14, 1848, by Rev. E. V. Gerhart."

For a wedding trip they went to Gettysburg and to Baltimore. Henry does not seem to have enjoyed it. "Travelling sets me all upside down," he wrote. The chief sights they saw in the Maryland metropolis were the Washington Monument and Greenmount Cemetery. They stopped at his father's on the way home, and did not return to Lewisburg until the second of December. He does not seem to have been quite comfortable there either. They seem to have lived partly with his father-in-law, partly where he had boarded before. Henry, being domestic, wanted to go to housekeeping at once. Mary Louisa was again being coy.

Early in January, Mary Olivia and Mary Louisa both were ill. He is not explicit here, but one gathers that the little girl was still with one of the parish families, and that Mary Louisa went to her own home to be nursed. Henry stayed at the child's bedside for nearly a week. On Jan. 29 he received the first number of the *Mercersburg Review*, and dropped everything else to read it. "*An Epoch!*" he wrote with heavy underlining. In that this new periodical really inaugurated a complete change in the beliefs and customs of a large section of the Reformed Church, and was to be a deep influence on the religious thinking of three generations, his choice of an epithet is rather far-sighted. In some things Harbaugh was the child of his age; in others he had a distinct streak of clairvoyance. By the third number, Henry had become one of the contributors.<sup>10</sup>

He swung back shortly into his old studious habits. "I fear the love of study is my besetting sin," he said; but, in another mood, "How much there is to be learned and how short is life to learn—surely we will learn on in





Heaven!" Although his book was only now in press, he began work on a sequel.

At last on the fourth of April they set up housekeeping in a home of their own. For days, before and after, the diary breathes of peace and contentment. "Feel glad, this evening, that I am once more at home. Long may it continue." Soon he has settled to his old pleasant domestic routine—sodding the lawn, planting pumpkins in the garden, hauling tan-bark for the paths, whitewashing the picket fence, making a cot for little Mary, constructing a shower bath. The business of selling his book absorbs him, too. His first wife's brother, William Goodrich, who had been teaching a country school near Lewisburg, offered to peddle them in Ohio during the summer, and his old college friend of the poke-berry duel days, Jeremiah Good, happening to pass through Lewisburg, took a pile of them along to sell through the agency of the newly founded paper, *The Western Missionary*.

There is a cholera scare. Tom Thumb comes to town. ("Many go. Alas for human nature!") The ladies of the Presbyterian Church hold a fair. ("Just as well a lottery or some other gambling establishment.") A travelling menagerie draws a crowd. ("I did not think there were so many persons about this town whose tastes can be satisfied by little things.") The Odd-Fellows had a convention ("Do not feel clear as to the propriety of encouraging them.") Later, "A circus fixing up a lot of Thomas Reber's opposite my house. It is a shame and a sin."

He fell in with Swedenborg's writings that summer, and did not quite know what to make of them. They were to make a strong impression on the Mercersburg group, as indeed they did upon thoughtful persons all





over the world. Although so much of it dealt with the same subjects as those of Henry's favorite speculations, however, his hard Swiss materialism could not quite yield to the visionary ecstasies of the great poet-mystic. Henry always spoke of him with a kind of verbal shuddering.

On Sept. 28, Mrs. Harbaugh gave birth to a seven-months' baby—a girl, which lived only eight days. "Early lost, early saved," wrote Henry. For some reason, which he does not make clear in the diary it was this experience which inspired him with the idea of publishing a monthly magazine for young people. He thought about it during the time when he was almost unbearably irritated by the well-meaning friends who came to offer their sympathies. As soon as he could get a moment, he hurried to the local printer to get an estimate on the cost of such a publication. To find time for the extra work and study involved, he made a resolution to rise at four every morning. By Nov. 9 his prospectus was published, and, in a revulsion of feeling he was writing, "I feel a good deal of anxiety as regards the fate of this enterprise." On Nov. 17, 1849, he signed the contract with the printer, and wrote, "Now it must at least start." Everywhere he went to speak or to preach in the next few weeks, he solicited subscribers, and also wrote dozens of letters to friends all over his little world for the same purpose.

His last entry for 1849 is a commentary on the Baptists: "They call the Holy Spirit *it*" in their prayers. Very significant." The first number of "The Guardian" came promptly from the press on Jan. 1, 1850. It bore the cover which was to become so well-known in *Reformed Church* homes for more than half a century, on which a very wooden guardian angel flourished a scroll





with the words, "Behold I bring you good tidings."

His editorial remarked. "It is a comparatively new thing to publish a magazine in the country." It went on to state the purposes of the publication: To provide a periodical for the country-bred which will not arouse vain dreams of the city . . . To encourage the highest social, religious and literary interests of young people from 15 to 25 . . . To promote self-education . . . and to make piety "intelligent, consistent, and lovely."

A serial feature of the first year were his letters on marriage—which had already appeared in *The Messenger* and now, re-written, were immediately popular with the young people, who were as eager for such advice then as now; and although Henry's carefully worded letters were hardly in a class with Popenoe's "Modern Marriage," they managed to contain, within the verbal restrictions of their day, an amount of hard common sense advice, which must have done good.

Suddenly in the middle of January, the diary stops. It is not taken up again until April, and by that time the diarist is living in another city. Thus suddenly do the great events of life take place.

The *Lewisburg Chronicle* for March 15, 1850, carries the following notice:

"We learn that Rev. H. Harbaugh of this place, has accepted a call to the pastoral charge of the First German Reformed Church in the city of Lancaster, Pa., and will preach his farewell discourse on next Sabbath afternoon at 2 o'clock. His congregation here are very much attached to him, and will part from him with regret.

"We hope the Temperance cause in Lancaster may be much promoted by the accession of so energetic and untiring an advocate.

"'The Guardian' magazine of which Mr. H. is the





Editor, will continue to be published in this place as usual, during the remainder of the present year."

In the archives of the First Reformed Church at Lancaster there is a pathetic letter of protest addressed to the consistory of that church from the consistory of the Lewisburg church:

"From the grey-bearded fathers and mothers in the service of the Lord till the blooming youth of the Sabbath School baptised with his hands, all send up one united cry. Leave us not perish without anyone to break unto us the bread of eternal life. Are not the immortal souls of Lewisburg of as much value in the sight of God as those of Lancaster!"

In the church records of Lewisburg, the last entry in his hand is the text of his final sermon, on March 17: "Finally, brethren, farewell."





FIRST REFORMED CHURCH, LANCASTER.

*Consecrated February 19, 1854.*





## CHAPTER VII

### STORM AND STRESS<sup>1</sup>

*"Was hot m'r in der Schtadt vor Freed?  
'S is nix as Lärm un Jacht."*

What peace in city life is found?

There's only noise and stir . . .

During his wedding trip, Henry Harbaugh had found time to stop in Carlisle and have a daguerreotype made, from which Sartain, the most popular engraver of his day, then on the staff of Graham's magazine, made an engraved portrait which was used as a frontispiece for "The Sainted Dead" and later served the same purpose in the first number of *The Guardian*. It gives us a fairly good idea of the young preacher as he looked when he made his important move to Lancaster. He was thirty-two years old. His straight red hair, parted on the side and cut quite long, was combed straight down in front of his ears, and swept back from his forehead in a heavy mass. He has already put on considerable weight, which suggests the hospitality of his Lewisburg friends—a distinct double chin is visible between the wings of his high white collar. A faint puffiness under his eyes bears witness to the ill health which had already begun to creep upon him.<sup>2</sup> But there is an air of quiet strength and power in the firm lips, the steady glance, the repose of the head, which gives a clue to the determination which in his few years had carried him so far, and was to carry him to new heights both of success and of suffering in the years to come.

Lancaster in 1850 was a busy town. Since the census of 1840 its population had increased from 8,000 to 12,-





000. The years of Harbaugh's pastorate were to see the building of 1,000 new homes, of a new court house, a new jail (towered and battlemented like a mediaeval fortress), a new reservoir, of Odd Fellows Hall, Fulton Hall, the main building of Franklin and Marshall College, and any number of less important structures. Railroads were booming, the telegraph had come to town, through the county dozens of great iron furnaces were replacing the old forge system. The "Conestoga Navigation Company" had established a waterway to Philadelphia and Baltimore. New factories and stores were opening in the city. A locomotive works was about to produce some of the most famous locomotives of the early Pennsylvania Railroad days. It was an utterly new environment for the young preacher who had written, in 1848, "How sweet is the quietness of a country village. I love it."<sup>3</sup>

One of his first recorded impressions of Lancaster life was of the market: "What a flow of life! I do not like the business."<sup>4</sup> Throughout his first years he was troubled by the materialism, by the intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, "lack of high-toned feeling with respect to education," and in general by the very nature of the community. Thoroughly Pennsylvania-Dutch himself he was nevertheless utterly unable to adjust himself to this intensely "Dutch" society. He never learned to feel any respect for the obstinate independence which refused to yield to his own obstinacy. He never came to understand that it was the very similarity of their natures which brought about the constant clashes between himself and his people.

His impatience with the local utilitarianism was expressed several years later in his indignant poem about the destruction of the Old Elm on E. King St.<sup>5</sup> No





argument based on the fact that the great tree impeded traffic on one of the nation's most important East-West highways, could reach the heart of the tree-lover. Lancaster had committed one more of her unforgivable offenses. He grew to love the rich farmlands. He became deeply attached to the Conestoga river about which he wrote one of his best English poems.<sup>6</sup> He loved the society of the college professors, and made a number of other deep and lasting friendships in the town. But it is highly significant that throughout the ten years which he spent in Lancaster, his diary consistently referred to Lewisburg as "home."

He had made the change through no motives of self-improvement, however. His eyes were fully open to the situation in which he was placing himself. Only a stern sense of duty had torn him away from his pleasant situation among the mountains. The call from the congregation of First Church might not have been enough to move him. It was an urgent, confidential letter from the Lancaster classis, begging him to come and use the power which was already obvious in him, to heal the wounds of a very disturbed and disturbing congregation; which seemed to him to be the "intimation of providence" that his time had come.

One of the least creditable chapters in American church history—a chapter included in the church history of this country alone—has been the agitations which accompany a change in language in the churches of the minority groups. To this day, such troubles are going on in the Middle and Far West. They attacked the German churches of Eastern Pennsylvania in the middle nineteenth century, and many and sad were the church quarrels which grew out of them. The situation in the Reformed congregation of Lancaster—then the only Re-





formed congregation—became acute in the 1840's. As this was before the pastorate of Henry Harbaugh, we need not, fortunately, discuss the details, but they must be outlined, as a background for our story.<sup>7</sup>

The last bi-lingual pastor of the church had resigned in 1847, and the English-speaking group, largely in the majority, had elected a Mr. Keyes, a minister of the Congregational Church—a New Englander utterly unacquainted with the situation. It was at first intended to employ a German-speaking preacher to serve the minority who preferred German services, but, after a year of fruitless search for such a person, an arrangement was made with Rev. D. Y. Heisler, of Columbia, to supply in German, in addition to his services in Columbia. Rev. Heisler, sympathetic with the German group, helped stir them to rebellion, and two years of miserable quarrels ensued. The English group claimed, not unreasonably, that as those members who could not understand English preaching were paying only \$44 yearly toward the support of the church, they should no longer be considered. If they insisted upon services in their own tongue, let them employ a minister for themselves and hold services at an hour which would not inconvenience the rest of the congregation. The Germans claimed that the church had been founded by Germans, for the preaching of the gospel in German, and therefore legally belonged to them, no matter how small their number.

Too much praise cannot be given to the dignity and forbearance with which Rev. Keyes handled this trying situation. It was owing to his pacific influence that the English group, in spite of their strong claims, withdrew quite peacefully, and formed a Second Church (now St. Paul's) taking as their share of the property, the cemetery and the lot on the *south-west* corner of Orange and





Duke Streets, where they at once erected a brick building. During the search for a German pastor in 1847, a letter had been sent to Lewisburg, to Henry Harbaugh. It was only one of a number of such letters which he received from other churches in those years, and he paid little attention to it. The office of German preacher in a church of which another man was pastor certainly offered no temptation to draw him away from Lewisburg.

Now, however, the situation was different. Mr. Heisler had played too active a part in the church quarrel to be a good peacemaker now. It was out of the question for the greatly reduced congregation to employ two pastors. What they needed was a man who could preach in both languages—already a rarity—and a man with sufficient force of personality to calm the troubled natures of the angry and obstinate old people who now ruled triumphant in the First Church. The classis thought that Mr. Harbaugh could fill the requirements. He thought so too.

The church had its home in the hundred-year-old stone building erected by Philip William Otterbein at Orange and Christian Streets. It was in bad repair at the time, and although the Germans, in a burst of energy after their successful eviction of the English, had installed gas-lighting, there were no other modern conveniences. The parsonage on Duke Street was small and inconvenient. The pastor's salary, in addition to his house, was \$600 yearly—and when we remember the statement that the German-speaking members had only been contributing \$44 a year, we wonder how it was to be paid. There was also an item of \$80 a year for the organist, the salary of a janitor, and upkeep on the building.

The pastor was expected to conduct three services





each Sunday, one in German, two in English. He was also in charge of the Sunday School. On Tuesday evenings, all the year round, he held a catechetical class for the instruction of children preparatory to church membership. On Wednesday there was an English prayer meeting. On Thursday a young people's prayer meeting which they conducted themselves but at which the pastor must be present. On Friday a German prayer meeting and a children's singing class, which gave a monthly concert for the benefit of missions.

In addition to all this the pastor was expected to give lectures and addresses to schools and clubs in city and county, to conduct services at the jail and the poorhouse and to make himself generally available to the community. In his first year, Harbaugh preached one hundred and seven sermons in Lancaster and twenty-eight elsewhere—an average which he maintained throughout his pastorate.

In the two months which elapsed between his call to Lancaster and his arrival here on March 24, a great deal of correspondence passed through the mails, all of which is carefully preserved in the archives of First Church. Prominent among it is a letter from Rev. Heisler (February 1) which, considering he was being supplanted seems amazingly generous: (The italics are his own.)

"Among *all the men I know* whether *in or out* of our church there is no one whom I would prefer to Mr. Harbaugh for my *own spiritual guide* . . . If Mr. Harbaugh comes among you *at all* he will come to spend and be spent in the service of his gracious Master." One wishes that this could be accounted a pure impulse of Christian fellowship. But one is forced to add that Mr. Heisler succeeded Mr. Harbaugh in the church at Lewisburg.

There is also a pleasant letter from Harbaugh himself,





dated March 12. He and Mrs. Harbaugh had made a short visit to Lancaster to look over their future home, and now the young preacher writes chattily of his arrangements for moving. He is sending his household goods by boat to Columbia, at 30c per cwt. (The boatman had knocked off 5c from the regular price as a ministerial discount.) He has had a hard trip home from Lancaster. His buggy broke down twice between Lancaster and Elizabethtown. Crossing the railway near Mount Joy, the axle-tree broke. In Elizabethtown he exchanged the buggy for a Rockaway carriage and got home safe.

On March 24 he came to Lancaster to stay, boarding with one of the church members until his wife and little Mary joined him on April 9. His first sermon was on the text: "If I please men, I am not the servant of Christ." The choice was prophetic. Much of the friction of the years to come was caused by his resolute and sometimes truly heroic refusal to be a "manserver."

Two factors which were to be fundamental causes of trouble between pastor and congregation become evident in the diary very early in his pastorate. The first is his attitude, now most deeply seated, on the liquor question. In Lewisburg, with a preponderantly Scotch-Irish population, the sentiments of the best members of the community had been with the fiery young preacher in his crusade against the saloons. In Lancaster, to his bewildered indignation, he found that many persons not only of the wealthy but of the cultured, and even strongly religious classes, were not only indifferent but even actively opposed to his extremist attitude. Early in June he went to call upon James Buchanan at Wheatland, and was there insulted by the offer of a glass of wine. With shocked incredulity he saw Dr. Schaff accept and





calmly imbibe this evil refreshment, and wrote with saddened disillusionment, "Temperance principles! How weak!"

Far worse, however, was the situation in his own congregation. To a man who had written in his diary only a year before: "Last Thursday, Jacob Candor died, having been killed by the liquor sellers of this place,"<sup>8</sup> it came as a severe blow to find that one of the most respected members of his consistory was a tavern-keeper, at whose bar liquor was sold as a mere matter of course. He had sufficient self-control to keep from stirring up more trouble in the congregation on this subject—and indeed there was nothing he could do, for the man had been legally elected, and must serve his term. But there was sufficient material here to kindle a nice little blaze in the future.

The second cause of friction was his ever renewed impatience at the annoying interruptions which cut into his day. It has, apparently, always been a habit of First Reformed people to run in and out of the pastor's study at all hours of the day and night, bringing questions and problems, many of them very superficial and all of them time-consuming. Harbaugh was, apparently, not used to this custom and it irritated him unwarrantably. One entire entry in the diary reads in large and angry letters, "Interruptions! Interruptions! Interruptions!" Now, the pastor who regards the visits of his people merely in the light of interruptions to his literary work is heading for trouble. He is trying to serve two masters, and already he has begun to hate the one and love the other.

When one examines the extent of the work he was doing, however, one can sympathize with his resentment at wasted time. In addition to the church duties





we have outlined, and to which he had already added by organizing a teacher-training class for the Sunday School, he had the copy to prepare, monthly, for *The Guardian*, a large part of which he wrote himself. When the magazine was printed, the copies were sent to him and he addressed them to subscribers by hand, and delivered the local copies himself, to save postage. He did the same for all local copies of the *Reformed Church Messenger*, a weekly publication. He was preparing "The Sainted Dead" for its third edition, and writing the first sequel, "The Heavenly Recognition," and was also working at a commentary on the Heidelberg catechism, which he used as lectures for his Wednesday prayer meeting. This was in accord with a policy which he had begun in Lewisburg and which helped to lighten his burdens to some extent. He had formed a habit of preparing a series of lectures or sermons which he first delivered in his church, then published serially in *The Guardian* and at length produced in book form. This is the genesis of practically all his books—even the "Harfe" which was not published until after his death, was made up of poems chosen from the many which appeared in the pages of his magazine.

Besides all this, he began this year—apparently as a recreation—to study Hebrew. He had no tutor in this subject but worked at it steadily throughout the years to come, making frequent notes of his satisfactory progress. With his usual opportunism he made careful English translations of the stories in his Hebrew textbook, and used them in *The Guardian*.

Nor was he without domestic troubles. In July of this year, a hurried trip was made to Lewisburg where his first son was born and lived for thirteen days. Mary





Louisa had not been well since the death of her first child.

The year 1851 added to the labors of the pastor. It may be that his happy experience in Lewisburg had convinced him of the value to a congregation of the effort involved in building a new church. Or it may be that the initiative came from the congregation, moved perhaps by jealousy of the fine building which their English rivals had just completed. At any rate, it was unanimously decided, at the consistory meeting of April 14, to sell the parsonage and the schoolhouse on Duke Street and to use the money as the nucleus of a fund for building a new church to replace the old one whose hundredth anniversary was to be celebrated in the fall. A petition was at once sent to the Legislature for permission to go ahead with this transfer.

Considering the financial condition of the congregation, this action, viewed objectively, seemed almost insane. The sale of the Duke Street properties could not be expected to bring more than the smallest fraction of the cost, and it seemed inevitable that the church was about to burden itself with a debt which must prove dangerously difficult to clear. It becomes evident, however, early in the proceedings that the consistory was not dependent upon the efforts of the congregation as a whole, but had hopefully based its plans upon the wealth of three individuals—and one of those three individuals was that liquor dealer whose presence on the consistory had so shocked the preacher.

The chairman of the building committee was another of the three whose wealth was to build the church. His name was Christian Zecher. He had been one of the leading spirits in the fight to expel the English congregation. A second-generation German, just twenty years





older than the minister, of a nature just as firm and defiant as his, he was accustomed to deference and obedience from the German congregation, and had shown what he was capable of doing to those who defied him by his triumph over the English group. Generous in the extreme to all causes of which he approved, a good friend, if a dangerous enemy, he was widely respected not only in the church but in the community of which he continued to be a valued citizen many years after the death of the new preacher. He had stood shoulder to shoulder with Thaddeus Stevens in the fight for free schools, and served the local school board with untiring energy and devotion all his life. The fortune he accumulated from his carriage-building establishment he spent lavishly in public and private charities. It was said of him that of the many houses he owned, he never raised the rent, no matter what the fluctuations in price might be. The eulogies published at his death, aged 91, all speak of him, in extreme old age, pottering around the school buildings, mending broken fences, supervising the planting of trees, or the re-painting of walls—a loved and revered old man.

We are thus explicit on the subject of Mr. Zecher's character because we will be forced in the course of this narrative to present him in a not very admirable light. It is necessary to bear in mind that one quarrel does not entirely reveal a character. He had, at first, been one of the best friends of the new preacher, and one in whose home the latter delighted to visit. It was not until several years had passed that things began to go wrong between them.

The third member, upon whom the heavy financial burden was expected to rest, was old elder John Bausman who, with his two sons, Jacob and Samuel, con-





trolled rather more money than Mr. Zecher supposed. This family of fine old German stock, living on one of the rich Lancaster County farms, and from the farm extending their influence to banks and mills, manufacturing and financial projects throughout the county, were, in a quiet way, becoming one of the powerful families of the land. Harbaugh, accustomed to the patriarchal community of his boyhood, found in the placid life of this prosperous home a peaceful refuge to which he often fled amid the trials of his stormy years. In the youngest son of the family, Rev. Benjamin Bausman, he discovered at last the real "companion of his soul" for whom he had longed throughout his life. A boy young enough to be molded by the stronger man's influence (he was seven years younger than his friend), he had, along with interests which chimed exactly with Henry's own, a broader culture and more thorough education (assets which Henry always admired without envy), and a grace and urbanity of nature which endeared him to many. From this time forward he was *the* friend of Harbaugh's lifetime.

That the new interests curtailed the pastor's literary activities is evident from the fact that he published only one book this year. He was, however, busy working through the church archives for material for his Centenary Sermons for the celebration in October. Amateur historians everywhere will share his feelings when he notes plaintively in his diary, "It takes an immense amount of labor. Had no idea of it when I commenced it." It is obviously due to this labor, however, that the archives of this congregation are so beautifully arranged and cared for. Almost every letter and paper in them bears a notation in Harbaugh's hand, extremely helpful





to later students attempting to decipher the crabbed German script.

The diary now begins to show evidence of friction between pastor and people. Too often he indulges in discouraged little exclamations. "They have no appreciation of truth!" "Lax in attendance!" "Alas for the Christianity of this age!" "Fanaticism!" He also begins again to complain of little minor physical ailments—tiredness, frequent colds, obscure pains and nervous afflictions, which a modern psychologist would probably ascribe to his dissatisfaction rather than to any organic cause. He still resents the visits of his people. On July 12 he records: "Was robbed of two hours by a visitor. Too bad!" There is a distinct note of reluctance in his statement, "Have commenced to visit the congregation. Find it necessary!" This is certainly not the attitude of a devoted pastor.

One can also find evidences of things which may have caused resentment on the part of the people. There are frequent trips to Lewisburg, for instance. This was a full day's journey each way, so that, even if he only stayed overnight, he was bound to miss one of the church meetings, and as frequent delays were caused by missing boats or coaches, he often missed appointments or caused the expense and trouble of finding a substitute preacher. His diary does not conceal his delight when an enforced stay over the week-end gave him a chance to preach to his old people; one does not suppose that he restrained his expression of this feeling when talking to friends in Lancaster later.

He had never refrained from speaking out on subjects which he considered important. On May 14, a prayer-meeting night, he reports: "Had to reprove one of the Ladies (?) for talking. Too bad!" On August 6, "Lec-





tured (at prayer-meeting) on the impropriety of Christians attending the circus." On September 7 (Sunday), "Preached on II Kings 22:8-14. Alluded to slavery which caused no small stir in the congregation." (Harbaugh was always an outspoken abolitionist. One wonders, however, how he managed to drag slavery into the story of the finding of the book of the law.)

On July 25, Wilson Linn Harbaugh was born in the old parsonage. This was the first of Harbaugh's children to survive since little Mary, the first wife's daughter, now six years old. His father was inordinately proud of him and kept a little book in which he recorded the child's progress, his bright sayings, and amusing mishaps.

Only twice this year does he allude to community affairs. On August 8, he heard Thaddeus Stevens address a political meeting, and on October 5, he preached the first sermon ever preached in the new prison.

The legal permission having been secured, the consistory, on August 14, authorized the trustees to go on with the sale of the Duke Street property. But already Harbaugh had begun to see what he was facing. On August 19 he wrote: "Met the building committee in the evening and I feel tremblingly fearful in regard to the matter. Mr.——<sup>9</sup> shows his egotism already."

The centenary celebration in October and the meeting of the Synod which immediately followed it, were the major events of this year, and there are no further entries of importance until New Year's Eve, when he sums up the sorrows of the past months: "Another year. May God forgive its follies and bless what he can approve. We need mercy always. This is our hope."

No diary has been found for the year 1852, but this was an important year for the congregation. The old





parsonage and half of the Duke Street lot were sold. Plans were drawn by Mr. Jacob Wall. The last service in the old church was held on March 21, and the cornerstone of the new laid on Whitsunday, May 30. To the credit of both congregations it may be said that during building operations services were held in the Second Church building, and entirely friendly relations seemed to be restored. On December 19, the basement floor of the new building was dedicated, and, as this was to be the Sunday School room, an appropriate children's service was held. The church and the new parsonage had so far cost \$14,300, of which all but \$1,300 had been paid. It was estimated that it would cost \$3,500 to finish the building (which even to a novice seems impossibly small and was, in fact, less than half of the final cost). The congregation now worshipped in this basement room, and seemed for awhile quite content to do nothing towards going ahead with the building.

This year, of course, marked also the union of Franklin and Marshall Colleges. Harbaugh, now secretary of the Board of Trustees of the College, was very busy with that. He conducted the long and tedious correspondence in trying to secure a president when Dr. Nevin refused to serve.

In 1853 we return to the diary record and meet at once his continued complaint that visitors interrupt his writing. This year again he complains of many small ailments—a series of apparent gastro-intestinal upsets were treated by Dr. Atlee<sup>10</sup> with quinine. He also complains often of "feeling sore" which may mean rheumatism or may have been caused by travel, as the complaint comes often after a long journey.

On January 4, the regular congregational meeting was expected to consider ways and means of raising





money to complete the building. The attendance was so small that the meeting was postponed until the 13th, when again the members, either indifferent or afraid of being asked for money, stayed away. After prayer-meeting on January 18, Harbaugh called together a group of prominent members and presented to them a plan whereby the money could be borrowed, if several of the wealthy members of the church would underwrite the loan. The men in question agreed to this scheme; chief among them were John Bausman, his sons Jacob and Samuel, Christian Zecher, his brother David Zecher, and John Gorrecht, the tavern-keeper. This plan, and the favorable attitude of the persons involved, was reported to the consistory who moved to adopt it on January 21.

On February 4, while Harbaugh was preaching in Philadelphia, a telegram was handed to him in the pulpit announcing his father's death. He left at once for his old home. Bad train connections and muddy roads delayed him hopelessly. His horse threw him on the long ride from Chambersburg to Waynesboro, and he arrived several hours too late for the funeral service.

The spring and summer passed quietly. On July 4, he recorded in Wilson Linn's book that he took the little boy (two years old) to the postoffice where they met Mr. Buchanan who shook the little fellow's hand, and Harbaugh said that he would make sure that when his son grew older he should know the honor that had been done him.

In July he was disturbed by rumors of his Romanizing tendencies which were floating about the town. These, of course, were due mostly to his preaching of the Mercersburg theology, which, like the contemporary





Puseyite movement in England, was popularly supposed to be leading the church back to Rome.

The coming of the college to Lancaster was his greatest happiness. Now he could revel in intellectual companionship, and he does not seem to regard the hours spent in company of the professors as lost. Not least of his joys were the books in the library of the Diognathian Literary Society, in which as a former member he had borrowing privileges. He exchanged them regularly every two weeks, and thus seems to have added a quantity of reading to his already crowded life.

On August 8, the diary moans, without explanation, "Oh for a more pious consistory! Hope for better days in this respect!" A careful reading of the consistory minutes fails to reveal the reason for this complaint. On Sunday, August 28, the diary says: "Dr. Heiner preached today in Mr. Keyes' church three incendiary sermons. Oh! What folly and wickedness. But it is pride." This is the only reference made to an unhappy little episode that threatened to mar the peaceful relations which had been established between the two churches. The two pastors, although utterly unlike in disposition and theological outlook, had always been perfectly friendly. Each had preached more than once from the other's pulpit, and their families had visited each other and taken tea together several times.

Dr. Theodore Appel in his notebooks elucidated the matter referred to above. "A meeting," he says, "was held in the Second Church consisting of ministers and others of the anti-Mercersburg persuasion, to consider what was to be done—in the sad state of the Church into which it had been plunged by Dr. Nevin and others, the anti-Puritans, as it was said. Brother Heiner remained over Sunday and preached two sermons in which he





pelted the Mercersburg Theology right and left. On the same day Dr. Harbaugh was holding communion service in his church, and Dr. Schaff and I were assisting him. We did not hear the thunderbolt through the trees not far off. But we heard something better, the voice of our Master saying, 'Come and eat of the Bread of Life.' On the Sunday following, Dr. Harbaugh also preached two sermons, among the most powerful he ever preached, in reply to Dr. Heiner's sermons, in which he refuted them so completely that there seemed to be nothing left of them. They made a sensation in the city and Pastor Keyes came to see him, and asked to be allowed to see and read them. I was present when he came—he looked pale and seemed to be trembling. Dr. Harbaugh handed him the manuscript copies and he then was asked whether he had added anything in preaching not in the manuscript. He was told that nothing was added. The brethren then parted respectfully, and probably did not come so close together afterwards."

Dr. Heiner's enmity must have been another grief to Harbaugh, for they had earlier been excellent friends, and Heiner had been one of the most loyal contributors to *The Guardian*.

On February 19, 1854, the completed church building was at last dedicated. The diary gives a vivid and human picture of all the rush of busy excitement leading up to it—the choice of pulpit chairs, the women tacking the carpet, the rehearsal of the Sunday School children for their share of the program. They were presenting the baptismal font, and were to march past and drop their pennies into it, to pay for it. Wilsie, aged three, remarked afterwards, "I put a levy in the bird's nest."

Things were not going so well in the Harbaugh home. Wilsie had had a long and tedious illness in January, and





his father had dreaded the loss of another child. He himself was far from well—he complained of headache, dizziness, ague—of “a strange feeling while praying.” Short walks exhausted him, although he was quite able to sit up all night writing. Dr. Atlee’s diagnosis was “a slight congestion in the brain.”

Money difficulties were becoming serious. For two years now the congregation had been behind with his salary. He was forced to borrow from the banks in order to pay the tradespeople. Thus, as he wrote bitterly, “I have to pay interest on the money which the church owes me.” Dr. Appel, in his illuminating notes, says that this was not due to lack of funds in the congregation but to the fact that Harbaugh’s outspoken sermons had offended many individuals, who showed their anger by refusing to pay toward his salary. Says Appel, “He preached not only against intemperance—intemperately—but every now and then hit not only the taverns but the tavern-keepers, their family and friends, at milkmen and persons getting milk from them on Sundays, and other classes of people.”

In an effort to assure a more steady income than voluntary subscriptions, the consistory on February 21 instituted the system of pew rents. This was an innovation and caused vehement argument among the consistory itself. One of the members who had several times before caused trouble, spoke passionately on behalf of those church members who would not take pews unless they were free. He was over-ruled and apparently felt himself deeply insulted, for, at the next consistory meeting (March 27) he sent a very sharply worded letter of resignation, which apparently to his surprise was accepted. This unpleasantness occurred on the same day that another baby was born to the Harbaughs and died.





At the consistory meeting of April 10, a scene was enacted which was, I believe, the root of all the trouble to come. Mr. Gorrecht, the tavernkeeper of whom we have spoken before, had ceased to be a member of the consistory at the expiration of his term several years ago. Apparently Harbaugh had restrained himself as to expressing his disapproval of this man who was a faithful and respected member of the church. Since the vacancy left by the resignation of the aggrieved trustee was to be filled at this meeting, Mr. Zecher proposed in a laudatory address that the tavernkeeper be elected to the vacant post. The election, like most of the other resolutions introduced by Mr. Zecher, was about to be passed unanimously, when Harbaugh arose, very stern and entirely brave, and announced that he could never give consent to a man of his profession serving as an officer in the church of Christ. The consistory, without apparent discord, admitted that they had never considered this point of view. It was voted that a committee wait upon the candidate, tell him frankly, and inform him that if he should see fit to discontinue the sale of liquor at his tavern, the post would be gladly offered him. There is a story extant that this man, moved by Harbaugh's disapproval, either at this or some later time poured all his liquor into the street and closed his bar. It is certain that he later served with credit on the consistory, during Harbaugh's administration.

Mr. Zecher, at this time, showed no open resentment at the check to his authority. He took no part in the disturbance about to be chronicled. But it seems almost indubitable that after this slight, he who until now had been consistently a friend of Harbaugh, became gradually his bitterest enemy, and the prime mover in the revolt against him four years later.





Late in June, Harbaugh received a call from the church at Easton. He had little inclination to accept, but he agreed to think it over. The news got around the congregation, and a group of the men who disliked him saw an opportunity to hurt him. At the consistory meeting of July 5, Brother L. Haldy presented a petition. Before reading it he asked that the consistory place upon the record that he himself had nothing whatever to do with it, and vastly deplored the fact that he was the unlucky man to whom the paper had been given.

This curious little document (the original is in the church archives) was written on cheap paper, in the handwriting of the trustee who had resigned in March. His name heads the list of signatories. To judge by the other signatures, he was the only one who could have written it in English, and his handwriting and orthography leave room for improvement. The gist of the matter is that the undersigned "respectfully" request Rev. Harbaugh to resign, "as we believe under his Charge the Congregation can never be united." The twenty-five signatures, most of them in German script, were largely those of men who had been most active in forcing out the English congregation, and who had, at first, been eagerly enthusiastic about Harbaugh—in other words, the chronic malcontents.

No action was taken at this meeting, and Harbaugh makes no reference to it in his diary. Two weeks later, an extra session of the consistory was called, at which another petition was presented, also with twenty-five signatures. This petition, written on the best paper in the copper-plate handwriting of E. J. Zahm, a young jeweler who was rapidly becoming Harbaugh's most efficient partisan in the congregation, is elegantly and effusively worded, ignoring the other petition but refer-





ring to the Easton call, and begging the consistory to take steps to keep him from accepting it. "We sincerely trust that they, in their wisdom, may devise some means by which he may be retained and his work of love in our behalf continued."

It is worth noting that, while the signers of the first paper were all men, most of those who signed the second were women, and that all of them, men and women, signed clearly and neatly. It is also notable that neither paper contains the signature of any of the outstanding leaders in the congregation except that of Zahm who was, after all, too young at this time to be called really a leader. In other words, the important people of the congregation were not taking part in disruptive squabbles.

The consistory, however, immediately took their official action by passing a resolution begging Harbaugh to decline the Easton call, and promising to raise his salary as soon as the debt was cleared, "since he had lost none of the esteem and respect entertained for him at all times, but has greatly endeared himself to the members of the congregation."

This little explosion seems to have cleared the atmosphere. The weight of opinion was obviously still favorable to the pastor. The promise of increased salary could not have been very moving, considering the amount the congregation still owed him, but at least it showed good intentions. Harbaugh declined the Easton offer and settled down to the three most peaceful years of his stay in Lancaster.

On July 5, 1854, the cornerstone of the F. and M. building (Old Main) was laid, Harbaugh delivering one of his best addresses for the ceremony. He was devoting much of his time to the collection of funds for a dormi-





tory (later called Harbaugh Hall)<sup>11</sup> and to other projects in the interest of the college. He also expresses interest this year in the public school situation, saying, apropos of the election of a school superintendent, "It will never work! A term of three years will finish it."

For 1855-6 there are no diaries, nor do the church minutes record anything but routine business. In 1855 the other half of the Duke street lot was sold, lifting a little of the burden of debt from the church. On May 20 of this year, his daughter, Margaret Anna ("Maggie") was born, the only one of his children who closely resembled him in strength and originality of character. Perhaps, in these years, he gave more of his time to the work of the church, for he published no books except "Birds of the Bible" which had been written long before. We know that he was engaged in his translation of the diary of Michael Schlatter, whose character and adventures thrilled him; but this could not have absorbed so much of his time as original research. On the whole, these years seem to be a quiet interlude.

The truce came to a violent end in 1857. It is interesting to note that the storm in the church was preceded by a renewal of his tremendous literary activities. He published the Schlatter diary, with an historical memoir, this year. He drew up the plan for his eight-volume set of the "Fathers of the Reformed Church," and wrote the early volumes. In connection with this he was forced to do any amount of original research, involving immense correspondence in the United States and in Europe, and frequently entailing visits to the homes of his subjects and consultation of records, from which he made voluminous copies. In addition to these private projects he was an active member of the committee to prepare a liturgy for the denomination. This





committee met frequently in the First Church throughout the year, and Philip Schaff, its chairman, stayed at the Harbaugh home each time it met.

In March, his daughter "Maggie" had a severe illness brought on by exposure during a trip to Lewisburg. Her father sat up with her all night, every night, and went on with his writing every day. On March 20 he spoke to the consistory about his financial problems, stating that even if his full salary were paid to him, it would not suffice for his support. Nothing was done about it. Yet in April, he still felt so much at home that he planted a willow tree by the parsonage door, and roses in the garden.

On March 30, however, action *was* taken on a question he had often raised, that of revising the communion list. There were enrolled as members many who neither attended service, communed, nor gave any financial support to the church. Some claimed membership on the grounds that their grandparents had been members. The only times they called upon the services of the church were for weddings and funerals. Harbaugh, in his testimony before classis two years later, said, "A drunken man came to my house one day and said, 'I am a member of your church. I want you to preach my funeral sermon. No, not mine—the funeral of my child'." Such people always appeared, however, when church quarrels arose, and claimed a right to vote. They were tools in the hands of troublemakers. As it was required by the constitution of the church that all members commune once in three years, these persons were, of course, not legally members of the church. For many years, however, no erasures had been made from the list, and Harbaugh felt that a public clearing of this dead wood might raise the morale of the congregation. The strength of





his interest in this project is shown from the very beginning of his pastorate by one article after another in *The Guardian* on the importance of taking communion.

The consistory instructed him and the elders to call upon every person listed on the roll, and to find out if he or she intended to continue or to become an active member. When the pastor attempted to put this into effect, however, he found that the elders were very loath to help, and he was forced to call upon most of the difficult cases himself. "I called first," he says, "on — — and spoke to him solemnly. He said the reason why he was not a better man was because of the wickedness of the town." Later in the visitation he wrote, "Great ignorance in the outlying fringes of the congregation."

By the time of the Easter communion everyone had been visited, but in case of misunderstanding it was announced at this service that the roll was being revised. The list of those who had communed in the last three years was read, and it was urged that those whose names were not enlisted should commune at this time and be enrolled. A number of the delinquents still failed to appear, and Harbaugh urged that these names be now finally stricken from the list. The consistory, however, had grown dubious and postponed action until June, when they finally, with much timidity, produced a final list.

Just after this decision, Harbaugh left for a month's tour of the west. Taking Mrs. Harbaugh and Wilson, he visited Rochester, Niagara Falls ("Wilsie seemed filled with wonder at the great sight"). Detroit via the "Great Western Railway," Toledo, and Tiffin, where he attended the Heidelberg College commencement and had a pleasant reunion with his old college friend, Jeremiah Good of the "Rupjonjim." He had a restful two days' visit





with his dear Brother Léonard, now settled on a prosperous farm near Bellefontaine. They returned home after a week-end in Pittsburgh, and his wife and son went to Lewisburg where the little girls were staying with the Linns. Of course the trip produced an article for the September number of *The Guardian*.<sup>12</sup> The west had always called him, and upon his return he and Benjamin Bausman, just back from a trip to Europe, discussed at length a scheme to go as missionaries to the Far West.

Paradoxically, however, he bought at the same time "a triangle of land west of the city," for which he paid \$2200. On this he planned to plant a garden to provide exercise for himself and food for his family, and expressed his thought that when he grew too old for the pulpit, he might build a home there for his old age.

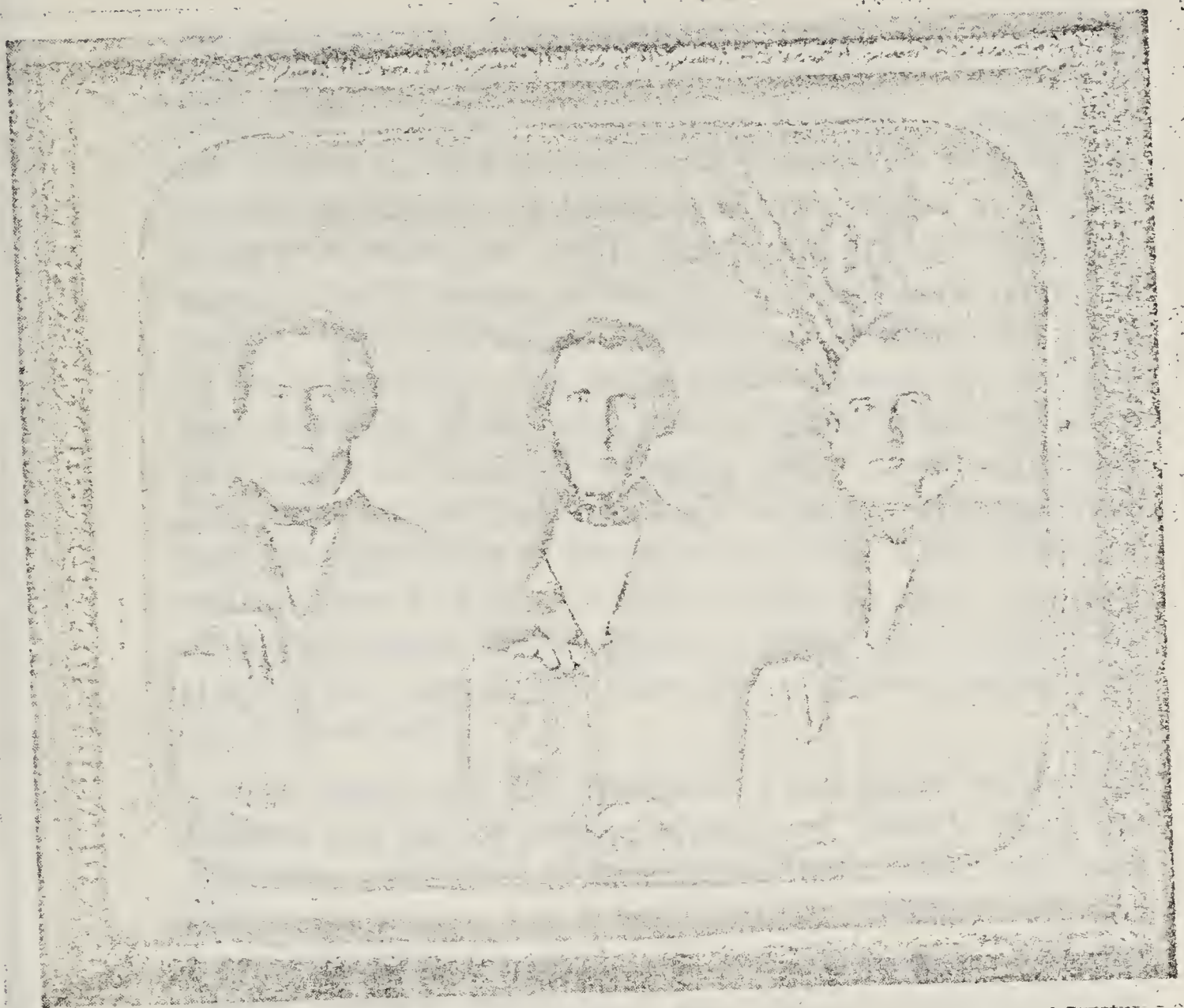
On August 20, he returned from a fishing trip with Benjamin Bausman and said, "I got to Lancaster in safety though stones were thrown through the cars at Mount Joy." This is his only reference to the Panic of 1857, nor does it appear in any of his *Guardian* articles. Considering that he had once been a laboring man, Henry through life seems to have been curiously indifferent to the suffering of the masses.

On October 24, his son, Henry Lange,<sup>13</sup> was born. The event brought forcibly to his mind his unpaid salary (it was now \$800 in arrears). Brooding over this and all the other injustices he had suffered, he took a sudden resolution and wrote out his resignation from his charge. On November 18 the consistory accepted the resignation and Harbaugh wrote: "My heart is light at the prospect of leaving!"

A third party, however, had to pass upon this decision. The Reformed Church had a strictly Presbyter-







HENRY HARBAUGH, BENJAMIN BAUSMAN AND CHARLES H. LEINBACH, IN 1857.

(Daguerreotype in the collection of the Reformed Church Historical Society, Lancaster.)

An account of this grouping is given by Dr. Bausman in the "Daily Express" of Feb. 13, 1872, as follows:

"Passing a photograph shanty in Landisburg, it was proposed that we three friends should have our pictures taken. Dr. Harbaugh and our stout hospital brother took the leaner friend between them—thus we three abreast were to be put on the plate. The artist was a stern man, who could not relish a joke, just then. Having adjusted his instrument, he held up his forefinger, and ordered: 'NOW KEEP QUIET.' This, then and there, was too much for any ordinary mortal to bear gravely. Again and again the poor man's order was met with a roar of irrepressible laughter; the very effort not to do it, most of all our genial friend's droll endeavors not to laugh, perfectly demoralized the party. The more the artist raged at our silly conduct, the funnier the scene became. If any of our readers wish to see the picture of those three grinning friends, vainly trying to obey the wand of the photographer, they will please call at the home of the editor of the 'Guardian.'"





ian government. The Consistory ruled the Congregation, but the Classis ruled the Consistory—the Synods being over them all. In relations between a pastor and his people, no definite step could be taken without the consent of Classis. A pastor could not resign nor a Consistory dismiss him until Classis approved. The Lancaster Classis, made up largely of professors from the college, liked Harbaugh, felt him an influence for good in the community, and deplored the thought of his leaving, especially of his wild plan of going west, which he now spoke seriously of carrying out. They summoned him before them and asked his reasons. He explained that the opposition to his preaching was a constant discouragement to him. He had become, he said, “the song of the drunkard in the streets.” Says Dr. Appel, “We thought his reasons had more force for his staying than for his leaving.”

Dr. Appel and Mr. Hoffmeier (an elder of Second Church and son of former pastor of First) were appointed a committee to investigate the trouble, and their first move was to pay a call upon Mr. Zecher, who was now generally conceded to be Harbaugh's bitterest enemy. It was felt that if he could be pacified, his influence would bring all the other malcontents into line. The peace-makers spent a full afternoon at the home of the angry man who was no longer a church officer but still a church leader. At the very end of their visit, one of Mr. Zecher's chief grievances came out, Harbaugh had in early years treated him as a valued friend, had dined with him frequently, and gone in and out of his home as an intimate. Christian Zecher had treasured these attentions. He was proud of his close friendship with the preacher. Now, he said, Harbaugh “hardly noticed him, although he had done so much for him.”





He promised, however, that if Harbaugh would renew his old friendship, he himself would forget the past and resume his old championship of the pastor. Dr. Appel testifies: "Zecher was a man of strong will and true to his word and I thought the quarrel was over." He was to find out, however, that it takes two to patch a quarrel as well as to make it. When he went delightedly to Harbaugh with his story and suggested that the pastor drop in at Mr. Zecher's and stay for dinner as if nothing had happened, the result was unexpected. Says Appel: "He blushed, got red in the face, and said that Zecher might go to Sheol, or something of that kind. I was surprised." It must be admitted that in this incident the honors are all with Mr. Zecher.

An agreement was finally reached, under pressure from the Classis, whereby Harbaugh withdrew his resignation and the consistory promised to enforce the revised communion list, to pay his back salary, and make some effort to liquidate the church debt. On November 24, the consistory paid him \$36, leaving them in his debt for \$763.

The year 1858 was a sort of armed truce. Neither the pastor nor the people, however, took any steps toward conciliation. In January, as a gesture toward fulfilling their promise, the consistory renewed the mortgage on the church and secured, once more, the signatures of the wealthy men who had guaranteed it, giving as security the graveyard and parsonage. In the early part of the year, intensive efforts collected and paid \$1700 on the interest and principal of the debt. Except for the money from the Duke Street lot in 1855, this was the first payment made on the debt since the completion of the church in 1853. As for the salary, instead of making up back payments, they even failed to keep up





the current ones, so that their debt to him increased steadily. If it had not been for the royalties from his books, the pastor would have been put to it to live. Yet, during the year he paid \$1047 on his lot near the College, and bought numerous fruit trees for it (they cost usually 5c apiece). He was also keeping pigs in the parsonage garden. Two ladies of the congregation offered to pay him for German lessons, which while it consumed some more of his time gave him a little added income. The small room in the southwest corner of the church basement was, this year, let to a Miss Hoffmeier, who kept a private school there. This, perhaps, was part of the money collected for the debt. Wilson Harbaugh received free tuition, which further eased the pastor's burdens.

A more tactful man might have refrained from acts which were bound to stir up further discord, but that was not Harbaugh's way. During the Advent season—beginning immediately after the withdrawal of his resignation—he had given a series of lectures at the Wednesday prayer-meetings, which had stirred up violent anger not only in the church but throughout the town. The title under which they were later published in book form was "The True Glory of Woman,"<sup>14</sup> but their substance was a justification of the adoration of the Virgin. Even a modern reader can find very little difference between the doctrines expressed and those of the Catholic works on the same subject. As soon as word got about as to the nature of these lectures, the meetings were crowded with people of all denominations, including Catholics, who expressed their entire agreement with the opinions stated. It was about this time that Catholic churches throughout the country were offering public prayers for the conversion of Dr. Nevin; I have no doubt that local Catholics prayed for his brilliant pupil as well.





Not satisfied with this sensation, the pastor next proceeded to the introduction of the "Provisional Liturgy" just published by the liturgical committee. The whole denomination was in an uproar over this document with its introduction of confession and absolution, its use of prayers translated direct from the Roman missal, and of the Nicene Creed, to which many of the Reformed people were utterly unwilling to consent. Its introduction into the most peaceful congregation was therefore a delicate matter, let alone into one already upset. But Harbaugh, as the most active assistant in its preparation, undertook to be the first to use it in public. He began with some attempt at tact, by reciting prayers instead of reading them. His hearers, however, soon recognized what he was about, and indignant consistory men accused him of attempting to cheat them into the use of "vain repetitions." Thereupon he abandoned pretense and used the book openly. Dr. Appel says he did it "with a vim and rather defiantly." He must have, somehow, provided copies for the congregation, although I find no record of their purchase, for on Saturday, May 22, the night before the Whitsunday communion, he writes with satisfaction, "Went through the preparatory service. The congregation responded good in the Litany."

Dr. Appel says, "The war had now fairly begun. The opposition strengthened itself in number, week by week . . . When the hotspurs met on the street, biting ugly words passed between them." Harbaugh, with apparent nonchalance, had his lot fenced and bought more fruit trees, taking little Wilson along with him when he went almost daily to cultivate his garden. His diary says nothing about church affairs this summer. On August 16, he writes: "At nine o'clock the Queen's dispatch came. Bon-fires and bells, etc. The great event is from





Christ and for him."—The event, of course, was the first message by trans-Atlantic cable. Harbaugh with characteristic opportunism, spent the next day writing an article for *The Guardian* on the subject, and preached a sermon on the text, "The isles saw it and feared." On August 24, a happy interlude took him in company with Drs. Schaff, Bomberger and E. V. Gerhart, for a day at Atlantic City, where all four went in bathing and later took a fishing trip from the Inlet. On October 5, he says, "The comet is beautifully visible these evenings." (Donati's comet.) Baby Maggie made an impromptu poem about the comet:

"The day is right  
The sky is bright  
The comet is white."

In December he took a long trip collecting money for the college hall, and, returning in time for the holidays, reports complacently: "Much more Christmas spirit than when I first came."

The Christmas spirit probably existed in the hearts of that large body of members who took no part in the quarrel. We must bear these persons in mind throughout the story. Dr. Appel speaks of them in his account. "The real partisans on both sides," he says, "are in the minority . . . The larger portion of the members did not go to church to fight but to pray." But that fighting minority was little concerned with the Christmas message of peace and good will. They were waiting a chance to strike at their enemy, and at the congregational meeting of January 3, 1859, they found it. Congregational meetings in all churches are apt to be dry affairs and poorly attended. There had been no hint to the majority of the people that this one would be an exception. The principal matter of business was the election of two con-





sistorians to fill the place of two whose terms had expired. As constituted at the time, the consistory had four members opposed to Harbaugh and five in his favor, the other six being neutral. With his own vote, in addition to these five, Harbaugh practically controlled the consistory. Mr. Zahm and Mr. Roth, whose terms expired, were both loyalists, and their names were up for re-election. The names of two rebels had been put up against them, but it was taken for granted that the experienced men would be returned to office. The small group of loyalists and neutrals who came to the church at 2 P. M. to dispatch what seemed a routine matter, were astounded to find the Sunday School room crowded. To their further dismay, in studying the crowd, it became evident that almost everyone whose name had been erased from the communion list in 1857 was present.

In stunned silence the loyalist group permitted this assemblage to elect a chairman and tellers and to begin casting their votes. Then, at last, Mr. Westheaffer, a trustee and one of the loyalists, rallied and sprang to his feet demanding that the election be stopped while the clerk read that portion of the charter which defined the qualifications for voting. The portion in question read as follows: "Each voter must have paid or contributed towards the support of the church for the space of three years next preceding the said election." Mr. Zahm and Mr. Westheaffer then insisted that each voter who had not fulfilled these conditions should be required to pay at once a sum equivalent to three years' contributions or to have his vote cancelled. Voters all began protesting that they had made payments during the last year and that this should suffice. The officers of the meeting then gave it as their decision that anyone who had paid at all during the last three years could vote. Under this con-





dition the election proceeded, with the natural result that the rebels were elected, making the balance of power in the consistory now six to four against Harbaugh. Next day the pastor wrote sadly in his diary: "I see now that it is impossible to raise this congregation in its present form to a true Christian position."

The first meeting of the new consistory was set for January 10. At this meeting the new members did not appear, and, against the provisions of the charter, Messrs. Zahm and Roth were present. They had brought with them an appeal against the results of the election, made up of three counts: That the Constitution of the Reformed Church requires that voters be communicant members; that the official decision about the payments was not in strict accord with the wording of the charter; that six more votes had been cast than there were names on the communion list. As the petitioners could not, of course, vote, this appeal was lost by two votes, the only votes in its favor being those of Harbaugh himself and of Professor William Nevin, one of his most loyal and prudent supporters. Mr. Roth and Mr. Zahm then warned the consistory that they would carry their appeal to the Lancaster Classis.

On January 24, accordingly, a letter came to the consistory from E. V. Gerhart, president of the Classis, warning them that Classis intended to investigate, and requesting them to attend a meeting on February 9. On this date, accordingly, Classis met in the church. The only justification the rebellious consistorymen could give in defense of the election was that the men who had voted were on the old communion list and that they denied the legality of the 1857 revision. Classis resolved that members who habitually neglect communion are not communicant members; that the 1857 list was entirely





legal and should be used as the list of qualified voters; and directed that a new election be held.

Of what happened at this second election (April 4) I cannot find any explanation. It may be that the neutrals, disgusted with the whole affair, stayed away to be out of the quarrel. It may be that the loyalists, pacified by their victory in the Classis, failed to make an effort to insure a majority. Whatever the case, the simple facts are that the election, at which 78 votes were cast, returned not only the two rebels previously elected, but one more in place of a loyalist who had resigned. The consistory now had seven members openly opposed to the pastor, several of the neutrals showed alarming signs of sympathizing with that side, and the only votes that Harbaugh could really count upon were his own and those of Professor Nevin and Mr. Westheaffer.

This consistory, during the next few months, misruled the church in a manner that would be unbelievable if one had not the evidence of their own almost illegible minutes. The finance committee appointed in 1858 to attempt the reduction of the church debt, had collected subscriptions amounting to \$4800 to be paid in five years. Some of them, however, were made conditional upon the whole amount being subscribed. The new 1859 consistory not only made no effort to collect installments on these, but withdrew their own subscriptions on the ground that the whole had not been subscribed. Frightened by this action, other members (even loyalists) withdrew their subscriptions, and not even the interest could be paid. Mr. Zecher and Mr. Gorrecht, neither of whom were now members of the consistory, instituted suit against the congregation, claiming that they were acting for the holders of the mortgage, and announced





that the church building would be put up for public auction unless the minister resigned.

Harbaugh meanwhile, powerless to do anything, had gone west again for a long visit to his brother David, in Illinois. With him he went over to St. Louis and then back to Illinois to see his brother John whom he had not seen for 14 years. In his absence the consistory passed a resolution asking his resignation on the grounds that he alone was responsible for the debt. Harbaugh replied with an indignant refusal, and returned to Lancaster, only to fall ill of a malady diagnosed as "bilious fever."

On August 29 the consistory called a congregational meeting, carefully neglecting to notify the loyalist members. It was a most irregular affair as even its own minutes show. More than half of those present were again non-communicants. One of them was elected to the chair, parliamentary practice was utterly ignored, and no prayer was offered either in opening or closing—although this was required by the charter. The business of the meeting was to pass a resolution *discharging* the pastor and ordering him to vacate the pulpit by October 1—an action utterly prohibited by the constitution.

When word of this astonishing meeting reached the Classis, by way of a petition signed by thirty-seven loyalists, they at once summoned the consistory to appear before them on September 23. When the meeting convened, the three loyal members of the consistory were present—not one of the rebels appeared. The loyalists reported that the summons had been read, and laid upon the table. The Classis decided that the consistory was animated by a spirit of persecution; that the accusation making Harbaugh responsible for the debt was unfounded and injurious; that the consistory had transcended its authority and power in discharging the pastor





without appeal to Classis. A committee consisting of Dr. J. W. Nevin, Dr. Th. Appel, and Mr. A. Peters was appointed to wait upon the disaffected consistorymen, and order them to attend and bring their minutes. In their visits these committeemen were met with sullen stubbornness on the part of the leading rebels, and by shamefaced apologies from those former neutrals who had acted with the rebels. These last claimed that there was nothing to do but get rid of the minister or lose the church; that their action was forced upon them against their will.

On the last Sunday in September the regular fall communion was held. The church was packed. More than two hundred communed, and from the reverent and friendly spirit shown, Harbaugh and his friends on the faculty almost began to hope that the weight of congregational feeling would force a peaceful settlement. The next Sunday, with no warning whatever, the congregation arrived to find the doors of the church locked. Excitement was great. Crowds stood outside. Sunday School teachers and their pupils gathered in bewildered groups. Mr. Roth tried all six doors (the seventh had not yet been cut). Finding them all closed, he went for the sexton who told him that the consistory members had officially taken the keys from him, and told him that his duties were suspended for the time. The consistory members could not be found. Gradually the congregation gave up and went home.

Harbaugh and Zahm with several other friends attended the services at the college chapel that afternoon. Says Dr. Appel, "It was a sad sight and we sympathized with him fully."

Next week Harbaugh took his family to Lewisburg





to await events, where he spent his time preparing a volume of his English poems for publication.

On October 28, the Classis resolved to impeach the ten consistory men who had voted for the discharge, and summoned them to be tried according to the law of the church.

On November 10 and 11, the trial took place in the church which was now opened for the first time since that October Sunday. It was a picturesque scene. J. W. Nevin presided. All the clerical members of the Classis were present and most of the lay members. Strictest judicial practice was observed. Witnesses were sworn in, advocates spoke for prosecution and defense, and some of their speeches lasted for hours.

The charges were:

- A. Conspiracy against the pastor.
- B. Contentiousness and Contumacy.
- C. Lawless Violence.

The accused tried to escape trial on the plea that they were not subject to the constitution because First Church had never ratified it.<sup>15</sup> The Classis dismissed this objection on the grounds that the constitution provides that all members of all congregations are amenable to it whether they ratify or not. They also protested against the college professors serving on the tribunal, as they were members of the congregation and admittedly on Harbaugh's side. This was also dismissed. The accused then pleaded not guilty on all the charges, and the prosecution began to call its witnesses. The testimony told practically the story we have just rehearsed. The defense only called witnesses to testify that the irregular congregational meeting had not been disorderly. Most of these witnesses could hardly speak English and made a bad impression.





Dr. Samuel Welchans summed up the case for the prosecution, speaking eloquently and to the point. He emphasized the mystery underlying "this unnatural persecution," and referred to "the man who has made the removal of the pastor the leading object of his life for the last six years." He deplored the fact that such things could have happened "in the middle of the Nineteenth Century when men are not only civilized and moralized but also Christianized." Achey, speaking for the defense, pled that the consistory had acted with good intentions. If they had done wrong it was unwittingly. They were forced to get rid of the pastor or sell the church, and they chose the lesser evil. Other speeches were made for both sides. Mr. Zahm's was long and passionate and largely incoherent. Then the roll of Classis was called and each member gave his opinion.

It now became very evident that this was not merely a trial of the rebel consistory but of the Presbyterian system. Said Dr. Nevin when the roll call reached him, "Power begins with the consistory, rises to the Classis and terminates in the Synod . . . The principle here involved must be sustained though it scatter the congregation to the ends of the earth." As the voting proceeded, it became evident that the elders who voted were more inclined to be easy upon the accused than were the preachers; although some of the milder clergy questioned if the charge of conspiracy was proved. All three charges, however, were sustained, and five of the accused now acknowledged their guilt and promised better conduct.

A committee was appointed to decide the penalty, and Drs. Nevin and Appel now pled for clemency and advocated that mere dismissal from the consistory was enough, with possible reinstatement of those who had





apologized. Harbaugh, and E. V. Gerhart, however, insisted on the extreme penalty, and the ten rebellious consistory men were excommunicated. On the following day, the diary records: 'Was much called on. The members of the church are rejoiced at the triumph of right.' Next Sunday the church was open and Harbaugh preached to a large and joyful congregation.

We now have to record an episode so delightful and so heartening that it almost makes up for the whole miserable business just ended. As the consistory minutes merely record the result, we turn for the full story to Dr. Appel's account. The mortgage, as we have said, was underwritten by Mr. Zecher, his brother, their friend Mr. Gorrecht, and the three Bausmans, John, Jacob and Samuel. The Bausmans had taken no part in the quarrel.

Defeated by Classis, Mr. Zecher turned to his last resource, that of withdrawing his guarantee. He enlisted his brother and their friend for the same purpose and then went to call upon Mr. Jacob Bausman. Appel says that the younger Bausmans were generally thought to be in sympathy with the opposition, but that when their father, old Elder John Bausman, heard that the Classis was to meet, he said to his sons, "Die Buve"—that "they should go with the ministers." Accordingly, when Mr. Zecher approached Jacob Bausman with his suggestion that they join in threatening the church, he was refused. "When he found he could not use Jacob as his tool for a mischievous purpose, he talked big and surly. Jacob got roused—a little mad, and said he would take the whole thing into his own hands, bear the responsibility himself. At first Mr. Zecher laughed and said he might try it. Jacob went to the creditor and stated the circumstances and offered his own sole name. Mr.





Herford said that that was enough—plenty—that he had never cared about the other names—that he regarded his as sufficient. The change was made, and Mr. Zecher lost 'hold' on the church and became nobody." Evidently the other Bausmans wished to have a part in this beautiful gesture, for when the change in status of the mortgage is at last recorded, the underwriters are John Bausman, Jacob Bausman and Samuel Bausman. The malice of one man had nearly wrecked a church. The loyalty of one family had saved it.

On January 2, 1860, a new consistory was elected at a very quiet congregational meeting. It was made up 100 per cent of the best neutrals. These men set to work at once to "build up the divisions and restore the disorders." The first matter was a small debt owed to Mr. Zecher, whom they were anxious to eliminate from the finances altogether. A committee of the congregation headed by the energetic Zahm, was appointed to collect money for this purpose. They collected \$769.82, out of which they paid the interest of Zecher's debt, the Bausmans taking over the principal and a small note held by Mr. Gorrecht. With the remainder, and \$200 borrowed, they paid the pastor \$335.27 on his overdue salary, reducing this accumulation to \$641.57. A plan was now proposed to pay the remainder of this debt by publishing and selling a sermon on "The Wines of the Bible" which Harbaugh had just preached to the Society of Good Templars, the Society to take 3000 copies at \$30 the thousand. This scheme fell through, as the Society refused.

The year of 1860 was one of real peace. The large body of malcontents left the congregation and went to other churches. Most of them joined St. Paul's, thus as Appel remarks, "They became one with those whom





they had fought out of First Church." Most of the offending consistorymen had eventually made humble petition to be reinstated as church members and their petition was granted, although none of them ever held office again.

Except for the birth of his son, James Fleming Linn Harbaugh (later his biographer), Harbaugh's home life was peaceful. He made some attempt to straighten his tangled finances, as is evident by some rudimentary accounts which he began to keep in the back of his diary but abandoned before the end of January. He confided to friends that his mind was now set to live and die in Lancaster and that, as soon as possible, he was going to build a house on his lot. His pigs were butchered at a cost of \$5, and with the produce of his garden and orchard he was able to live quite cheaply. He obtained permission of the consistory to use the room in the southeast corner of the church basement as a study—for which purpose it has been used by all ministers since that day. He had a great deal of fun planning its arrangement and equipment, and employed a group of college boys to move his books for him. He also, at his own expense, had a door cut into it from the side nearest the parsonage and obtained permission to keep the key himself—thus providing against any recurrence of the door-locking episode.

Feeling that all his troubles were at an end, the pastor now returned to his old practice of spending all his time on literary endeavors. He published this year the poems and his excellent small manual for catechumens, "The Golden Censer." The congregation felt they were being neglected once more. The young men, who had been his most active adherents in the late quarrel,

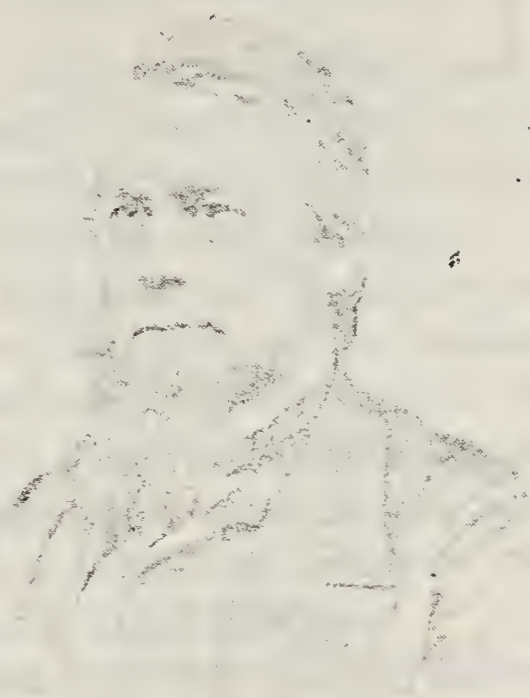




were permitted to manage church affairs as they pleased, to the disapproval of the more staid older element.

On Sunday evening, September 9, after the sermon, three strange young men stepped forward and presented to the minister a call from the new and wealthy St. John's Church in Lebanon. Harbaugh was not at all inclined to accept. He felt that since his victory his place was in Lancaster; he expected apparently that his friends would earnestly protest his leaving. According to Appel, he went the rounds of those whose judgment he respected and found that none of them urged him to stay, while the college professors openly advised him to go, on the grounds that another man could now better insure forgetfulness of past troubles. Appel says that his final decision was made on the advice of John Schaeffer, bookseller and elder, who had always been one of his firmest adherents. When approached on the subject, Mr. Schaeffer said: "Mr. Harbaugh, I think you had better now go."





HENRY HARBAUGH, ABOUT 1860.





## CHAPTER VIII

### LARGER INTERESTS

*"In d'r scheene Natur sin gar viel scheene Sache  
Die Blumme, wo bliehe, die Kricklen, wo lache . . ."*

Fair nature has given us many fair things  
The blossoms that shimmer, the brooklet that sings.

In our attempt to tell, as a unified narrative, the story of Henry Harbaugh's relations with his Lancaster church, it has been necessary to speak but slightly—and, as it were, with a side glance—of activities which, for the understanding of his life and influence were of a far greater importance than the narrow subject of his squabbles with his consistory. While things were going so badly for him in the First Reformed Church, in the denomination as a whole, and even beyond the denomination, he was earning a fame and influence which were to endure far beyond his brief lifetime.

First, then, we must consider his preaching, for it was in these years at Lancaster that he developed that tremendous magnetic power in the pulpit which has become a legend in the Reformed Church. Old men and women who had heard him fifty or sixty years before, still had a light of inspiration in their eyes when they spoke of his sermons in their old age. College students rose early each Sunday in order to walk down from College Hill (there was no public means of transportation in those days) to the First Church, to sit enthralled through his long discourses, and then, often as not, came back in the evening (having meanwhile attended afternoon service in the College Chapel) to hear him again in German; while if their studies did not press too



heavily, many of them turned out again to his week-night services. Several diaries of college students of the period<sup>1</sup> which have drifted back to the archives in the Fackenthal library, speak with obviously genuine enthusiasm of these sermons.

It is difficult to capture any of this enthusiasm when one delves among the piles of his sermon notes in the Historical Society collection. Part of this is due, of course, to the manner of his preparation of a sermon. College boys of today, making typewritten copies of his diaries for the college files, were perplexed and amused by the frequent entry, "Made a skeleton this evening." When one studies these old packages of notes, one realizes that the term is more exact than any other he could have chosen. The barren little cards, small enough to be held in a hand, are neither outlines nor syllabi, nor could they be termed "synopsis" or "precis." They are, in simple exactitude, the bare, white bones of a discourse, and we can no more reconstruct the flesh with which it was clothed than the Paleontologist can really represent for us the face of *Pithecanthropus Erectus*.

Even when, after having preached from the same "skeleton" time and again, and having noted in his diary, "not satisfied with it"—"went better this time"—"still hope to improve it"—and finally, "think it made the right impression"—he at last wrote it up in permanent form as an article for the *Guardian*, the *Messenger*, or the *Review*, or embodied it as a chapter in one of his books, we are still unimpressed. We may be interested in his comments on a difficult passage, entertained by his reconstruction of a Bible story, even impressed by some new material for thought which he offers us, but we are far from being swept with the enthusiasm of those who heard him. It is not only the





words we need—it is the voice, the manner, the poise. We need the dominant, red-haired figure leaning from the pulpit—we need the absolute sincerity, the burning-white passion with which he spoke. We cannot recapture Henry Harbaugh's sermons because Henry Harbaugh in the flesh is not here to preach them for us.

The best we can do is to borrow the vivid recollection of his closest friend, written down a few weeks after his death. In his memorial articles in the *Guardian*,<sup>2</sup> Benjamin Bausman says: "Dr. Harbaugh possessed rare gifts as a preacher. Nature had endowed him with a clear, musical voice, of which he seemed to have marvellous control. He could modulate it at will. When speaking on the lowest keys every syllable could be distinctly heard in the remotest parts of a large church."<sup>3</sup>

" . . . He mediated between the deepest philosophy and the practical sense of the common people. Freely using sources of learning, he used them as a tree uses the earth and air, by reproducing and assimilating their substance. His sermons were aglow with life. You felt the warm blood coursing through every sentence . . .

"These qualities helped to make him a powerful public speaker. On questions of general public importance at Synodical meetings his speeches always told . . .

"One such has photographed its sentiments and effects on our memory. Humbly and silently he sat in a corner of the church, patiently and with apparent interest listening to many speeches, good, bad and indifferent on both sides of the question. Some members of the Synod were in the vestibule, others in the rear of the church talking. At length he rose. Soon all whispering ceased. The outsiders quickly returned to their seats, eager to hear every word that fell from his lips. He began with a half-hesitating manner, as though he had had some





difficulty to pick appropriate thoughts to begin with. He spoke over an hour, which to many seemed scarcely fifteen minutes. At one time he applied the more serious part of his argument with the most touching pathos, bathing many faces in tears. Ere these had left the eyes of his hearers a humorous anecdote clinched the nail, and convulsed them with laughter. He meanwhile looked intensely earnest. It would have formed a fine subject for a painting." <sup>4</sup>

Second in importance, in his own mind, to his preaching were his literary activities. We have spoken at some length of "The Sainted Dead." Its two sequels, "The Heavenly Recognition" (1851) and "The Heavenly Home" (1853), were continuations of the same investigations which were, indeed, throughout his life his favorite subjects. These three, in their numerous editions as separate volumes, and in their uniform edition as a trilogy, found their way into homes and hearts throughout the country. Among his correspondence are many letters from readers whose hearts have been touched and their grief lightened by these books. In reading them, one is impressed by the wide range of intelligence to which the works appealed. Some are almost illiterate compositions of ignorant fanatics; some the simple, heartfelt gratitude of mothers and widows of the laboring classes; some are thoughtful and earnest queries from professional men and scholars. Upon books which had so wide an influence in their own day, is it right for a more sophisticated generation to look with an eye of depreciation?

In the Lancaster years he published a number of pamphlets most of them addresses and sermons: "The Duty and Privilege of Making a Public Profession of Religion," 1851; "The Trials and Triumphs of Genius,"





1852; "Union with the Church," 1853; "The Lord's Portion," 1858 (still an excellent manual in the teaching of stewardship to young people); "Young Men. A Lecture delivered before the Young Men of Manheim," 1859.

Of more importance were the books, "Birds of the Bible," 1854—a de luxe volume, with colored illustrations, which was received with joyous enthusiasm by teachers and young people accustomed to a deadly lack of color and charm in didactic works of Bible study. It was undoubtedly influenced by Dr. Nevin's "Biblical Antiquities," for many years a necessary companion for Sunday School teachers, but in its own field it remained unique for many years. It was not until the 80's and 90's that such books as Grindon's "Scripture Botany," Groser's "Trees and Plants of the Bible," Hart's "Animals Mentioned in the Bible," Maunder's "Astronomy of the Bible," and "Wood's "Bible Animals," found their way into print and popularity. Although these later studies were founded on sounder knowledge and, in many cases, on personal research, we must yet give the credit to Henry Harbaugh for seeing, with the sunny materialism which was one of his highest virtues, that Bible study could be given a reality which in those days it so painfully lacked,<sup>5</sup> by pointing out that the Holy Word was not written in a vacuum, but in a land where swallows skimmed the brook, turtle-doves courted in springtime, sparrows hopped among the branches, and the great vulture soared above the Dead Sea valley.

His "Annals of the Harbaugh Family" prepared in these years but not published until 1861, is, as it was intended to be, chiefly of interest to his descendants, yet it contains many charming anecdotes, side observations and pictures of pioneer life, which raise it distinctly out of the class of ordinary genealogical treatises.





"The Life of Michael Schlatter," 1857, is quite another matter. It is one of the most serious of contributions not only to the history of the Reformed Church but to the pioneer history of Pennsylvania. He came upon the diary of Michael Schlatter, the organizer of the German Reformed churches and schools of Pennsylvania, in the days of his earliest interest in the history of the church, which was probably first called to life in his studies for his "Centenary Sermons" in First Church. This most important document had never been translated and was very little known to the churchmen of his day. Recognizing its great historical importance, Harbaugh set himself to translate and edit it—a work of scholarship for which later historians can never be too grateful.

This experience was undoubtedly the genesis of his encyclopedic work, "The Fathers of the Reformed Church," upon which he labored for the rest of his life—publishing two volumes, nearly completing the third, and leaving the last three to be compiled by that same D. Y. Heisler with whom he practically exchanged pulpits when he came to Lancaster. We can only realize how great a labor was here involved when we recall that no other formal work on the history of the Reformed Church had yet been published. All the biographical information which he included he was forced to derive from the sources. His own summary of this labor is quoted by his son:

"We have written vast numbers of letters—we have travelled in pursuit of facts—we have taken down the traditions of the aged, and compared them with preserved records—we have searched old files of newspapers and pamphlets in the libraries of Philadelphia and elsewhere—we have examined piles of old letters, in English, German, Dutch, and Latin—we have gone patiently





through the Coetal and Synodical minutes and archives, so far as they are still extant, from 1748 down to the present time—we have carefully waded through a bundle of documents in German, Dutch, and Latin, procured some years ago from the ecclesiastical archives of Holland—we have examined, either personally or through friends, all the old congregational records throughout the church—we have rummaged the old papers left behind by many of the earliest deceased ministers—we have been in garrets and in graveyards—we have begged and bought material—in short we have sought wherever hope of success invited us, like one who seeks for goodly pearls.”

The results of this industry are not alone the useful volumes for whose sake the labor was undertaken, but a tremendous collection of historical notes which has been of service to all later church historians and still contains material for historians and biographers of some future day.

We have spoken of “*The True Glory of Woman*,” which created such a stir among the puritanical element, and have related how he solaced his trials in 1859 in the preparation of his English poems for the press. Although highly praised by some of his friends, this was probably the least happy of his literary ventures. It has been said so often as to become aphoristic that no man can write poetry in a language to which he is not born. It seems to have been true in a number of well-known cases, and it was certainly true in that of Harbaugh. Although from his English prose he had succeeded in banishing almost all reminiscence of the “Dutch,” it remained in his verse. It made itself evident, no longer in the amusing mispronunciations and faulty constructions of his early efforts, but in more





subtle ways—a lack of feeling for sound patterns, a failure to notice words that clashed, a use of unnecessarily involved sentence structure, a tendency to feminine endings, and to the introduction of superfluous words to fill in the metre. Worse than any of these technical faults is the inescapable Teutonic sentimentality which pervades all of these poems. This characteristic is present, too, in the prose, but is there amply well-balanced by his common sense and his humor. In prose, too, by very virtue of his tremendous speed of production he developed a sharp, clean-cut style which became eventually very pleasing. In poetry he had not this advantage.

It is a well-known fact that the French author can say in French, with delicacy and charm, things which translated into English become vulgar obscenities. It is also true, as anyone who has done any extensive translations of German poetry knows, that some lines which in German are dignified and beautiful refuse to be translated into any English approximation of their sense which does not seem insincere and ludicrous. I do not know whether the English language has certain fields in which it can express thoughts inexpressible in other languages. But I have read French and Germans translations of Shakespeare which would surely suggest that this is so. These poems of Dr. Harbaugh's are quite obviously translations of thoughts which could have been fine and noble in another tongue, but which fall far short in the English.

Dr. J. H. Dubbs<sup>6</sup> tells an anecdote about the most popular of these poems which illustrates just that lack of facility in handling the language, of which we have spoken. The poem was "The Mystic Weaver." Dr. Dubbs says that, on its first publication in *The Guardian*, Dr. T. C. Porter, Professor of Natural Sciences at





Franklin and Marshall, happening to drop in on the pastor in his study, picked up a copy of the magazine and read the first two lines of the poem, which, at that time, ran:

“Weaver at his loom is sitting,  
Throws his shuttle to and fro.”

Dr. Porter, who was known for his unsparing sarcasm, and who considered that he himself was no mean poet, said bitingly, “Which Weaver do you mean? John Weaver or Jim Weaver?” Harbaugh’s temper, not unexpectedly flared up, and when it had exhausted itself, the Professor said mildly, “Very well, if that is what you mean, why don’t you say:

“At his loom, the weaver sitting,  
Throws his shuttle to and fro.”

In the “Poems” the line reads as amended. This poem, by the way, had a long vogue in textbooks and anthologies of didactic poetry. It can be found in school readers as late as 1910, in many of which—such is the evanescence of fame—it bears the note, “Author unknown.”

In addition to his books, Harbaugh contributed, during his ten years in Lancaster, 19 articles to the *Mercersburg* (later Reformed Church) *Review*. Of these five were translations, three were historical, one was a book review, and the rest were on practical problems of church government or of the personal religious life. It is very notable that in a learned periodical devoted largely to the discussion of deep problems of theology, the young preacher did not attempt an unsuitable display of erudition. If he had tried to rival Nevin and Schaff on their own ground, he would certainly have over-reached himself; as it was, he produced interesting





and important contributions which won him the praise and friendship of these greater men.

It was, of course, in *The Guardian* that Harbaugh most completely expressed himself. Here he had opportunity to make use of all the wide and varied general information which he delighted in accumulating. Here he could give free rein to all those romantic tendencies which surged within him, and within the limits which he had set for himself—for he permitted no “fiction” in his columns and no glorification of worldly pleasures—he yet managed to present life, and particularly the religious life, as a glowing, colorful, exciting thing, which to the young people of the church (and of other churches, for the magazine was non-denominational) who had no access to spicier literature, must have offered the kind of escape which many boys and girls find today in the movies which Harbaugh would have mercilessly condemned.

In the objects enumerated in his opening number, which we have detailed above, he promised to make piety “intelligent, consistent and lovely.” He really succeeded in some measure in doing this very thing. Sometimes his articles about the religious life are as filled with romantic attraction as a fairy tale by Grimm—and as remote from crude reality. Yet why should it not be as legitimate to make piety glamorous as it is to do the same for sexual love? We question whether the readers of *The Guardian* were not as wholesomely employed as our modern young people absorbed in “True Confessions” and the like.

It is true that the editor did not escape quite so far as he thought from the influence of contemporary journalism. These were still the “Sentimental Decades.” Literary annals were still the favorite Christmas gifts;





Godey's and Grahams the most popular "family" journals. Although he inveighs against them, by name, he does not always avoid an unconscious imitation of them.

In the second number of his first volume he says, "Look at the indelicate, unchaste, not to say indecent plates which may be seen by opening, almost at random, even the most fashionable of our city publications." Whereupon we turn to his frontispiece (he never reached the place where he could afford more than one plate for each issue) and find that this number is graced with a portrait of the Queen of Prussia in a gown which displays quite a considerable expanse of high, white bosom; while the next, for no discernible reason, bears the sinister countenance of Abdul Aziz, then heir apparent to the sultanate of Turkey. It is true that at this date Abdul was posing as a reformer, but his later career was scarcely one to make him a proper subject for *The Guardian*.

He never failed to condemn all the things he thought needing condemnation. During the 1850's he wrote articles *against* the Circus, Dancing, Fashionable Clothes, Games such as chess, dominoes, etc.—("There is no Christian want that calls for these plays or that is satisfied by them.") Cock-fighting, Novel-reading, Marriage with unbelievers, Billiard-saloons, Newspaper indecencies, Lotteries, and a dozen other of his pet dislikes. It is remarkable that he did not alienate all his young subscribers; but he managed to retain them by a genuine sympathy of viewpoint and charm of discourse.

In 1865 he wrote of the influence of the periodical, "We could furnish abundant proof, from public and private sources, that it has been an agency for good. It has been blest to the bringing of persons into the church and it has been instrumental in bringing young men into





the college and the ministry. This we know. We have the evidence of it in letters written to us."

His greatest difficulty was to secure contributors. Being unable to pay, and yet maintaining high standards of quality, it was only his most intimate friends whom he could persuade to help him fill his columns. In the early days there was Elias Heiner, Prof. Wm. M. Nevin, Mr. Linn, and several with unidentifiable initials. Many times he was forced to fill his pages with translations from the German, with long quotations from famous poetry, often without credit to the authors, or with compilations of statistical data or unrelated facts on the "Believe it or not" order.

In 1863 a Lutheran minister<sup>7</sup> twitted him in an editorial with the fact that his current number carried only one article by an outside contributor. "*The Guardian* is certainly a remarkable periodical. It ought to be the most individual consistent monthly in the land, for it is nearly all written by one man." Harbaugh published the comment, and printed below it the fact that his article on "The Religious Character of Washington" in that very number had been chosen by a national organization to be printed in pamphlet form for distribution to the soldiers.

Nevertheless he was sensitive on this point, and tried hard to vary the style of his contributions and to disguise, without actual prevarication, the fact that all his authors were one. Some articles he left unsigned altogether; some were "by the Editor," some by "H.H.," and sometimes he even resorted to his old Ohio pen name and signed them "Edwin." But no one studying them would fail to recognize in them all the same eager, wistful desire to inculcate a "lovely piety" that makes even the most tedious of them lovable.





Even his denunciations, absurd though some of them seem to us now, are never coldly Puritanical. They have fire and flame and color which almost sweep the reader along with him; and, towards the end of his editorial career, we find fewer and fewer denunciations. As his theology grew more "Christological" he began to realize, it seemed, that when a soul is won to what is highest, it can be trusted to avoid what is base without having baseness constantly pointed out for its observation.

It was as the church grew to recognize his strong popular appeal, that the church leaders, particularly the Mercersburg group, began to feel his value to their own ambitions for the church. Here again the essential humility of the man became a real asset to him in attaining the position of equality with these, the great men of his world, of which he had wistfully dreamed since his student days, but into which he had never attempted to force himself. Had he tried, with his faulty education, to pretend that he was capable of arguing with Nevin or Schaff on the theological questions of which they were masters, or had he attempted to offer any original contributions to the theological system which they were building up, they would probably have despised him as an intrusive fool. He made no such presumptions. He remained always, in his relations to these two, an admiring pupil seated at the feet of his masters.

If, however, he had no delusions of grandeur, neither did he cherish any morbid self-belittlement. When he visited his home in the old valley, he never failed to cross to its northern rim and visit Mercersburg, never having any doubt that he would be a welcome guest at the homes of the great men. After the same manner, when they in turn came up the river on ecclesiastical missions, or later to visit the new college at Lancaster, Henry Harbaugh





never questioned his right to be the one of all the ministers of the neighborhood who would harness his buggy, drive to the nearest railroad centre and bear them to his home, where he expected them to make their headquarters.

In like manner, he never doubted, what was a simple matter of fact, that of all who studied and accepted their doctrines, he was the one best qualified, by intellect and by sympathy, to understand their fullest implications. Nor did he fail to realize that, in his position of a man risen from the people and speaking to the people, he was able to do what Nevin with his aristocratic and scholarly background, and Schaff, newly come to this country and steeped in the tremendous learning of the new German theology of which the common Pennsylvania-German had never heard, were both unable to do. He was in a position to teach comprehensively to the laymen of his churches, and particularly to his boy and girl readers who loved and trusted him, those doctrines which, when put forth in the books and articles of the theologians, merely offended and frightened the laity because they were unprepared to grasp them.

This is not a theological treatise, nor is it a work on Church history. It is a biography and need not enter into doctrinal problems. Nevertheless, because the "Mercersburg Controversy" was so vital a factor in Henry Harbaugh's life, and he so vital a factor in it, it becomes necessary to attempt at least a superficial understanding of the argument. There were, in fact, *three* Mercersburg controversies and any number of minor little squabbles growing out of them.

The first was the "Anxious Bench" controversy growing out of Dr. Nevin's little tract of 1843, to which we have referred in our discussion of Harbaugh's early





years in Lewisburg. Dr. Schaff had not yet come to America when this was published, and so was not involved, though he fully agreed with Dr. Nevin's contentions on the subject. The reason for the wide-spread disapproval of this little book was not so much the popular enjoyment of the revivalistic type of religion then sweeping the country as it was Dr. Nevin's failure to make clear to the lay mind that he was not at all disclaiming the possibility of genuine, religious conversions, nor the desirability of true revivals of religion. He failed to make plain to those of simple, direct minds that what he was opposing was the specious methods used to arouse a mob hysteria, which resulted only in an unhealthy emotional dissipation which bore little resemblance to true repentance and faith.

This controversy, however, failed to arouse very strong antagonism to Dr. Nevin, for the general feeling in the German churches was, at this time, on his side. It seems rather strange that the emotional nature of the Pennsylvania-German should have been so rarely moved by the methods so attractive to the apparently frigid Englishman. Perhaps the psychologist would say that the hysteria of a revival releases inhibitions in a Puritanic people which have never been formed in the milder beings who do their laughing and crying in daily life. It is also worth noting that those peoples who find their favorite religious expression in the congregational singing of noble old hymns set to tunes that are themselves musical masterpieces, seldom feel the need of any less glorious outlet for their feelings. He who has sung the "Alleluia Chorus" has given full vent to any desire to writhe and scream "Alleluia" from the anxious bench. He who has joined a vast congregation in the soul-shaking rapture of "O Sacred Head Now Wounded" has





utterly expressed all that is meant by those who dash about an audience crying, "Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

Whether it was one of these causes, or only the common-sense motto that old George Harbaugh had loved so well, "Was übertrieben wird ist nicht gut," yet it is true that few of the German churches, even among the sects, cared to adopt the "new measures," so that Nevin's "Anxious Bench" was generally approved, although not too well understood. There were, however, those among the "Puritan element" of the denomination who began to watch him with suspicion, and, oddly enough, many of these were his former pupils and, sometimes, fellow-professors of the earlier days at Mercersburg.

When Dr. Schaff came to the seminary he at once, in all innocence, inaugurated the second and most bitter of the Mercersburg controversies, the "Church Question." His inaugural address at the seminary, in 1845, was entitled "Das Prinzip des Protestantismus." It was published at once in German, and simultaneously in an English translation, with annotations, by Dr. Nevin as "The Principle of Protestantism." In both languages it was widely circulated and read, for the furor of excitement which had welcomed the coming of the great theologian made every intelligent churchman eager to learn just what were his claims to the leadership which was being given him.

Now, in his own eyes, Schaff's address had been a powerful argument against Roman Catholicism, which was then beginning to play a much larger part in the religious life of the Eastern United States than it had done so far. To his very great surprise and dismay, his argument was received as a dangerous and subtle attempt to bring the Protestant churches back into the





arms of Rome. What had happened, of course, was that Dr. Schaff had assumed a knowledge of recent theology and church history in his audience, which they simply did not possess.

To him, as to many an intellectual Christian, the strongest argument which the Roman church had to offer was that it was the only direct descendant of the great church of the Middle Ages; that it alone had embodied and preserved all the magnificent achievements of the fathers; that it alone was the heir of Augustine and Aquinas; and that in revolting against Rome, the Protestants had wilfully discarded all this great inheritance. Dr. Schaff, in answer to this, proved to his own and Dr. Nevin's complete satisfaction, that the Protestant church had never revolted against the finer things of the mediæval church; that, indeed, it was as much the child of that great church as was the Roman body, and that the Reformation struck not at the teachings of the Fathers, but at the corruptions which the Romanists had introduced into the church. He reassured those trembling with the temptation to return to Rome, that there was no need to seek the fine things of the Holy Catholic Church in the Roman Church, for all that was finest there was also to be found in the Reformed faith.

He treated the Protestant and Catholic churches as two streams flowing from a single source—as two branches of the same great tree.

What he never dreamed of, and what Dr. Nevin, although bred in American theology and only recently initiated into the world of German thought, only vaguely understood, was that far from being a great intellectual temptation, the historical argument for the Roman church had never entered the head of the average Pennsylvania-German. The layman of those days had never





heard of Augustine or of Aquinas. If he had, he thought vaguely of them as "horrid papists." He was unaware that there had ever been a great church in the Middle Ages. In seven cases out of ten he was unaware that there had even been a Reformation. So far as he was concerned there had always been a Catholic Church and a Protestant Church, and where the latter was the Bride of Christ, the former was the Scarlet Woman.

Suggest to the uneducated Pennsylvania-German to-day that his ancestors were once Catholics, and you will be startled at his indignant denial. He is not interested in historical processes. To him a Catholic is a Catholic and a Protestant a Protestant.

Imagine then the impact upon the average layman of the Reformed Church a hundred years ago, when he was told that the new professor at Mercersburg was not only saying that Protestants had once been Catholics, but also, apparently, that it was a thing to be proud of, and that in a certain sense they were really Catholics to this day. Something, it was felt, must be done about this.

More violent than the reaction of the amazed laymen was that of Joseph F. Berg of Philadelphia—the same Dr. Berg who helped Harbaugh to find his first publisher. Dr. Berg had for some years been the self-constituted Paladin of Protestantism against the devilish lures of the "Whore of Babylon." He was far from being uneducated or unintelligent. He was a brilliant man with a cold but passionate fixity of purpose. He had been one of the original faculty at Marshall College, but had left suddenly and without much explanation. He had engaged in public debates with Catholic priests, devoted a large number of his sermons to anti-Romanism, carried on violent personal feuds with anyone who sug-





gested, however mildly, that there was some good in the Catholic Church. He had reached a point where he could smell a Romanist as Cotton Mather could smell a witch. (Probably the chief reason for his sponsorship of Harbaugh's book was that it argued so strongly against the existence of purgatory.)

To him Dr. Schaff's book came as a shocking surprise, not because he was ignorant of the historical position of the Roman Church, but because he fully accepted it and had used it consistently as an argument against them. The Romanists, he agreed, were in very truth the heirs of the Middle Ages, and the Middle Ages were wholly, completely vile. To accuse the Reformed Church of having brought with it anything whatever from the church of those degenerate and disgusting days was to besmirch and beshame a noble institution. For him the Reformation was a clean, complete breach with all that had gone before—or, to adopt a more exact similitude, it was a fresh stream, springing not from the old polluted source, but an outrushing of underground waters which had flowed uncontaminated through secret channels from the days before ever Roman luxury and perversion had first sullied the church of the apostles.

Dr. Berg introduced in the Classis of Philadelphia a series of resolutions asking Synod to investigate the dangerous new teaching at Mercersburg. The result was a four-day discussion at the Synod meeting at York in 1845, at which not Dr. Schaff, as is often supposed, but his book was tried for hersy—and triumphantly acquitted. Dr. Berg, after some years of fruitless struggle against the Mercersburg Romanists, left the church and joined the Dutch Reformed Church, taking a large number of his congregation with him.

Many of his sympathizers among the ministry of the





church did not feel the need of going so far as this, but, remaining in the church, continued to struggle against the influence of the professors. Among these were Elias Heiner of Baltimore, who preached the "incendiary sermons" at Second Church in Lancaster; Philip Milledoler, and, not at first, but later, J. H. A. Bomberger, founder of Ursinus College.

The North Carolina Classis, of which Harbaugh's old roommate, Jeremiah Ingold, was now a leader, broke relations with Synod entirely on this question. Henry wrote to Jerry, rather wistfully, in 1857, "You brethren down in the 'sunny south' have been anathematizing us at such a rate that I supposed all matters were forgotten, but you seem still to love your old chum—all right, here's my hand  ." His old friends Jeremiah and Reuben Good, and their colleagues at Heidelberg Seminary, were, if not openly hostile, at least unsympathetic. Even Emmanuel V. Gerhart, first president of Franklin and Marshall College, was at best a neutral. Of the men who had been friends in Mercersburg in 1842, the only ones who consistently upheld the Mercersburg theology were Theodore Appel and Henry Harbaugh—and they, oddly enough, were never quite able to get along together.

*The Mercersburg Review*, founded by Dr. Nevin in 1848, as an organ for the defence and explanation of his doctrines, did not help matters very much. Again he met with misinterpretation because his readers had not the historical background to understand at all what he intended to express. Two articles against the Puseyites in England—"Cyprian" and "Early Christianity"—were interpreted by those who had never heard of Pusey as attempts to prove that the earliest Christians were advocates of Romanist doctrines. His "Mystical





Presence," a book published in 1846, also failed of its intention. He thought he had established his protestant position beyond question by this complete denial of the "Real Presence" of Christ's body and blood in the Eucharist. But literal-minded readers who had never thought of the bread and wine as anything but bread and wine, saw in this "Mystical Presence" notion merely a step toward actual transubstantiation.

In 1853, Dr. Nevin, his health broken and his spirits low, resigned his position at the seminary, refused the presidency of Franklin and Marshall College, changed the name of the *Mercersburg Review* to *Reformed Church Review*, gave its editorship into the hands of Dr. Bomberger, and retired to private life, eventually buying a farm which he named "Caernarvon," on the Columbia pike near Lancaster, where Dr. Appel and Dr. Harbaugh used to visit him, to find him pitching hay in his shirt sleeves "with a tail quite visible behind."<sup>s</sup> That he later returned as president of Franklin and Marshall for a long and influential term is no part of this narrative.

Dr. Schaff, hardier under adversity, remained at the Seminary, writing many successive books on his historical thesis, until in 1870 he went to Union Theological Seminary in New York, leaving the Reformed Church, not for the Roman, as many had expected, but for the Presbyterian.

Meanwhile, however, in his pulpit and in the pages of his magazine, Henry Harbaugh was quietly and persistently explaining the Mercersburg doctrines in words which the common man could understand. He did not label them as controversial subjects—he simply inserted them into general discussions as things easily understandable and readily acceptable. He stated them in simple terms. He illustrated them with anecdotes from





the personal experience of his readers. He dropped the notions of "mystical presence," of "historical Christianity," of the "Church of the Middle Ages" so easily into the minds of young people that they grew up accepting them as axioms.

True, he received his share of the accusation of "Romanizing." He lost friends that had been dear to him—Elias Heiner, one of the *Guardian's* first contributors—Dr. Berg, to whom he owed a debt of gratitude—his old college friends and his dear roommate. But he achieved the results which the theologians could not have achieved. He made of the "historical question" a dead issue, because no one today dreams of questioning Dr. Schaff's original thesis, that the Church of the Reformation grew out of the Church of the Middle Ages, and received some of its finest treasures therefrom. To question it, to advance Dr. Berg's old argument, would be as absurd as to say that because the United States broke away from Great Britain at the Revolution, they had never been a part of the British Commonwealth nor been in any way influenced by British culture, manners or morals.

The third Mercersburg controversy and the one in which Harbaugh played the most active part, was the "Liturgical Question." We have to a large extent described his work in this field in the last chapter, and need only summarize here. The committee, appointed by Synod in 1848, was a widely representative one, including most of the leading names of the church in all parties. When it came to actual work, Dr. Schaff, Dr. Harbaugh, and, on the first or "Provisional Liturgy," Dr. Bomberger, did most of the slow, painstaking labor. Much of it was done in Dr. Harbaugh's study in the Lancaster Church, and it was not until 1857 that even





this first experimental form was adopted. It was so very tentative that it provided four possible orders for each service. It was in the introduction of this that Harbaugh so offended many of his members.

The opponents to the Liturgy were, first, those who altogether disapproved of "printed prayers" and demanded "free worship"; next, those who thought the English liturgy should be a bare translation of the German liturgy still in use in many churches; and third, those who, ready to receive and use a liturgy, still managed to ferret out in *this* liturgy the cloven hoof of Merckersburg theology.

For Harbaugh the Liturgical Question was a very simple one. To him the provision of beautiful forms of worship in which both preacher and congregation should bear a part, was merely another way of making piety lovely, of helping Christians to find in their church that beauty and warmth and charm which Puritanism drove them to seek outside.

The Provisional Liturgy, adopted in 1857, was discarded in 1861, and the same Liturgical Committee was called together to try again. By this time Henry Harbaugh was in Lebanon.



## CHAPTER IX

### A CEDAR IN LEBANON

*"Nooch dem dass mer se't werd eem ah in der Aernt  
Die Frucht vun seim Werk ausgemesse."*

The seed that we sow, in the harvest shall be  
Returned as the fruit of our labor.

Some time in the closing years of his Lancaster ministry, Henry Harbaugh, grew a beard. Unfortunately, the earliest bearded picture that we have of him is not dated, but it was taken by a Lancaster photographer. A few years later he added a mustache, which completed his air of elderly authority, but unfortunately hid the fine mouth which had always been his handsomest feature. With spectacles over the eyes which midnight study had early ruined, he was completely changed from the romantic young poet of the Sartain engraving. The hair on his head was quite gray, while the beard seems to have come out red, which must have made a rather striking combination. In a serio-comic article in the *Guardian* of August 1862, he stated the arguments for wearing a beard:

1. It distinguishes the sexes.
2. Inspires personal dignity and self-respect.
3. Attracts admiration from the ladies.
4. The mustache warms the air entering the nose and throat and strains out the dust.
5. Keeps the throat warm (and by evaporation cool in summer), thus preventing bronchitis, consumption, diphtheria, etc.
6. It is better than a muffler because head and throat move in and out of a muffler, while the beard follows the face around.





7. Daily shaving is an intolerable nuisance and a waste of time.

He had received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College in 1860—perhaps the new facial ornaments were an attempt to live up to his dignity.

At the time of his departure from Lancaster his family consisted of six persons. There was first his wife, Mary Louisa Linn Harbaugh, a gentle woman and a gentlewoman whose quiet, patient nature seems to have proved a perfect foil for her husband's tempestuous emotions. She was remembered in later years as a hostess of "mild and pleasing cordiality," as one of "more than ordinarily reserved and receptive disposition," and as one who "had a high conception of the dignity and sacred character of the holy ministry."<sup>1</sup> "Birds of the Bible" had been dedicated to her, with the significant confession, "To whom the hours of leisure, in which this volume was prepared, by right belonged."

Then there was Mary Olivia, 15 years of age. There had been little mention of her in the diaries, and when there was, she seems to have been acting as nursemaid to her half-brothers and sisters. We have a brief record of her attending "Mr. Locke's" school for one term in 1856, "the first she ever went to school." "Wilsie had a cold. Mary took him to Dr. Atlee's." "Circus in town. Wilsie and Maggie wanted to see parade. I sent them with Mary out to Bausman's to be out of harm's way." "Wife and Mary busy with housecleaning." "Sent children to stay at Grandfather Linn's. Merrill Linn took them. Mary went along to look after them."<sup>2</sup>

In a family where the average length of time between babies is fourteen months, it is inevitable that the eldest child becomes a drudge. If, as was often the case in





those days, the eldest child is a step-daughter, the reaction on her character is apt to be unfortunate.

The living children of the second marriage were: Wilson Linn, aged 10, a good little boy; Margaret Anna, aged 5, a juvenile theologian with a wit that matched her father's; Henry Lange, aged 3; and J. F. Linn, aged 5 months. Besides Mary's full sister, Laura Amanda, three children had died within a few weeks of their birth.

With this little company, if with no wealth of flocks and herds, Henry, on October 10, 1860, went out from Lancaster and climbed into the sweeter, purer air of Lebanon. This little town of 6000 inhabitants, seated in the foothills of the Alleghenies, 100 feet higher in altitude than Lancaster, and therefore with an air more suitable to the lungs of the mountain-bred preacher, was a substantial, pretty little borough with solidly built homes, prosperous farms and industries and an overwhelmingly German population. Convenient to Harrisburg, Lancaster and Reading, it was not too provincial, and its close affinity with the great ore mines at Cornwall gave it an industrial as well as rural atmosphere.

The church was probably, of the three he served, the one best suited to his peculiar talents. St. John's Reformed Church, incorporated a year earlier, represented one of the exceedingly rare cases in which a congregation had split on the language question with perfect amiability and friendliness on both sides.<sup>3</sup> Tabor Reformed Church had become too large for its building; its pastor, Rev. F. W. Kremer, was overburdened with trying to care for it and for a country charge he held in addition, and there was a growing element of the younger generation who disliked the German services which were held almost as often as the English ones.





Therefore, with full and friendly co-operation from pastor and people, a new English congregation was formed, officers elected, and a new church built of the pinkish-brown sandstone just a few miles away. A graceful, well-proportioned structure, as different as possible in every detail from the Lancaster church which had come to be almost a nightmare to him, this new church, unburdened with traditions, unencumbered with quarrels, and astonishingly almost free from debt, must have made a strong appeal to the weary pastor.

He had made the principal address at the laying of the cornerstone on May 21, 1859, and there had been impressed with the friendly affection existing between the people and their former pastor. Even more deeply was he moved by the fact that there was included in the cornerstone a copy of the "Provisional Liturgy." He felt that a new-born congregation which built its walls upon the true kind of worship had great things in store. When, later, their call was presented to him, the committee actually requested that he establish liturgical worship. He was, however, mildly annoyed by the fact that although it was a "corner-stone laying" service, the cornerstone was not actually *laid*. He scolded them gently in report of the service for the *Messenger* (June 8, 1859): "We may say that the spirit is enough without the form. Well then, the same thing will apply to all ordinances—then the sacraments, confirmation, marriage, prayer, etc., need not the forms when the spirit is present. Thus the Quakers are right."

This criticism did not deter St. John's from determining that Henry Harbaugh and no other was the man they wanted as their pastor. The call was presented on September 9, 1860, accepted September 22,<sup>4</sup> and the move was made on October 10.





The church was dedicated on Oct. 18, and Dr. Harbaugh installed on the same day. At the service of installation, the choir was led by a young man, Theodore D. Fisher, soon to be a victim of the Civil War and the subject of a memorial biography by the pastor.<sup>5</sup> Among the 61 charter members enrolled at that service were Mrs. Harbaugh and Mary Olivia Harbaugh.

It was a stimulating situation. A year later he was to describe it: "This beautiful church edifice was the centre of a singular cluster of anomalies. Here was a church-building without a church—a consistory without a congregation—a pastor to be installed without any members to be installed over—pews without occupants—a choir gallery without choir or instruments—a Sunday School room without teachers or children—book-cases without books. In short, the entire shell of a home without a family."

One of his first acts, characteristically, was to insist on the installation of a chancel rail, which had not been included in the original plan.

Almost simultaneously with his removal to Lebanon, there came from the press his little manual for catechumens, "The Golden Censer." This was probably the outstanding best-seller of all his works, and is the only one still in print. This popularity, however, cannot be wholly attributed, as in the case of the books on Heaven, to a genuine appeal of the book to the general reader. Its consistent sales for a period of nearly eighty years were due to the fact that it came to be customary in many of the liturgical churches of the denomination for the pastor or the consistory to give a copy of the book to each member of the catechetical class upon confirmation. They were published with a confirmation certificate bound inside, and thus served a double purpose.





That many of these gifts were never used is evident from the large number of copies in practically mint condition, which come in to the libraries of Franklin and Marshall College and of the Theological Seminary among books given to these institutions by persons bent upon clearing their bookshelves. On the other hand, there must have been, in the course of the years, especially perhaps in the earlier period, but certainly even into the twentieth century, a certain proportion of earnest young communicants who began to use the little manual in the early enthusiasm of their newly-confirmed excitement, and later, either from force of habit or from genuine love of the deep, pure spirituality which speaks through the now somewhat "dated" language of its prayers and meditations. We can vouch for the case of one such person, confirmed as lately as 1913, who since then has worn to ribbons two copies of the "Censer," and keeps a third on a bedside table for constant reference.

Written at the time that its author was deeply engaged in the activities of the Liturgical Committee, the little book was quite frankly intended as another method of indoctrinating the young in the chief principles of the Mercersburg theology and preparing them for worship in a liturgical church. In his preface he discusses the question of using forms of prayer. "The worshipper can have no choice—he must use his own language or that of another. If he depends on his own, it will gradually grow into a form for him. . . . Such prayers, not being formed on a high religious model, but the fruit of his own limited Christian ideas and experiences, will be filled with commonplace ideas, if not of cant phrases. . . . It is sometimes said that when forms have been often used . . . they fail any longer to interest and stir the heart. Have old and often-used hymns that effect? . . . Why





do we not compose our hymns as we need them? If it be answered that not every Christian is a poet, then we answer, in like manner, that not every one has the gift of preparing for himself those prayers which are best adapted to give expression to the deepest devotional feelings. "It is sometimes said that, when the heart is most earnest and devout it will most easily find language of its own in which to express its devotional feelings. The truth is just the reverse."

The book contains devotions in preparation for confirmation and for use after confirmation; private preparatory devotions before communion, and prayers and meditations after communion; daily morning and evening devotions, and special devotions for the festival seasons; devotions for special occasions (in which he included prayers "against passion, against temptation, in time of calamity; for faith; for humility; after a relapse into sin; for pardon; for love to our neighbor; on engaging in a new pursuit; before a journey; after a journey; in time of deep distress; for parents; for friends; general thanksgiving). There is a section of "Primitive devotional forms" in which one may find all the principal creeds and doxologies, the Litany, the Te Deum, and others. A long section gives prayers for all stages of illness, so much needed in those days, and comfortable and helpful even now; another section of "Thoughts for Young Church Members," giving practical suggestions as to conduct in church services, relationship to pastor and fellow-members, duties to the church, and duties of a church member in the world, which are as practical as some of the admonitions of St. Paul himself. The booklet closes with his "Order of Scripture Readings, arranged according to the church year," an elaborate chart, which still makes an excellent plan for anyone





wishing an intelligent and carefully co-ordinated outline for daily readings.

That this little book must have been anathema to the anti-liturgists, there is little question, although, being of so small importance beside the liturgy itself, it received little attention. However, those who objected with actual violence to the prayer for the consecration of the elements in the communion service, which says with very great exactness, "that being set apart now from a common to a sacred and mystical use, they may *exhibit* and *represent* to us with true effect . . . ." must have shuddered at such passages as this: "I am as really partaker of Thy true body and blood, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, as I receive by the mouth of my body these holy signs."

The inclusion of the Athanasian creed must have seemed horrible to those who refused to admit the Nicene creed into their worship and even suspected the Apostles' creed as smacking of papistry. Quotations from the church fathers, references to the long history of the church, emphasis upon forms and symbols must have been considered equally dangerous to young souls, and a "benediction for souls departing this life" would have been classed with "extreme unction." Still, no one was forced to use "The Golden Censer," and the opponents of the liturgy were very much afraid that the Synod was going to force them to use the more frightfully papistical "Order of Worship" which was now under construction to replace the "Provisional Liturgy" of 1857 to which the Synod had refused its final approval.

The issue between liturgists and anti-liturgists was fairly joined in 1861, with the re-convening of the Liturgical Committee. At first it would have seemed that the liturgists were in a more favorable position





than before, for, since 1857, several deaths and resignations had taken place among the so-called "Puritan faction," and their places had been filled with persons notably in favor of liturgical worship. A new obstacle, however, arose in the sudden change of front of Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger who had until now sided with the liturgists, but now came into the open as the powerful and persuasive leader of the "antis." His position was that, the provisional liturgy having failed to please, the need was for a simpler rather than a more elaborate order. He advocated practically a translation of the old, stern Palatinate liturgy, while Schaff, Nevin, and Harbaugh wished to collect into one elaborate, ritualistic treasury all that was richest and finest in the formal worship of all ages—translating prayers from the Roman missal, borrowing, with but few verbal variations, forms from the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, reviving gems of worship from the works of the saints, and quarrying out from the Bible itself phrases and petitions suitable for present needs, that had never been considered.

Some notion of the sort of friction that delayed them can be gathered from the account in Harbaugh's diary of one of several committee meeting in 1862:

"Jan. 6—Left for Lancaster at 12 o'clock to meet the Liturgical committee. Got to L. at 6 o'clock. Met at 7 o'clock. No quorum. Talked till 9 o'clock when we adjourned until tomorrow.

"Jan. 7—Met at 9. Quorum now. We discussed preliminaries. Dr. Bomberger is troublesome—he will embarrass the work. Though he has not one on the committee to think with him . . .

"Jan 8—Committee sat again. Discussion but no progress in the work. All the discussions are in a friendly



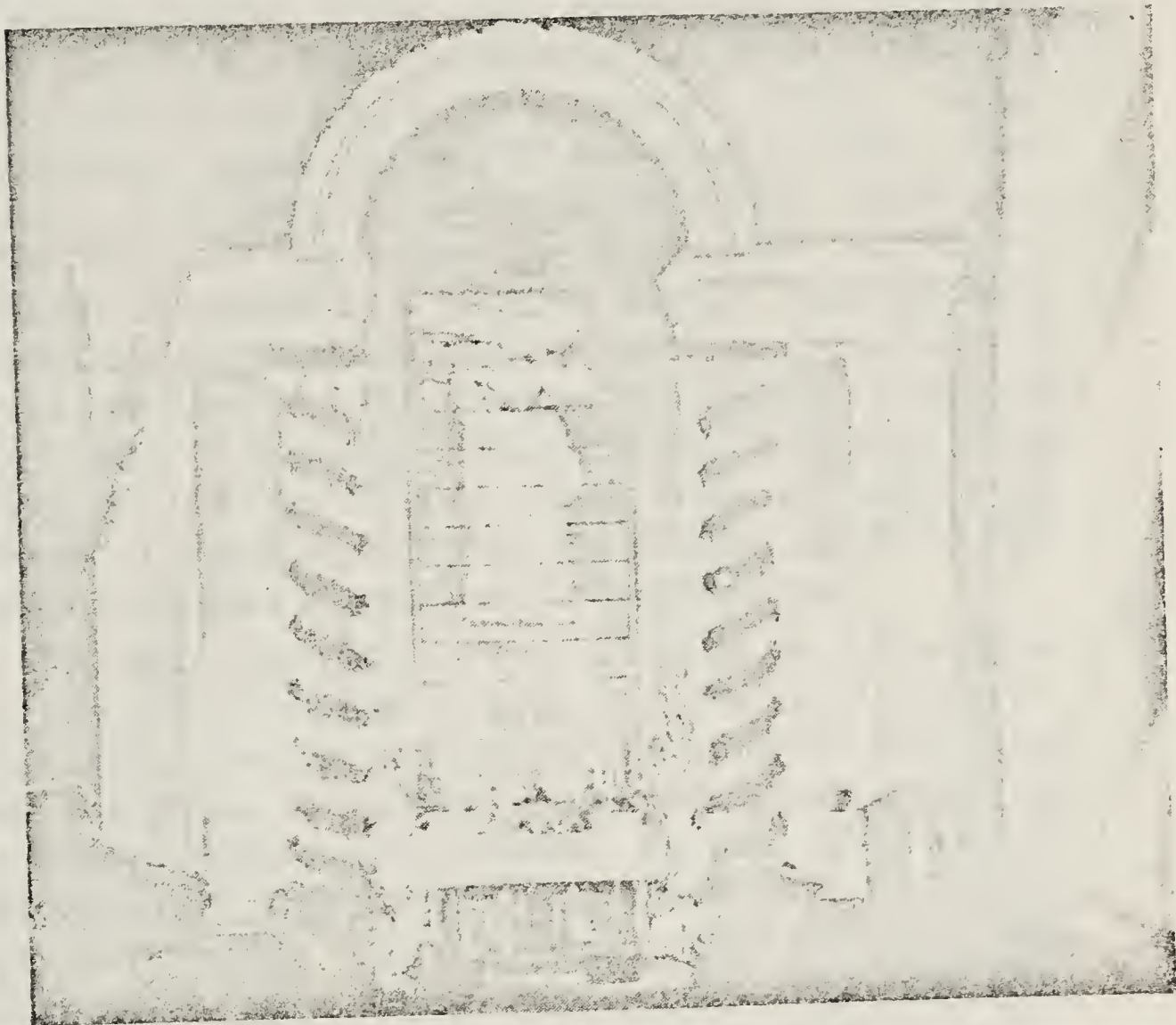


spirit but Dr. Bomberger raises side issues, and is only bent on revolutionizing the whole work into a puritan shape.

"Jan. 9—No session in forenoon. Met in P. M. Adjourned about 5 o'clock. I left at 6."

In 1862, Dr. Nevin's pamphlet, "The Liturgical Question," shook the church, yet the composition of the "Order of Worship" went forward in spite of all Dr. Bomberger could do. It is difficult to say exactly what part of the final result is to be ascribed to each participant. Many scholars in the church incline to think that the greater part of the actual work of composition was done by Harbaugh himself. One who is increasingly familiar with his ordinary style presumes to doubt it. There is a majestic music in the "Order of Worship" which is not Harbaugh's prose. We know that he wrote the Burial Service, for several members of the committee spoke of the fact at his own funeral. We know also that the collection of the historical forms and prayers and their arrangement into their order in the various services was the work of Dr. Schaff. We know that it was by his suggestion that the "Regular Service for the Lord's Day" was arranged on the pattern of Isaiah's vision in the temple. We are sure that several of the collects are Dr. Nevin's, and we feel that many of the phrases in which Roman and Anglican prayers have been altered to conform with Reformed doctrine are also attributable to him. There must have been a hand, however, to give unity of style to all this, and I do not believe it was Harbaugh's. I should be more inclined to suspect that here again T. C. Porter who, while not himself a creative genius, had a distinct facility in altering the work of others, may have given the final polishing





CHANCEL OF FIRST REFORMED CHURCH, LANCASTER, AT EARLY MORNING  
SERVICE, CHRISTMAS, 1943.

*The window over the altar was dedicated to the memory of Henry Harbaugh.*





to the brilliant mosaic which was finally brought to press in 1866.

To round out the story, let us say that a war of pamphlets broke out over the "Order," which extended in ever-widening circles, until theologians in Germany took part in it. That the church was nearly split, not only into two but into a dozen factions. That a "peace commission" appointed in 1878 produced in 1887 a "Directory of Worship," a hermaphrodite form which satisfied no one,<sup>6</sup> but which the Synod tried for several decades to enforce as a required ritual. That the anti-liturgical congregations slipped back into the use of "free worship" and the liturgical congregations got out the "Order of Worship" again, and that, everyone being happy at last, the Synods wisely made no further attempts at coercion, and thus the matter stands to this day, an example of genuine church democracy.

The diary for 1861 is lost, although we know from various quotations that he kept one. We know, however, that aside from the activities of the liturgical committee and the duties of the new church, his greatest interest was absorbed by national events. On Feb. 22 he went to Harrisburg to hear Lincoln, who was then on his way to his inauguration. He was pleased with the wise, ugly face, and the wise, sincere words of the great man who, like himself, had risen from the heart of the people—the man who came from that Illinois country to which he had felt himself so deeply drawn.

In April, with the rest of the nation, he was overwhelmed with horror at the outbreak of what he was to call "The most ungodly Rebellion which has ever been witnessed by men or angels . . . since the inauguration of that first foul and hellish plot."<sup>7</sup> In the first enthusiasm of his horror he seriously considered offering





his services as chaplain with one of the Pennsylvania regiments. His friends (probably, in particular, the college professors) persuaded him that his proper field of labor was at home. He therefore plunged into added work. He composed special war-time collects to be used in the regular morning service.<sup>8</sup> He sent regular pastoral letters to all of the boys of his congregation who were in the services. (How familiar that sounds today!) He spoke at recruiting rallies, farewell exercises for soldiers, and later at welcomes for their return.

He had no conscientious scruples about war. Having always been an abolitionist and an ardent upholder of the Federal Union, he saw no possible mitigation of what to him was the unspeakable crime of the South. In September 1861 he published an article in the *Guardian* on "War and Christianity," in which he made the following claims: Christianity always flourishes after a war. This is because war purifies the soul by making men feel their own weakness. It binds society together by the abolition of class distinctions in the ranks. It creates lasting bonds between fellow-soldiers. It teaches the weakness of worldly trusts. It concentrates national thoughts upon the fundamentals. The inclusion by Congress in its War Bill of an article (Section IX) requiring that all chaplains be ordained ministers, Harbaugh claimed, was an irrefutable proof of his contentions. Therefore, he concluded that while war is an evil and a scourge, yet "God maketh the wrath of man to praise him." While this leaves us today with something of a feeling of horror, yet we are forced to admit that some of his points are true, even in our own more hideous wars.

In his last number for 1861, in reminding his subscribers that the time had come for renewals, he announced that the price was still a dollar, "that is the







DESK DESIGNED AND BUILT FOR HIMSELF BY HENRY HARBAUGH.

*(The books in the row are first editions of his own works. The large book, open on the desk, is his "Birds of the Bible," and propped in front of it a recent edition of "The Golden Censer." The small communion set, with its carrying case, was used by Harbaugh in administering communion to the sick. On the desk and in the pigeon holes are samples of his manuscript and volumes of his diary. (All items are in the collection of the Historical Society of the Reformed Church, Lancaster)*



United States dollar, gold or Treasury notes, or any legal notes—but no Confederate Rebel Humbug currency.” One hopes that Jeremiah Ingold, who had cancelled his subscription in 1857, had not renewed it.

He took time off during the summer, however, for one of his pleasant holiday trips up the Susquehanna to his old, well-loved “home” in Lewisburg, and made it the subject of a charmingly care-free article on “Rustications” in the September *Guardian*, where it contrasts pleasantly with the war article.

In the August number, with no fanfare of trumpets and no apparent consciousness of the unusual, appeared, in Pennsylvania-Dutch, a poem, “Das Alt Schulhaus an der Krick.” It was followed in the December number by another “Heemweh.” As these experiments seemed to please his readers, he followed them in succeeding years with a number of others, and even included one<sup>9</sup> in the *Reformed Church Almanac* which he originated. He never seems to have thought of these poems as anything more than pleasant experiments in the genre of Hebel, to whose dialect poems Dr. Schaff had called his attention, and about whom he later wrote an article. “The German Burns,” for the magazine *Hours at Home*.<sup>10</sup> Could he have guessed that in half a century his chief claim to remembrance would lie in the contents of “Harbaugh’s Harfe,” a title which he never heard, it is hard to guess what his feelings would have been. Probably he would have been amused, for, certain appearances to the contrary, he was fundamentally a modest man. He might even have been pleased, for he loved his people and his mother-tongue (which he had not neglected to teach to his children), and it is not altogether a despicable achievement to have been the best poet in any language, no matter how restricted its field.





In December 1861, the organ of St. John's Church was dedicated (they had, until then, used a borrowed reed organ). For its dedication Henry wrote a special service, which because of his own deep love of music, was one of the most felicitous things he ever wrote. It did not find a place in the "Order of Worship," but has been reprinted many times and is still used frequently today.<sup>11</sup>

1862 is the last volume of the diary which we possess. The later volumes have been lost somewhere in their many journeys. Let us make the most of this last opportunity for a glimpse of his inner life. From this year forth he becomes a public man, and we know him only in the minds of others.

He was busy this year preparing for the celebration of the Tercentenary anniversary of the Heidelberg catechism, which, at his own suggestion, was to be made a year-long festival in 1863. He had been made chairman of the committee for the celebration and was taking his duties seriously. At the beginning of 1862 he was already busy with his contribution to the Tercentenary edition of the Catechism, which turned out to be the finest edition of that work ever published. After the unsatisfactory meeting of the Liturgical Committee recorded in the previous chapter, he went home by way of Harrisburg and reported: "Linny's<sup>12</sup> eye is much better. Read a work on the Scandinavian nations. Did not feel well. Have taken cold while absent. Took a warm bath and felt better for it."

During the year he had frequent visits from Dr. B. C. Wolff, then Dr. Schaff's assistant at the seminary at Mercersburg. It is of interest to see that these two were friends, for Harbaugh was later to take over the other man's work. His cold troubled him all winter. He took





a sleigh trip with his brother-in-law, J. B. Linn, to Northumberland and Schuylkill Haven, in February. He took Maggie along on a trip to Lancaster for a meeting of the Tercentenary Committee.

In March his congregation cleared the last penny of its debt on the new church. What a difference it must have seemed, after his experiences in Lancaster! He developed a carbuncle on his right hand which caused him cruel suffering and many sleepless nights, and worst of all, kept him from writing for several weeks. This was really serious, for the *Guardian* this year sank to its lowest number of contributors, and he was forced to pad its pages with many translations, reprints from other magazines, and even reconstructions of sermons and addresses by Dr. Nevin, on which Harbaugh had taken notes years before. Toward the end of the year, however, friends began to come to his aid—Benjamin Bausman, who had been travelling in the Holy Lands and had just published his fascinating travel book, "Sinai and Zion," was now free to do a number of articles for his friend, although himself editor of the *Messenger*. A new contributor this year, who signs himself "Joseph Henry" is positively identified, in his own handwriting in his own bound set of the *Guardian*, as Joseph Henry Dubbs.<sup>13</sup> There are also a series of interesting articles from Lewis H. Steiner, M. D., alumnus of Marshall College, Professor at the University of Maryland, now serving with the U. S. Sanitary Commission, and later to become the first librarian of the Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore. The following year a poetess joined the circle, signing herself "Blanca," a pseudonym which reveals rather than conceals the person of Blanche Nevin, daughter of Dr. J. W. Nevin.

In spring he was busy in the parsonage garden, and





with the Easter festivities at the church. He was following the church year now with almost slavish exactitude, never preaching on any text save one drawn from the "lessons of the day"—a fact of which he often reminded his hearers. He made the discovery which the great anti-Nazi preacher Barth was to make again in the 1930s, that by confining oneself thus strictly to these prescribed subjects, one often found that one had a text directly applicable to the needs of the hour. Both Barth and Harbaugh looked upon this as a striking example of Divine Prescience. The less mystically inclined might be apt to feel that it proved the old contention that a Biblical text, taken from its context, may be forced to apply to any subject the preacher chooses.

In spite of his other labors he was doing much more parochial work than he had done in Lancaster. This was because of a sympathetic arrangement proposed by his consistory. His reputation as a literary man had now been made, and his people were proud of it and recognized his need for plenty of free time. However, they knew their own need of an active pastor. They proposed therefore that he give up some of his Sunday evening services and devote the time thus saved to parish visiting. This proved an admirable solution of his old difficulty.

On May first he makes an interesting remark: "Superintended the making of my bathing arrangements." Did he, by chance, install that almost unheard of, and generally disapproved convenience, a bathtub? In early May, Mrs. Harbaugh took the children, including Mary, to Lewisburg, while her husband spent a pleasant four days at his sister Rebecca's. Then he went on to Lewisburg. At this point, with no warning in his diary, there breaks upon us the last of the major trage-





dies in Dr. Harbaugh's life. He himself must have had premonitions, for his first reference to it seems to hint as much:

"May 16—Left for Lewisburg . . . Mr. Lineaweaver and Grant Weidman in the cars—both stopped at Lewisburg. Felt mortified to see Lineaweaver there."

The Mr. Lineaweaver in question was the second son of Dr. George Lineaweaver of Lebanon, still remembered in that city as one of those noble old pioneer doctors who, by rule of thumb, wisdom of experience, and through knowledge of their patients from cradle to grave, produced miracles of healing unequalled by all the advances of modern science. Dr. Lineaweaver had been one of the founders of St. John's Church, active in its building, and a member of its first consistory; but had died in 1860 before the church was dedicated. Of the doctor's five sons, three followed their father's profession, and of the three, Simeon Toby Lineaweaver, whom now we meet on the train to Lewisburg, was one.

We are thus explicit to prove that Dr. Harbaugh could have no feeling against the young man because of heredity or profession. From all we can learn from outside sources, he was in every way an exemplary youth. Dr. Harbaugh himself had confirmed him a year before, and must have known him to be a decent young man, free from vice, or he would never have performed that ordinance. Yet, finding him on the train, he is "mortified" because, so far as he is concerned, the young man is on a dastardly errand. He is pursuing Mary Olivia Harbaugh.

Mary Olivia was very nearly seventeen years old. With the loneliness inevitable for a motherless girl, with the maturity and responsibility brought on by the care of so many half-brothers and sisters, with a beauty and





charm of which those who remember her still speak, she must have had an attraction which her father who still classed her as one of "the children" had not, until this year, realized. The young medical student had seen it.

On May 18 the diary reads: "Performed the painful duty of opening a delicate subject to Mary, to counteract the foolish special attentions of L. to her as a school-girl, and yet a mere child." Below he has written in pencil, probably to emphasize her guilt at a later day, "Mary fully agreed and promised to assist."

Next day, seeming with true fatherly blindness to have convinced himself that the matter was settled, he writes:

"I went with the children, fishing: Mary and Laura, [a niece?] Maggie and Lange. Were greatly pleased to catch fish. Each of them caught three or four."

Two more days passed peacefully, then:

"May 22—This morning Annie found a small paper in Mary's room. Thus: 'Be not alarmed. I am safe. You will hear from me in two days. Mary.' The fearful truth of which we had no fears flashed upon us. I went to Milton. Found they had been married at about 11½ o'clock last night at Rev. Mish's and left at 6 this morning for Elmira. Telegraphed to Armstrong at Williamsport and to the Mayor of Elmira. I left for Elmira at 5 o'clock. Got there at 10¼ o'clock. Soon found that they left for New York at 4¼ o'clock. The mayor had released them because they had a marriage certificate. At midnight I had them arrested again at Port Jarvis, 200 miles from Elmira. The mayor released them for the same reason after examination. Thus I have done all I could to rescue my child. My God, what deep waters are these! Retired after one o'clock. Returned home Friday A. M.





"May 24—Could do nothing—see nothing, feel nothing—bewildered with the bitterness of this far-reaching tribulation . . . am at the mercy of my sorrows.

"Sunday, May 25—Did not go to church. Am fit for nothing but to be in covert under the storm.

"May 27—Letter from Mary. Another wound! How little she knows what she is doing. God forgive her."

He remained in Lewisburg until June, then returned to Lebanon and immediately tendered his resignation. His motive in this is not clear. Whether he felt that Mary had so deeply disgraced him as to make him unfit for the ministry, or whether he feared a feud with the Lineaweaver family, it is hard to guess. The congregation refused to accept it. Meanwhile he went back to Lewisburg and swore out warrants for the arrest of Mr. Lineaweaver and the Rev. Mr. Mish of Milton who had performed the marriage ceremony, on a charge of conspiracy.

It was the only charge he could possibly have made, since there was no law forbidding the marriage of a minor without her parents' consent. Even so, it seems a ridiculous charge and one impossible of proof. It seems odd that a true bill could have been returned. Surely no lawyer except his brother-in-law would have taken the case.

There is an ironical note in his entry of June 26: "Found a nurse, a colored girl aged 12 years." Mary's defection had brought a new servant problem into the home.

While awaiting the trial, he revived enough to return to his regular duties; supervised a Sunday School picnic at Cornwall; wrote an article on Zwingli for Appleton's New Cyclopedia of Biography; preached in Mercersburg at the re-dedication of the church there; attended the





Franklin and Marshall Commencement at the end of July. He devoted his Sunday evening sermons to a series on Sin, which probably served as an outlet for his feelings.

At last in September the case of Commonwealth vs. Lineaweaver and Mish was called. It lasted for two days, the jury retiring at the end of the second day and staying out all night, to return on the morning of September 19 with an acquittal. Harbaugh wrote: "And so they *crucified* a great and solemn principle. It will however *rise* again in due time. They have taken the responsibility from me upon themselves. Am blest with the greatest tranquility." And the next day: "Have the sweetest rest of conscience. My protest against the crime is maintained—all I desire."

There seems no need to comment upon this painful little episode. It had to be recorded because it lingers still in local tradition in many garbled and worse versions.. The stand which the outraged father took was typical of his time and of his character. If it seems to us out of all proportion to the offense, and certainly not the wisest way to deal with an accomplished fact, we must remember that modern psychology had not yet entered the picture, and that the father obviously did not understand his daughter's nature or his own. If he seems to have forgotten his own childhood sweetheart at Fountain Dale—well, he is not unique in such middle-aged forgetfulness. If we are painfully reminded of the father of the Barrett's, let us recall that like Elizabeth Barrett's, Mary Harbaugh's rash marriage turned out to be a beautiful success. Her husband, like his father, had a long and noble career as a doctor; friends and neighbors remember her as a happy wife and a useful woman; her son recalls her as a dear mother.





Of one further act of vengeance of which tradition accuses Henry Harbaugh, I think we can surely acquit him. They will tell you in Lebanon, with bated breath, that the baby girl who was born on Dec. 19, 1862, was named by her father "Mary," as though the other Mary were dead. This, I think, did not enter the father's mind. The first Mary was christened "Mary Olivia Allena"—this one was "Mary Louise" after her mother. She was never called anything but Loulou, and there is no suggestion whatever of an insult to her half-sister in her christening.

Dr. Schaff's letter, quoted by Linn Harbaugh,<sup>14</sup> in which he refers to "your unexpected affliction," obviously had this trouble in mind, and his suggestion that it would be well to take a year's visit to Germany and Switzerland as an antidote is not a bad one. He offered as bait letters of introduction to Harbaugh's favorite theologian, Dr. Lange in Bonn. Harbaugh was not to be tempted. He had things to do at home.

1863 was the Tercentenary year. Its multiform activities dimmed, for its originator, not only his personal troubles, but even the invasion of Pennsylvania which closed the college and the seminary temporarily, sent rebel soldiers marching through the streets of Mercersburg, where the ladies sat placidly on their porches to see the parade (Dr. Schaff is credited with buttonholing a colonel and starting a discussion on the constitutionality of secession), and set the cannon of Gettysburg roaring within earshot of the Susquehanna.

At the time of that great and terrible battle, he did indeed withdraw himself from theology long enough to go to the battlefield with Cyrus Cort and J. M. Titzel, both recent graduates of the seminary, to tend the wounded and dying. Dr. Cort in later years<sup>15</sup> re-





marked that he noted at that time how much Dr. Harbaugh's nature had mellowed from the intolerance of his early years. We wish that Dr. Cort had elaborated that statement, but we can guess, when we remember the "schlipprige, schlapprige predigt" which he delivered at the drunkard's funeral in Lewisburg, that in the presence of so much horror, probably the maturer man found it within the powers of his conscience to comfort dying sinners with a more gentle understanding than he would once have found possible.

The Tercentenary, however, was paramount. It began with a great convention at the Race Street Church in Philadelphia (Dr. Bomberger then pastor). Churches throughout the denomination sent delegates. It lasted for six days, during which essays were read on the history and doctrines of the Heidelberg catechism, which had been written for the occasion by the leading theologians of America and Germany, the latter, of course, secured by Dr. Schaff. These were published in English and in German in a large volume called the "Tercentenary Monument." As a large portion of both editions was destroyed in the burning of Chambersburg, this volume is now a collector's item.

The Tercentenary edition of the Catechism, edited by E. V. Gerhart, was published by Scribner, and thus did not suffer martyrdom by fire. It contained an historical introduction and the standard text of the catechism in Old German, Latin, Modern German (Harbaugh's contribution) and English.

From this original celebration the delegates carried back the torch, as it were, to their own churches and lighted the fires of little local festivals throughout the year. That in St. John's at Lebanon, being the church of the instigator and organizer of the whole affair, was



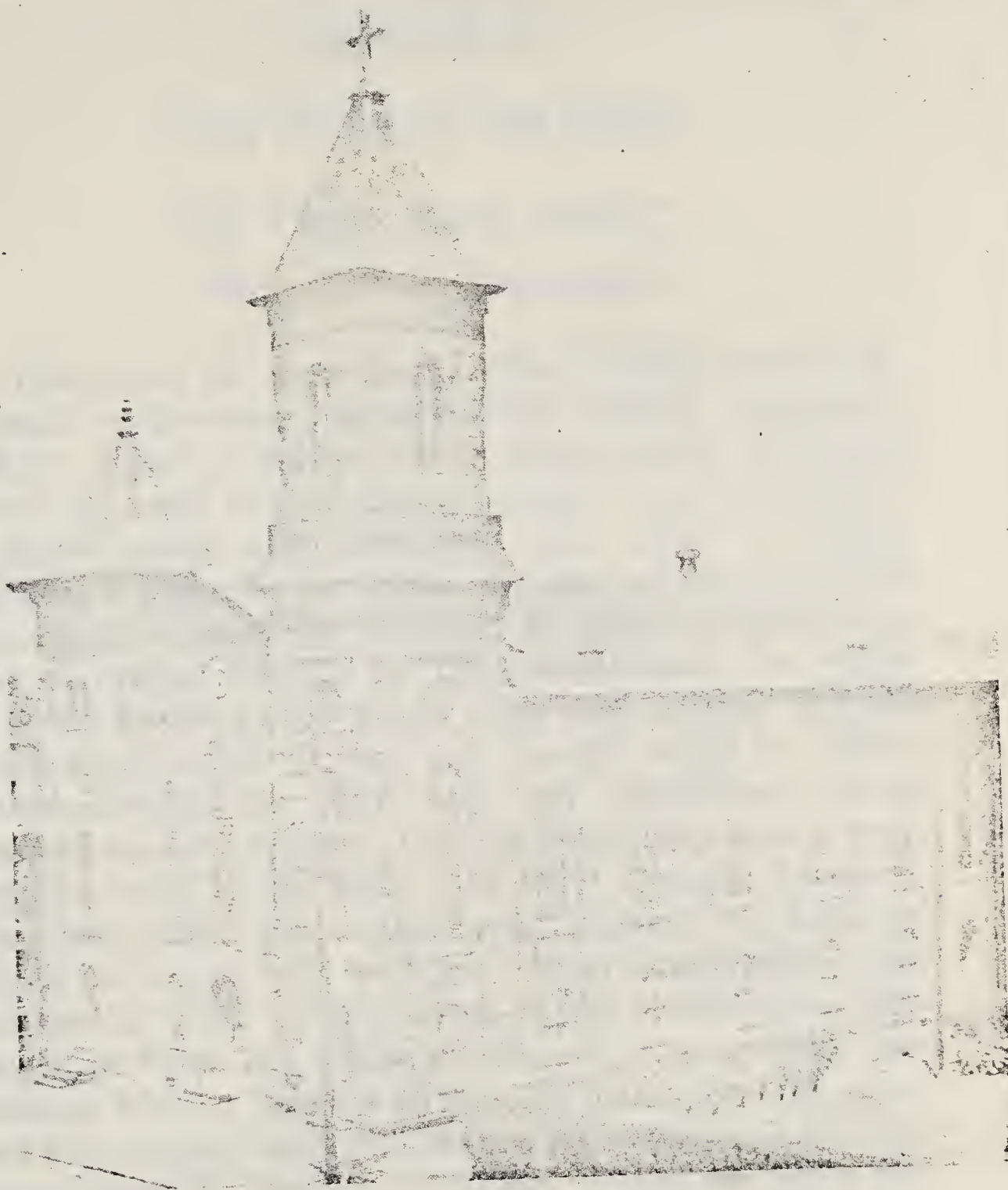
particularly elaborate. It occurred on May 31 (Trinity Sunday). The church was hung with evergreens more vividly than at Christmas—arches, wreaths, festoons of box and of white flowers, bearing the words "Heidelberg Catechism" and the dates 1563-1863. Flowers filled the font and loaded the altar; hanging baskets at the windows were overflowing with flowers. An impressed newspaper reporter quoted, "The glory of Lebanon is come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together to beautify the place of my sanctuary."

At these various festivals, collections were made for the denominational work of the church, college, seminary, missions, publications and charities. The Eastern Synod alone gave \$108,125.98—a tremendous sum for those days—bespeaking, perhaps, a wartime prosperity like our own. St. John's contribution was \$2,230.00, of which \$1,000.00 was earmarked for the college and \$1,000.00 for the seminary library.

For the originator of all this, the moment of personal triumph came when, on his 46th birthday, October 28, 1863, he was elected by Synod, in its sessions at Carlisle, to succeed Dr. B. C. Wolff in the chair of Didactic and Practical Theology, in the Seminary at Mercersburg.







ST. JOHN'S REFORMED CHURCH, LEBANON

*The corner-stone was laid May 21, 1859. The church was dedicated October 18, 1860.*



## CHAPTER X

### THE HOME OF HIS MIND

*"Ei, Pihwie, bischt zerick?"*

What, Peewee, back again?

There has, for many years, been a lively but not unfriendly controversy between First Church, Lancaster, and St. John's, Lebanon, as to where Henry Harbaugh wrote his most famous hymn, "Jesus, I Live to Thee!" A recent hymn book dates this 1850, which is unquestionably a misprint for 1860. As part of the year 1860 was spent in Lancaster and part in Lebanon, there is no way of setting a place for the composition. As nearly as I can discover, the words were first printed in 1861 in the collection of "Hymns and Chants" which St. John's church printed for their own use (Harbaugh having selected them, of course). In this sense they have a very definite claim to the lyric. At First Church, however, they will show you, with great gravity, the table on which the hymn was written. Each congregation can tell you the exact circumstances of the composition. The legend at First has it that he showed it to an elder one evening after a funeral (They can name you the elder and the corpse), and at Lebanon the version is that an infant baptism inspired the hymn. (*They* can name the baby.)

Far be it from an author—who is also a member of one of those churches—to decide between such circumstantial stories. Possibly both are true in part. It doesn't really matter very much.

What matters is that the hymn whose popularity





seems to increase rather than diminish, is the first and by far the most satisfying expression of the theology which he took with him when he went back to Mercersburg—of which he had written long ago, "It is always the home of my mind."<sup>1</sup>

There can have been little hesitation when the offer came to him, although he had always thought of himself as a pastor. Yet he knew that the highest honor the church could offer him had come. He was to fill the chair which once had been Nevin's. Nor, we may be sure, was honor his only thought, nor even the homesick desire to go back to the little town where he had first been completely happy. Chief among his thoughts must surely have been the belief that now, at last, he would be able to put into the minds and hearts of young men who should go out and preach them through the church, the body of beliefs which he was at last beginning to form into a unified whole—the beliefs focused in that little hymn:

"My life in Thee, Thy life in me  
Makes heaven forever mine."

He had been hard at work in Mercersburg for five months before he was able to make a thorough formulation and a public statement of that theology. He came to the seminary in January, 1864, at a time of peculiar difficulty and strain. Not only was the community under the shadow of the Civil War, with its churches and homes—and for awhile the seminary—full of wounded Southern prisoners captured in the wagon-train of Lee's retreating army, a constant memory of the recent invasion, and dread, not unjustified, of another. The seminary had been closed for a term because of the troubled times, and during that time Dr. Wolff had resigned and Dr. Schaff had asked for a two years' leave of absence,





which Harbaugh at the time suspected would lead, as it did, to his resignation.

Thus he was forced to undertake these new and untried duties with no expert advice and not even any help, for Dr. E. E. Higbee, who took Schaff's place, did not come until May, and there was only the tutor, J. B. Kershner, himself a novice. The total enrollment was 29, which while large for the seminary, can scarcely have filled the old buildings that had once housed Marshall College as well. Harbaugh must have felt not too much confidence that night of January 18, when the student body called upon him in welcome, and young J. Spangler Kieffer, son of his old friend Ephraim, made a speech in which he reminded the new professor of all the achievements of the great men who had gone before him, and then said ominously: "To your keeping is now committed in part, the honor of this seminary."<sup>2</sup>

It is no wonder that Thomas G. Apple, riding over to see him from his church at Greencastle, nine miles away, wrote: "He is at work, with his sleeves rolled up, but somewhat nervous, I think, on account of his close application, and sense of the new responsibilities resting on him."<sup>3</sup>

Besides the work of settling in his new home, organizing classes, preparing and delivering lectures in two very difficult fields, he still had the *Guardian* on his hands, although it had recently passed under a new system whereby the publisher undertook the management and Harbaugh remained only as editor (without pay). He had also inaugurated that year the *Reformed Church Almanac*, and was still busy on the Liturgical Committee. Yet he was able to formulate and deliver before the Synod at Reading, on May 24, 1864, his inaugural address on *Christological Theology*. The term was not





new. Dr. Nevin had used it in reviewing Harbaugh's "Sainted Dead," fifteen years before.<sup>4</sup> Nor were any of the items of his system new. They had originated in Germany and reached the Reformed Church in the United States through the medium of the Mercersburg theologians of whom Harbaugh was now one.

His chief original contribution was a crystallizing of these general ideas into one formal system, and an application to that system of an emotional devotion seldom accorded to an abstract system. He wrote in his diary on Oct. 28, 1866:

"If God grants me health and life I hope to finish what I now feel to be my work—that is to organize, develop, and illustrate a system of Christological Theology. To this I propose to devote chiefly the remainder of my life."<sup>5</sup>

I think he believed sincerely, and with all humility, that if he could present his system of a Christ-centered faith, in all the splendid simplicity in which his own soul envisioned it, that petty heresies and schisms would fall away, and the Church of Christ automatically become one in the true faith.

The present writer, having no pretenses at a theological mind, begs leave at this point to lean very heavily upon an address delivered before the Synod of the Potomac meeting at Hagerstown, Md., Oct. 1917, in commemoration of the birth of Henry Harbaugh,<sup>6</sup> by Dr. Geo. W. Richards, until recently President of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster. Realizing that a summary of a summary is strangely inadequate, this seems nevertheless the best way to give the general reader a faint idea of what Henry Harbaugh taught to the fifty-eight students who passed through his classes in the four years





of his professorship—some of them outstanding leaders in the later life of the denomination.

Religion Harbaugh defined as "The consciousness of God in man, a spiritual instinct out of which grows faith." Christianity was neither a dogma nor a ritual, but the life of Christ in men. The Bible was "the record of the consciousness of God in man," and the work of theology "to organize Christian truth as it has lodgment in the general consciousness of the church." Man knows God not by reason but by his own instinctive need of Him.

Salvation, he held, was not in revelation of doctrine about God, nor in divinely ordained law for man's observance, nor in any "plan of redemption" introduced after man's fall. It is only in the person of Jesus Christ, in whom God and man were united by the Holy Spirit in the womb of the Virgin. Nor does our salvation rest in any one act of His life—birth, teaching, death or resurrection,—but in the unfolding of his perfection through suffering, a process which is shared by believers who die with him, rise with him, live with him, and therefore obtain the merit of his suffering in so far as his life becomes their life.

All this was not an after-thought of God's to save man after his fall, but the "perfection and crown of creation," planned at the beginning by God who intended the God-man to be the last and most perfect of his works.

How can we obtain perfect union with Christ, by which only we can be saved? The Holy Spirit can accomplish it. "But He does it by means." The germ of Christ's life is implanted in us by baptism. It is nourished by the Eucharist, and by the Word, until the newborn babe in Christ becomes a full-grown man in Christ. "This mystical union brings us into union not only with Christ's divinity, but with His humanity . . . and hence





our sharing in it actually makes our human life justifiable." Hence it is not by conversion that an individual is brought into the church, but by the church and its sacraments that an individual is brought to salvation.

To the modern lay mind, even perhaps to the modern theologian, all this seems rather distant from our actual needs. We need to be saved—that is a need if anything more dreadfully pressing today than ever—but the salvation which can satisfy our need must be less mystical than that of Harbaugh. We can still find it in one person, but our union with Him must be, at once, less material and less mystical than the one he points out.

To his students, however, the Christological theology appears to have been deeply satisfying. Their diaries reflect their interest in his courses. They borrowed the manuscripts of his lectures and copied them out verbatim for their own future reference, and although one of them<sup>7</sup> wrote at the end of his transcription, "Labor tediosus!" yet he had not faltered but kept on to the end—what would amount in print to two large volumes. Again we must attribute this effect upon young men to personal charm as much as to the content of his lectures. Some of the headings of his lectures in dogmatics read as follows: "Christological Theanthropology; Theanthropological Christology; Theanthropological Theanthropology; and Cosmological Theanthropology."

Unless the seminarians of 1864 were very different in nature from those of today, it needed a winsome personality to lecture upon such subjects without producing what Dr. Richards calls "a soporific effect inducing a state of blissful inattention."

In his personal life those four years at Mercersburg were a peaceful rest after all his tempestuous years. He loved the town—the girls of his "little singing school" of





twenty years ago were mostly wives and mothers by now, but they had not forgotten their teacher at whose departure they had wept so heartily. They welcomed him into their homes and into their village activities. He found a pleasant companion in Dr. E. E. Higbee, his colleague, and another in Dr. T. G. Apple who, the first year, lived within easy reach of Mercersburg, and the following year moved into town. These three formed a little literary club of their own, with papers on cultural subjects, and a turkey dinner now and then for variety.

Nor was their social life entirely of the mind. There were musical parties as well, at which Dr. Higbee performed on the flute, Mr. Kershner on the bass violin, Miss Louisa Zeller (music teacher at Mercersburg College) accompanied on piano or melodeon, and Dr. Harbaugh led the singing, aided by a little family choir of his own children whom he had trained from infancy.

There were also feats of athletics. Drs. Harbaugh and Higbee went swimming and fishing in the creek whenever they could break away from the tedium of their duties; and with a local gentleman, referred to by Linn Harbaugh as "Elder Hause," he sometimes took up his old pastime of squirrel-hunting. His first winter he returned to carpenter work and built a large sled for coasting on the mountains on crisp, moonlit nights.

There was, as always, gardening. He soon had the South cottage surrounded by blossoms. He planted quince and apple trees, and a grape arbor. He instituted old-fashioned "schnitzing" parties for the students and young people of the town. South cottage he loved, not only as the pleasantest home he had ever inhabited, but because it was hallowed by the memories of its earlier inhabitants, Dr. Wolff, the two Nevins and Dr. Theodore Appel.





The church at Mercersburg had pleasant memories for him, and with Dr. Higbee's aid he set to work to remake it from the church of Dr. Nevin's "Anxious Bench" to a very liturgical congregation. He had no violent opposition here. Mercersburg was pretty well used to doing as "the professors" said. Like most small communities, however, they got their quiet fun out of it. Behind his back it was said, "Dr. Harbaugh, they call 'the priest'; Prof. Higbee, 'The Reformed Bishop'; and the church as 'St. Lallah's Church,' after Miss Lallah Troupe<sup>s</sup> who, they say, is to be canonized."<sup>9</sup>

On July 30, 1864, McCausland's raiders swept ruthlessly into the Valley, bent on avenging forty-fold the ugly raid of General Hunter in Virginia. They did no harm as they dashed through Mercersburg, but concentrated their fury on Chambersburg, 22 miles north, which they burned with circumstances of atrocity that are not to be excused by the admitted fact that northern troops had done as badly in the south.

Mercersburg was stirred to futile anguish. This was not like the polite passing of Lee's army the summer before—it was a terrifying and horror-raising experience. In the general conflagration the publishing house of the Reformed Church at Chambersburg was burned to the ground, taking with it not only most of the finished copies of the "Tercentenary Monument," but the entire manuscript of Dr. Harbaugh's inaugural address on "Christological Theology." The only bit of it saved was the first proof-sheet which had been sent to him the day before. At the request of Synod he reconstructed it from memory, but as he himself said, "as the occasion which first called it forth had passed, this reproduction may lack something in animation."

On April 10, 1865, there came at last the blessed news





of Lee's surrender. The bells of the seminary and the village churches began to ring at 12:30, and kept up their peals of joy for the rest of the day. The seminary choir, trained by Harbaugh himself, climbed into the cupola of the main building and there unfurled the U. S. flag while they sang "The Star Spangled Banner." The strains of their voices floating down from the sky remained in the mind of five-year old Linn Harbaugh as his only recollection of the Civil War.

The week of national rejoicing was followed by a week of national mourning. The May number of the *Guardian* carried two editorials written with a violence that shows how the most able mind can be swayed by popular hysteria. The first, bordered in black, is headed, "REGICIDE!" It begins: "The killing of a ruler has, in all ages, been regarded as the highest crime. This dreadful act has been consummated in our own land." He proceeds then to list what he calls the major crimes in ascending order, beginning with mere murder as the least, and rising in horror through suicide, fratricide, parricide, matricide, and, worst of all, *regicide*! "Even," he says, "if a ruler is elected by the people, he is invested in office by God alone"; therefore, a crime against a ruler is a crime against God. Then he goes on to reveal an attitude of mind which places him at once on the side of Stanton and his colleagues: "May not this awful tragedy, in the mysterious wisdom of God, be over-ruled to check that morbid tendency which has lately manifested itself in the way of unchristian sympathy with the awful crime of treason, and which has already begun to get us a public opinion in favor of what it calls—what a misnomer!—'magnanimity' towards the instigators and leaders of the rebellion. We dread this sickly,





anti-Christian spirit more than anything else before us as a nation."

A few pages farther on, but obviously written before the news of the assassination, the same idea is more fully developed in an article entitled, "Mawkish Sympathy with Crime," in which he proves that the Confederates were traitors beyond any possible excuse, and must be made to suffer the utmost severity in reprisals. He attacks, by name, Henry Ward Beecher and Horace Greeley, who had been advocating a policy of reconciliation, and accuses them of an un-Christian laxity in the enforcement of the law. An address which he made at Clearspring where his first wife's brother William Goodrich was now pastor, on June 1 (the national day of mourning), entitled, "Treason and Law," is a still further re-working of the same thesis.

Yet, by August, when in an article on "The Potomac," he tells of a ride out from Clearspring to the river, his chief interest is no longer the horrors of the battlefields which he passed, but a plan he has conceived for the transfer of bass from the Potomac to the Susquehanna. We cannot but wonder whether a few years of peace, and some knowledge of the sufferings which reconstruction brought to the South, might not have softened his opinions. That not even in Mercersburg, at the time, did everyone think as he did, is shown in the diary of one of his students,<sup>10</sup> who wrote on April 29: "The rebellion has failed. Had it been successful it would have been a revolution, a war of freedom for the South; and Jeff Davis would have been the father of his country. Now he is a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth. How much the merit of a cause depends upon its success."

In Mercersburg the great event of 1865 was the





founding of Mercersburg College. Ever since the removal of Marshall College to Lancaster, local people and persons in the church who had opposed that move, had hoped to keep alive some sort of educational institution at Mercersburg. There were the buildings and the campus. The Seminary, of course, still owned the old Seminary Building and North and South Cottages, but half a mile away, the preparatory building, Diagnothian Hall<sup>11</sup> and Dr. Nevin's House stood almost unused. A private school called "Marshall Collegiate Institute" had purchased them and was trying to carry on there, but with poor success. Harbaugh, once the ardent friend of the college at Lancaster, had grown more and more bitter against that city since his escape from it. He dreamed of seeing the college back in its old home, or, failing that, of another college rising there, which might be a newer and greater institution. Dr. Theodore Appel said in his notebooks: "He became very enthusiastic in favor of a University, to be located somewhere, he did not say where—at Altoona, at Pittsburgh, at Mercersburg, but not at Lancaster. That was the place he did not like at all. He had located it somewhere in the clouds."

Cloudy as it may have<sup>1</sup> seemed to the professors at Lancaster, there was nothing nebulous about the college which opened its doors in September, 1865.<sup>12</sup> Under the pressure of the still red-headed Harbaugh, Mercersburg Classis bought back the old college buildings from the "Institute," appointed a Board of Control with Harbaugh as its president, and a faculty with Thomas G. Apple at its head, and as professors, G. Aughinbaugh. the first term, joined before the following January by John B. Kieffer, Miss Annie Beall, Miss Louisa Zeller, and Miss Bessie Simpson. A coeducational student body





of 65 enrolled the first term, paying a fee of \$200 yearly, including "boarding, tuition, room, washing, fuel and light" (instrumental music was extra). By the second term there were 100 students, a literary society and a baseball club "governed by proper rules so that in their amusements the members are preserved from all rudeness and immorality." Thus quickly, when there is a Harbaugh to do it, is a college founded.

J. Spangler Kieffer, a senior at the seminary, wrote in his diary on the opening day of the new college: "The college has my warmest wishes for its success . . . I thought that it ought to have been made a first-class school, after the pattern of Rugby, for the purpose of preparing young men for business or for college. Had they made it a school, it would have been judged by the standards of a school, and its rank would have been high. But they have made it a college, and judged by the standards of a college I feel that it will fall short . . . However, if this institution, by exciting a spirit of emulation, shall put life into old Franklin and Marshall, I shall feel disposed to consider that a happy blunder which gave it the name of Mercersburg College."

For a young student this represents rather shrewd reasoning, on two counts. Mercersburg College endured only fifteen years as a college. When, some years later, it was revived as a boys' school, it became an outstanding success—and Dr. Kieffer was on its board to see his prediction fulfilled. On the other hand, "the spirit of emulation" did put new life into Franklin and Marshall. There is no doubt that the threat of a rival college was one of the reasons why Dr. Nevin finally consented, in 1866, to resume his position of leadership and to undertake the presidency of Franklin and Marshall; new measures were taken to secure money and students, and





the college which had been seriously in danger of dissolution was saved. The whole affair caused a coolness between Harbaugh and his old friends on the Lancaster campus; but he was not the man to mind that.

In the November *Guardian* he had a semi-humorous article on "Middle Life." "Occasionally some thoughtless person will speak of us, even in our hearing, as 'Old Mr.—' or 'the old gentleman'," he said. He was beginning to feel even older than his years. He always lived too vividly—he was burning out. His doctor had warned him seriously that he must cut down his activities, but he always saw too much to be done.

The year 1866 was as active as ever, but more peaceful. It was the year when the "Order of Worship" was finished and presented to Synod in a stormy session at which he made his most famous impromptu speech.<sup>13</sup> It was a year of many outside engagements, dedicating churches, laying cornerstones, addressing meetings. His fame had spread and he was in demand at many places. It was his last year as editor of the *Guardian*, and he began it by an earnest plea to his young readers for a greater care in the spending of money. He probably understood little of the economics of post-war inflation, but he foresaw something of its dangers. "The time to be careful is when money flows so freely, because it will get scarce again." For the first time the *Guardian* was carrying advertisements. The editor, feeling that he should stand by his advertisers, notes that he and Mrs. Harbaugh have bought a *Grover and Barker* sewing machine, advertised on the cover, and agree to pronounce it a good one. He notes that, since 1863, the *Guardian* has trebled its subscriptions.

On April 1st he had a personal grief in the death of his youngest son, George Merrill, who had been born in





July, 1865. Although four of his babies had died in infancy, this was the first death of one who had lived long enough to have a personality of his own. Dr. Harbaugh loved babies, and it was a bitter grief to see another one go. Presumably he was unable to take the body himself to Lewisburg for burial with his other babies, for a letter from J. Spangler Kieffer reports having gone there with the body and delivered it to Mr. Linn for final disposal.

In June he wrote an editorial against a proposed "Evangelical Alliance" looking toward *Church Union*. He urged that a union of mission boards, publishing houses, and financial government would never work unless unity were first sought in Jesus Christ.

In July he wrote: "Ho, for the mountains!" describing the journey of a "solitary buggyman" (not exactly 'solitary' for he had several young Masters and a little Miss with him). It is a light-hearted, joyous account of what was perhaps his last return to this oldest love, the mountains. It may have been after this trip, which he apparently ended at Lewisburg, that he returned really "solitary" to write the letter to his wife quoted, without date, by Linn Harbaugh:<sup>11</sup>

"On Friday, while the evening star hung brilliantly and beautifully over the fluted mountains west of Mercersburg, and the last faint gleams of departing day still shone and lingered along the western horizon, there might have been seen a solitary buggyman wending his way between Ritchie's house and barn, crossing the little stream, threading along the rocky slope past our fat washerwoman's humble hut, trotting up seminary lane past the mansion of the Professor of Church History, entering the gate, himself acting as porter—greeted only by faithful Rover! He speedily unhitched his horse, and entered through the silent lawn of the mansion of the





Professor of Theology and put up his horse in the stable. All was darkness and silence, save for the sound of a distant flute, supposed to be Prof. Moses." [Dr. Apple's colored man.]

The school year of 1866-67 went as usual. He was always up before 5:30 to conduct morning prayers in the newly-decorated chapel. His favorite lecture hour was seven to nine. The year before he had supervised the re-grading of the muddy road up Seminary Hill, originally built by college and seminary students in his own college days, now rebuilt also by student labor. He wrote a humorous account of it for the *Messenger*.<sup>15</sup> With the beginning of 1867 he turned over the editorship of the *Guardian* to Benjamin Bausman, having himself been called upon to revive the recently dead *Review*. Only two of its quarterly numbers came from his hand. In February his last child, John Alvin, was born.

In the summer of 1867 he went to Waynesboro, to see the old home once more. While there he was attacked by severe pains in his head, accompanied by fever. He managed to return to Mercersburg for the opening of the Seminary in September. There he suffered what seemed to be one of his frequent attacks of "bilious fever." He was ill for five weeks, but when he tried to get about again, he found that he could no longer control his muscles. He had promised Dr. Bausman to go to Womelsdorf in October for the dedication of Bethany Orphans' Home, but was forced to write: "If I were there I could speak, as my mind is perfectly clear . . . But I am giddy and could not travel alone. I stagger like a drunken man. Fell twice the other day on my head, and fell three times going upstairs . . . Think I can take up my seminary duties next week, by having classes come to my house." The doctors, by now, had diagnosed a cerebro-spinal infection. The pains in the



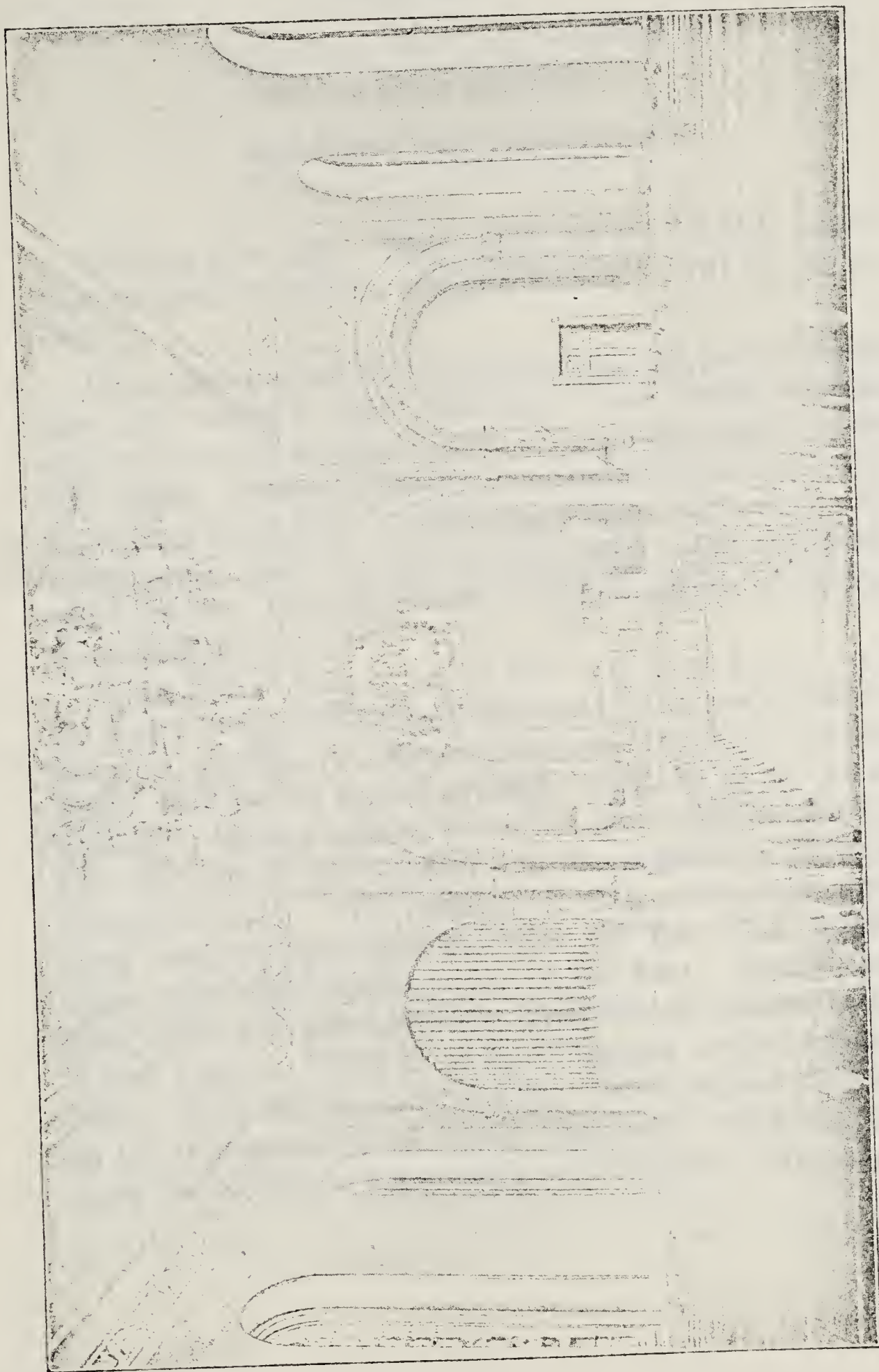


head returned, and high fever, with delirium alternating with comatose states, and occasional flashes of consciousness. Once when an old friend from Lebanon walked across the porch to inquire of him, he recognized the step and called out, "Do kommt der David!" Again he woke to say, "You have called me back from the golden gates!"—and again, "Some of these afternoons I will take my departure."

Through all the long weeks of his illness there sat by his bed one of the seminary students, Jacob F. Wiant, who performed for his beloved teacher all the functions of a trained nurse. He was there when the dying man roused to a brief understanding that it was his beloved Christmas Day. He was there when, on December 23, he quietly slept away into that world he had longed for and reached so soon. He was fifty years and two months old. He was buried on New Year's Eve, in front of the church in Mercersburg. He would have been pleased to know that the church was still hung with Christmas greens. All his old friends took part in the service—Dr. J. W. Nevin, Dr. E. V. Gerhart, Dr. Theodore Appel, Dr. Benjamin Bausman. Dr. Nevin's sermon was on the text, "I would not have you be ignorant brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him."

Just as good a text might have been found in that quotation from his favorite author Stilling, with which he had begun and ended his first book: "Selig sind die das Heimweh haben, denn Sie sollen nach Haus kommen."—Blessed are they that are homesick, for they shall come home.





INTERIOR OF ST. JOHN'S REFORMED CHURCH, LEBANON





## CHAPTER XI

AND SO —

*“Dort hat das Lewe ewiglich  
Iwer der Dodt gesiegt.”*

And there hath Life eternally  
Won victory from death.

The story is told. What shall we say of this man? Was he great? Did he succeed in life? Will his work live?

First, define greatness in terms that will satisfy more than ten readers, and, applying those terms, decide whether more than three men in any generation have been great. Determine what constitutes success, and say if any man attains it. Predict the ultimate life of a wave in the ocean, and then say whether each word we speak will echo into eternity or die unheard before we shape the syllables.

Some things we can say of him: He lived for his age. He was a man of his times, stirred by the prejudices of his day, limited by its narrowness, thrilled with its hopes, sharing its nobler dreams. And, in so far as he was of it, he was able to serve it. Men who see too far into the future, can seldom win the confidence of their contemporaries. The tragedy of Cassandra falls upon most true prophets, and the fate of Rip Van Winkle upon those who dwell too far in the past. Henry Harbaugh was avid for each new discovery of science (after it was made). “This is of God” he said of the Atlantic cable. He based the need for his Christological theology on the improvement of rapid transport which he felt must inevitably do away with sectarianism. He shared



the bitterness of the North against the South; of the temperance crusader against the saloon-keeper; of the liturgist against the "puritan," and in no case could he see any argument on the other side. He never saw any of the events of his day in perspective, and because of that lack he was able to strike effective blows for the causes in which he fought. To stand far enough away from an action to see the true facts is to remove oneself from the possibility of taking part in it.

Never once did Harbaugh put off doing a thing because he wanted to learn more of its possible effects. Never did he refrain from doing a good action in the present, in hope of doing a greater in the future. His power of concentrating upon the immediate task was the reason why he was constantly at work; why every second of his life accomplished something; why he died a young man, with a tremendous record of achievement, rather than living to be ninety, with nothing done save eating and sleeping.

He lived in his age and he lived for his own people. Never once did it occur to him to disown the heritage of his Swiss ancestry. He left his home valley in his early youth—he never went *away* from it. All that he did was done for the Pennsylvania-Germans. All that he thought and planned was thought in the Pennsylvania-German tradition and planned for the furtherance of that tradition. When he dreamed of going west, it was not to break away from his people, but to serve those of them who had already taken the westward road and who needed the services of a pastor. When he adopted the phrase which Dr. Nevin had coined for Pennsylvania in his speech at the dedication of Franklin and Marshall College, and wrote an article for the *Guardian* on "The Sleeping Giant," it was not to castigate his people for





their sleeping state, but to picture to them the gigantic powers which could be theirs if they should awake from slumber.

He never lost his "Deutsch." In spite of early discouragements from his fellow-students in the "Schiller-verein," he never grew ashamed of it. He could not only stop his buggy at a farm gate to "schwetz" with an old man who had no English, but he could convulse an audience of educated men by the public reference to the revered Dr. Nevin as "Der Chon Nevin, do navig mir."<sup>1</sup> In the same speech (his famous after-dinner speech at the Franklin and Marshall alumni banquet of 1866)<sup>2</sup> he made his often-quoted enumeration of the learned languages:

"Es gebt sieva gelernte Sproche, Englisch und Deutsch, Lateinisch und Griechish und Hebraeisch; sell sin fünf. Die sechst haest Pennsylvania Deutsch, die sievet is German Reformed."<sup>3</sup>

(It is obviously in the seventh that his seminary lectures were written.)

With a realistic humility which never thought of himself or his race as better than he was, went an equally realistic pride which never belittled either self or race. His opening lines of the speech just quoted were as humorous as the rest, but would have been less humorous if they had not been actually true:

"Es gebt gar greislich gelernte Leut, und ich bin awe aner dafun."<sup>4</sup>

Much has been written of the literary values of the poems of the "Harfe." Some critics have compared them to the poems of Burns; others shrewdly suspect that they are about equal in quality to the "Child Rhymes" of James Whitcomb Riley. Some have scolded him for imitating Hebel (which is, after all, what he set out to





do). Others have tried to appropriate to him all the virtues ascribed to the poet he imitated. All of this seems beside the point. There is probably no one living today who has a sufficient knowledge of the dialect, plus a sufficient authority in the field of literary criticism, to be able to pronounce *ex cathedra* whether these are true poems or merely verse. Even if there were such a man, his judgment would not matter very much. The poems of the "Harfe" were not written in competition with Vergil's "Eclogues," nor with Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads." He certainly had no serious thought that future college classes would take up the study of the "sixth learned language" in order to read "Heemweh" even if one contemporary enthusiast did compare it with Gray's "Elegy." He was aware how few people spoke Pennsylvania-German, and how many fewer might speak it in the future; but he wrote in their language and for their pleasure, and he succeeded. There are today farmhouses in the "Dutch country" where the full library consists of the Bible, Baer's Almanac and Harbaugh's "Harfe." It has furnished one note of esthetic pleasure in many barren lives. It has taught a simple people the possibilities of poetry and beauty in their quiet lives, their familiar surroundings, their homely speech. What greater service could it have done?

As he clung to his people, so he clung to his church. He never experienced temptations like those of other leaders of the denomination who prided themselves on staying within their humble, poverty-stricken, ignorant little fold when all the beauty and wealth and charm of the larger denominations beckoned them. When Harbaugh was accused by his detractors of being on his way to the Roman or the Anglican communions, he was merely trying to bring into the Reformed faith the best





that Rome and England could offer. Like Jefferson in France, he was interested only in the things which could be best adapted to the needs of his own people. When he visited the Potomac he thought first of how to transplant her fish to the Susquehanna. If he ever attended a mass (as I have no doubt he sometimes managed to do) he probably thought of whether candle-light and vestments and incense and genuflections might not improve the Reformed liturgy.

In utter sincerity, he was thoroughly convinced of the superiority of his own church for himself. He never thought of his little country charges as poor substitutes for a cathedral. He never thought of his three brief years at Mercersburg as a necessary makeshift for a course at Yale or Harvard. As Mercersburg had been, for him, a wonderful educational opportunity, so the dignity of standing in a German Reformed pulpit was for him as high an honor as a man could hold. His famous retort to Bishop Samuel Bowman was more than half serious. The Bishop, when Harbaugh congratulated him upon his elevation to the episcopacy, laughed at the pastor for thus admitting that this promotion was an honor. "But of course," said Harbaugh, "as an ordained minister of the Reformed Church I have for many years performed the rite of confirmation. I am glad to hear that you are now advanced to an equal rank."

He wrote in "The Golden Censer": "We promote the cause of Christ best, by building up around us. He promotes the interests of the nation best who does most to elevate his own family. He best builds up the Church at large, who best builds up the Church at home." It was by this rule that he lived. It was by it that he achieved. Given equal talents and equal strength, if he wasted his powers in trying to gain national or world





repute, he would have done little or nothing. He bent all his energies on serving the little world where he was placed, and he did it ample service.

What more shall we say of him? Shall we quote the scores of eulogies which appeared in the *Messenger*, the *Guardian* and the *Review*? They have been quoted many times, and old-fashioned phrases grow stale. Shall we tell of the later tributes to his memory—of the great marble monument at Mercersburg—of the memorial window over the altar in First Church at Lancaster, and others in the "Harbaugh Church" beside his old home and in the seminary at Lancaster? Shall we say how an unknown Episcopalian clergyman from New England, some twenty years later, made a pilgrimage to Lebanon and asked to be directed to the church where Henry Harbaugh preached, and how, having obtained permission from the pastor to enter the chancel, he gazed around him reverently and said, "So this is the place where that godly man held forth the gospel of Christ?"

Shall we fill page after page with anecdotes, tender or reverent or roaringly funny, out of the hundreds that we have read and heard? Shall we tell of his message to the committee who asked permission to see him?—"Tell them I am visible"—or of his translation of "*Non omnes possumus omnia*" as "we are not all possums" (which, as Linn Harbaugh remarks, "grows more intense in its drollery the longer one contemplates it")?

I think I would rather say a little about a side of his character which has been but lightly touched in this study. I would like to speak of his love of Christmas.

Once when Sunday and Christmas Day happened to coincide, Harbaugh was criticized by a brother minister for substituting a special Christmas service for the "Regular Service on the Lord's Day." Harbaugh re-





plied: "Say to him, please, that Christmas is a greater day than Sunday." This was, with him, a statement of long-considered belief. Christmas was not merely a festival—it was *the* festival of Christianity. It celebrated the beginning of that great process by which the world was saved—the coming of the God-Man. It must be celebrated then as the greatest, highest holy-day of the Christian year.

There is, of course, a certain logical connection between the editing of a family periodical and an interest in Christmas. If Dickens had not been editor of *Household Words*, it is to be doubted if we would have "A Christmas Carol" or "Cricket on the Hearth" or "The Chimes." So too, Harbaugh's interest in the annual festival might not have crystallized into such a cult, if it had not been necessary, for seventeen years, for him to fill one number of the *Guardian* each year with Christmas material. In "The Star of Bethlehem: A Christmas Story for Good Children," which he published in the *Guardian* in 1862, and reprinted as a pamphlet, he says, to excuse this first and last adventure into romantic fiction, "I have already published every nice thing I could find about Christmas; and the sources seem to be dried up. Just think, thirteen years is a long time; and to provide a Christmas feast thirteen times is not so easy."

This was quite true. He had filled twelve Christmas numbers of the *Guardian* with far more information than Chambers' "Book of Days" ever heard of. He had delved into archaeology and Church antiquities. He had published the Christmas customs of all nations, had translated Christmas stories and songs from the German, borrowed Christmas poems from old anthologies, written up personal experiences and advice on decorating a





Christmas tree, preparing a "putz," tying greens for church decorations, and hundreds of ideas for the embellishment of the festival. Now he had been driven to the form of art he had always deemed lowest—he was writing fiction:

"'Well,' said wife pleasantly, 'I should think you might have sense enough to write something interesting about Christmas yourself.'"

The first part of this not unpleasing little Christmas story is in part a recollection of the old Christmases of the mountain valley, in part a glorified dream of the kind of Christmas he would like to see in every country church. The description of the Christmas tree with its accompanying Christmas landscape, while in part a vision of perfection, is also, if we judge from the diaries and from the memories of friends, the kind of Christmas scene he aimed at creating in his churches and, on a smaller scale, in his home.

"As company approached the church, they saw that the shutters were closed. But on entering—what a sight! There in the Altar place stood a tall, round spruce-tree, hung full of all kinds of ornaments, while hundreds of lights winked and twinkled and blazed in the green branches. At the base of the tree was a green sward of moss, with here and there a bush of laurel by the side of what appeared to be a winding stream of shining water; while a miniature hill sloped up behind the lowest branches of the tree, the top of which was lost in the distance. Sheep were seen along the hill, and near by shepherds with their crooks were reposing. At the foot of the hill was a village, one house of which was larger than the rest, and thronged with people, was all bright within, and a transparency in one of the windows indicating that it was an inn. Some distance from the





village, beside a small hill was to be seen what looked like a cave; but on close view appeared to be a stable; for there were mules and oxen in it. Just under the roof of this cave-like stable sat a somewhat venerable looking man with a long beard. A little farther in sat a sweet looking woman, much younger in appearance, in an attitude of meek repose, leaning over lovingly toward a babe sleeping in one end of the same trough out of which the cattle were feeding. . . . What seemed strangest of all was a brilliantly lighted star which stood as in mid-air without any visible support, right over all this beautiful scene, half-way up toward the ceiling of the church; and behind the tree in like manner high up in the air, were a number of golden-winged angels that seemed to hover approvingly over all beneath them."

The star in the story was a lantern of peculiar star-shape, which was imitated by some of the members of the congregation, and hung before their doors on Christmas Eve, and the plot of the story deals with how it brought old friends together in distant places and gathered wandering members of the church into the fold again.

In First Church in Lancaster, the Christmas Star, inaugurated by Dr. Harbaugh, was even more marvelous, for it was lit with gas, new to Lancaster in itself, and it flamed close to the high dome ceiling of the auditorium, over the chancel—a marvellous sight to draw in the sightseers from the entire town. It draws them still, for each Christmas morning for close to a hundred years, it has flamed in its place, and today, to a generation which has never seen gas used for illumination, it is almost as strange a wonder as it was then. In its light at six o'clock each Christmas morning is repeated the Christmas service which Harbaugh planned, with the





music and hymns which he chose—the Christmas story read from the Bible and interspersed at the appropriate moments with the Magnificat, the Benedictus, the Anunciato Angeli, the Nunc Dimittis, Mozart's almost unendurably emotional Gloria from the Twelfth Mass, and the Choral "Beside Thy Cradle" from Bach's Christmas Oratorio. It has become the highest hour in First Church's year, and for many unconnected with the church, a necessary prelude to Christmas Day. In the great dim auditorium, with the scent of the great ropes of green which swing from the ceiling, the candles aflame on the altar, the hypnotic star blazing above, dawn coming up outside the Harbaugh window; and the mighty thunder of music overhead, the kneeling worshipper can become very conscious of the presence of the man who began it all—can think of him as coming back this Christmas morning, with a greater speed than light, from that "Heavenly Home" somewhere beyond the planet Hercules, around which the galactic universe revolves.

In the midst of the vast array of words which was spread on the pages of the *Messenger* for the first two months of 1868, one word arrests our attention. It was used by Dr. Daniel Gans, not one of his most intimate but one of his most loyal friends. The word is "ardency." It is well chosen. The character of Henry Harbaugh was ardent. There burned in him an inextinguishable fire, and in those who knew him best, the contact of that burning lit other fires that went on shining, and flaming, and kindling new little ardent flames through all the years since.

Linn Harbaugh, who was seven years old when his father died, closed his Biography with one of his own





few memories of the man. Let it close this biography as well:

"There are many students, now in middle life, who will remember well the old chapel with its walls papered in imitation of natural wood panels and framework, giving it somewhat of a massive and medieval appearance. Some no doubt will remember, too, the last Sunday upon which Dr. Harbaugh conducted the service there in 1867. His form was still erect, but his locks had whitened, and the wonted color of his face had fled. Near the end of the sermon he paused, as though to gather up the threads of his thought. A little boy, mistaking this for the conclusion of the service, slipped quietly out of his place in the family pew and made his way up to the pulpit. As he reached out to take the hand of his father, the minister stooped gently down and amid the wave of amusement that passed over the assembly of students farther back in the chapel, whispered, 'Sit down and wait for me, we will soon go home.'

"There on the step in front of the altar the little fellow sat, unembarrassed by the gaze of those in front of him, secure in the protection of the beloved form that stood nearby."



## AUTHOR'S NOTE

### THE GENESIS OF THIS BIOGRAPHY

When Ephraim Kieffer brought his son Joseph Spangler Kieffer to college in 1856, they stopped for a night at Dr. Harbaugh's parsonage. Before he left it was arranged that Spangler's father should leave ten dollars spending money in the care of Dr. Harbaugh and that when the boy had need of cash, he should come down and talk it over with the pastor. A page in the back of the doctor's diary was set aside for this account, and throughout his college course there are neat little records of the issue of 50 cents, a dollar, two dollars, to the student, the receipt acknowledged by the initials JSK. When Harbaugh went to the Seminary in 1864, he found young Spangler (who had taught school for several years meanwhile) in his second year as a student.

Earlier in the 1850s, Joseph Henry Dubbs was also a student at F. and M. He knew the pastor of First Church, too, though not as well, nor did he study under him at the Seminary. But in 1862 he published his first poem in the *Guardian* (under the pen-name of "Aurele"), and thenceforth became a regular contributor, receiving his tutelage as a writer from the editor's advice. Later, but after Harbaugh's death, he too was to edit the *Guardian*.

In the early days of the Twentieth Century, Dr. Kieffer and Dr. Dubbs, meeting together, would often exchange memories of Dr. Harbaugh. So vivid and lively were they that a little granddaughter of them both, listening eagerly, fully believed that they were speaking of a living friend. It was years afterward that I learned





that the man they had made so much alive had been dead for almost fifty years.

This illusion was preserved, through my childhood, at the Annual Reunion of the Reformed Church, at Pen Mar. Here, within sight of Harbaugh's home, many of his former students were moved to speak of him, with that same sense of nearness. Here in 1918 I heard Mrs. John Sommerlatte read some of the "Harfe" poems. At confirmation, like other children, I received a "Golden Censer." I heard his hymn sung at funerals and baptisms and church festivals, and at Mercersburg Academy where it is now the official "Mercersburg hymn." My life led me much to the places he had known and loved, and when I came to Lancaster, in 1928, I became a member of the First Reformed Church, which is still in a very real sense his church.

In 1936, when that church celebrated its bicentennial, I was asked to take charge of collecting and arranging the church archives. Here I found I was doing over again work that had been done efficiently before me by the minister of the 1850s. I came to know his handwriting and his methods. I found the careful file of documents he had left concerning his difficulties in 1857, and read, probably for the first time since he wrote them, the story of his troubles.

A few years later, the Historical Society of the Reformed Church acquired the almost complete file of the Harbaugh diaries. It fell to my lot to supervise student typists in the work of copying these. Scarcely was the work finished when the notebooks of Theodore Appel came to my hands for similar treatment.

From these rich sources I compiled my paper on "Henry Harbaugh in Lancaster" for the Lancaster County Historical Society in 1941. Material kept coming



in. Mary Harbaugh Lineaweaver's son brought us the Henry-Louisa correspondence. No one seems quite to know how the Perry West letters reached us. Now one person, now another, knowing my interest, called my attention to more and more sources of information. College students of my acquaintance turned out to be descendants of Harbaugh's intimate friends, and brought letters and diaries for my inspection. The time came, early in 1944, when it was inevitable that I should write the biography of the man who had become more real to me than many of my living friends.

I began to write in January, 1944, and in July, when I was halfway through, there came an entirely unsolicited letter from the *Pennsylvania-German Society* asking if I would care to undertake the preparation of such a biography.

As I finish the task this evening, I am strongly conscious that a real person has guided me through each step of this research—that the way has been made easy for me by someone who wanted the story told—someone as alive today as when he laughed and wept and quarrelled and loved, a hundred years ago,—someone who has become as dear a friend to me as he was to my grandfathers and and my great-grandfathers. Yes, and someone who has taught me as much as he taught his seminary students in Mercersburg so long ago.





## NOTES

## CHAPTER I

## SHADOWS ON SOUTH MOUNTAIN

<sup>1</sup> Harbaugh: Annals of the Harbaugh family, 1856. (Except where otherwise noted, all material in this chapter is from this source.)

<sup>2</sup> Printed in pamphlet form, Lancaster, 1862.

<sup>3</sup> Christmas in our Childhood Home. *Guardian*. Jan. 1858.

<sup>4</sup> Der alte Feierheerd. *Harfe*, p. 25.

<sup>5</sup> Will widder Buwele sei'. *Harfe*, p. 65.

<sup>6</sup> Annals, p. 71.

<sup>7</sup> Annals, pp. 70-71.

<sup>8</sup> *Harfe*, p. 39.

<sup>9</sup> *Harfe*, p. 23.

<sup>10</sup> My Spelling Book. *Guardian*, Oct. 1857.

<sup>11</sup> Annals, p. 124.

<sup>12</sup> *Harfe*, p. 61.

<sup>13</sup> We sit there, like the juryman  
To judge the preacher, so we can  
Report his least mistake.

<sup>14</sup> Bausman, In Memoriam.

<sup>15</sup> *Harfe*, p. 13.

<sup>16</sup> In Memoriam.

<sup>17</sup> It's hard to sit on such a bench—  
Their feet don't reach the floor.

## CHAPTER II

## WANDERJAHRE

<sup>1</sup> Letter to P. W., Feb. 23, 1839. Unless otherwise noted, all letters are in the Historical Society collection. See Bibliography.

<sup>2</sup> Ms. vol. of poems. Historical Society collection.

<sup>3</sup> The Wonderful Boy.

<sup>4</sup> Harbaugh's note in his own copy of "Annals."

<sup>5</sup> Linn Harbaugh says Uncle Elias in the "Valley." This does



not seem to check with a number of references in the letters and Annals.

- The Wonderful Boy.
- The Wonderful Boy.
- The 18 3/4 cents was the postage between Lakeville and Dover.

### CHAPTER III

#### SUNLIGHT ON THE NORTH MOUNTAIN

- 1 Dubbs, History of Franklin and Marshall College.
- 2 Appel, Theodore. Life of John Williamson Nevin.
- 3 Bausman. In Memoriam.
- 4 Marshall College catalogue. 1841.
- 5 College Days. Apr. 1873.
- 6 Klein. A Century of Education at Mercersburg.
- 7 Archives of the Diagonthian Literary Society.
- 8 Appel. Notebooks.
- 9 Appel. College Days.
- 10 In the manuscript volume.
- 11 Although "Jon" looks very like older portraits of Jeremiah Good.
- 12 Diagonthian minutes.

### CHAPTER V.

#### LOVE AND LEWISBURG

- 1 Harbaugh to Jeremiah Ingold.
- 2 Official Report of Synod.
- 3 Ms. life of Ingold by his daughter; owned by his grandson Robert Moss.
- 4 Records of Susquehanna Classis.
- 5 This was probably the "Father Reber" and his daughter Leah often mentioned in the diary.
- 6 Harbaugh. Louisa Harbaugh. Ms. life written for Mary Olivia H.
- 7 In Memoriam.





- <sup>8</sup> "That was a slippy sloppy sermon."
- <sup>9</sup> Dubbs. Reformed Church in Pennsylvania.
- <sup>10</sup> "Country Sunday Schools." *Messenger*, 1843.
- <sup>11</sup> Quoted in Dubbs: Reformed Church in Pennsylvania.
- <sup>12</sup> Minutes of the Susquehanna Classis. Typewritten copies in the collection of the Reformed Church Historical Society.
- <sup>13</sup> He was delegate from Lewisburg to a Convention on Sabbath Observance, in Harrisburg.
- <sup>14</sup> Son of Elias Harbaugh.
- <sup>15</sup> Blue Ridge Zephyr. April 9, 1904.
- <sup>16</sup> Copy in the collection of the Reformed Church Historical Society.
- <sup>17</sup> He returned to it in after years, however, for he tells a story of his daughter Maggie imitating him.
- <sup>18</sup> Louisa Harbaugh, op. cit., p. 17.
- <sup>19</sup> Records of the German Reformed Church, Lewisburg. In the collection of the Historical Society of the Reformed Church.
- <sup>20</sup> Laura Amanda's Grave. Poems, 1860, p. 94.

## CHAPTER VI

### HEAVEN

- <sup>1</sup> Heaven, p. 93.
- <sup>2</sup> Heaven, p. 40.
- <sup>3</sup> Op. cit., p. 42-3.
- <sup>4</sup> Heaven, p. 175.
- <sup>5</sup> Life of Louisa Harbaugh, p. 19.
- <sup>6</sup> Annals, Jul. 20, 1826.
- <sup>7</sup> Records of the Lewisburg Reformed Church.
- <sup>8</sup> It is somewhat disconcerting to the modern reader to find in the diary entries the frequent and unexplained word "Nuts," until one discovers from the context that it is a reference to the entertainment of the evening and not to the company.
- <sup>9</sup> John Blair Linn, well-known as a Pennsylvania historian, eventually became Secretary of the Commonwealth under Governor Hartranft. James Merrill was for some years a tutor in the



Classics at Franklin & Marshall College, and later took over his father's law practice.

<sup>10</sup> "Reverence in worship," 1849.

## CHAPTER VII

### STORM AND STRESS

<sup>1</sup> The material of this chapter has been published as a Paper of the "Lancaster County Historical Society" Vol. 45 No. 3, 1941.

<sup>2</sup> All the summer before this was taken he had been suffering miserably from boils.

<sup>3</sup> Diary, July 25, 1848 (During a trip to Philadelphia).

<sup>4</sup> Diary, Apr. 13, 1850.

<sup>5</sup> Poems, p. 35.

<sup>6</sup> Poems, 6. 32.

<sup>7</sup> The following account is based upon the consistory minutes and letters preserved in the archives of the church. Nothing has ever been published on the subject.

<sup>8</sup> Diary, Apr. 22, 1849.

<sup>9</sup> Not Mr. Zecher, but another fire-eater.

<sup>10</sup> This was John L. Atlee, 1799-1885, one of the outstanding figures in American surgery.

<sup>11</sup> Torn down 1902 to make room for the "Science Building" (now Stahr Hall).

<sup>12</sup> Travelling & its Lessons. *Guardian*, Sept. 1857.

<sup>13</sup> Henry Lange was the hero of an article "Learning to Walk." *Guardian*, Jan. 1859.

<sup>14</sup> Published in Philadelphia, 1858.

<sup>15</sup> This was true. There were clauses in the constitution which conflicted with the earlier charter of the church. A committee had been appointed several years before to amend the charter, but in the disturbed state of the congregation this had not been done.

## CHAPTER VIII

### LARGER INTERESTS

<sup>1</sup> J. S. Kieffer; A. H. Heilman; Wm. Rupp; also Cyrus Cort quoted by Linn Harbaugh, p. 285.





<sup>2</sup> March 1868, p. 77.

<sup>3</sup> The First Church is a very difficult auditorium to fill with out being noisy. Those who have heard many preachers speak from its pulpit can guess what qualities of voice were needed to reach all its congregation without jarring them.

<sup>4</sup> This was probably his famous defence of the Liturgy in 1866.

<sup>5</sup> In his first years in Lewisburg he spent many hours making, by hand, large-sized maps and charts to use in Sunday School, as the church could not afford to buy them.

<sup>6</sup> Eulogy of Rev. Thomas Conrad Porter. Pennsylvania-German Soc. Proceedings, v. XII, 1903.

<sup>7</sup> Lutheran Observer, Apr. 1863.

<sup>8</sup> Appel. Notebooks.

## CHAPTER IX

### A CEDAR IN LEBANON

<sup>1</sup> Linn Harbaugh. Life, pp. 271-2.

<sup>2</sup> There is no evidence that he ever took Mary to see her own grandparents in Ohio. In his records of Maggie's life he tells how Maggie would reprove Mary for things she thought wrong, with: "O-o-Marre-oo-we!" of how she called: "Marre fetch hot wawa for pappa—give you wippa."

<sup>3</sup> Ranck, H. H. History of St. John's Church, 1901.

<sup>4</sup> Archives of St. John's Church. Published in Ranck's History.

<sup>5</sup> Youth in Earnest. 1867.

<sup>6</sup> Wm. Rupp is said to have remarked in first reading it: "The mountains have labored and a mouse is born."

<sup>7</sup> *Guardian*. May, 1865.

<sup>8</sup> Ranck. History of St. John's Church, publishes these in full.

<sup>9</sup> En Stick Üwers Aerndfeld. Reprinted in Dubbs Reformed Church in Pennsylvania.

<sup>10</sup> Hours at Home. Oct. 1866. Reprinted *Guardian*, 1868.

<sup>11</sup> It may be found in Ranck: History of St. John's Church, p. 50.

<sup>12</sup> James Fleming Linn Harbaugh.

<sup>13</sup> Bausman and Dubbs were the two next editors of the *Guardian*, following Harbaugh.



<sup>14</sup> Harbaugh. Life, p. 191.

<sup>15</sup> Linn Harbaugh, p. 287.

## CHAPTER X

### THE HOME OF HIS MIND

<sup>1</sup> Diary, Nov. 28, 1948.

<sup>2</sup> Quoted by Linn Harbaugh, p. 257.

<sup>3</sup> Linn Harbaugh, p. 255.

<sup>4</sup> Mercersburg Review, July 1849.

<sup>5</sup> Quoted by Linn Harbaugh, p. 269. The original volume is missing.

<sup>6</sup> Published Philadelphia, 1918.

<sup>7</sup> Joel T. Rossiter. His copy is in the Historical Society's collection.

<sup>8</sup> Later Mrs. J. B. Kieffer.

<sup>9</sup> Diary of J. S. Kieffer, op. cit. 6. 63.

<sup>10</sup> William Rupp.

<sup>11</sup> Goethean Hall had become a public school.

<sup>12</sup> Klein. Century of Education.

<sup>13</sup> Obviously the one described by Bausman, op. cit.

<sup>14</sup> P. 260.

<sup>15</sup> Quoted in Klein: Century of Education at Mercersburg.

## CHAPTER XI

### AND SO —

<sup>1</sup> "John Nevin, here aside of me."

<sup>2</sup> Quoted by N. S. Schaeffer in his Introduction to Linn Harbaugh's "Life."

<sup>3</sup> There are seven learned languages, English and German, Latin and Greek and Hebrew, these are five. The sixth is called Pennsylvania German, the seventh is German Reformed.

<sup>4</sup> There are some terribly learned people, and I'm one of 'em.





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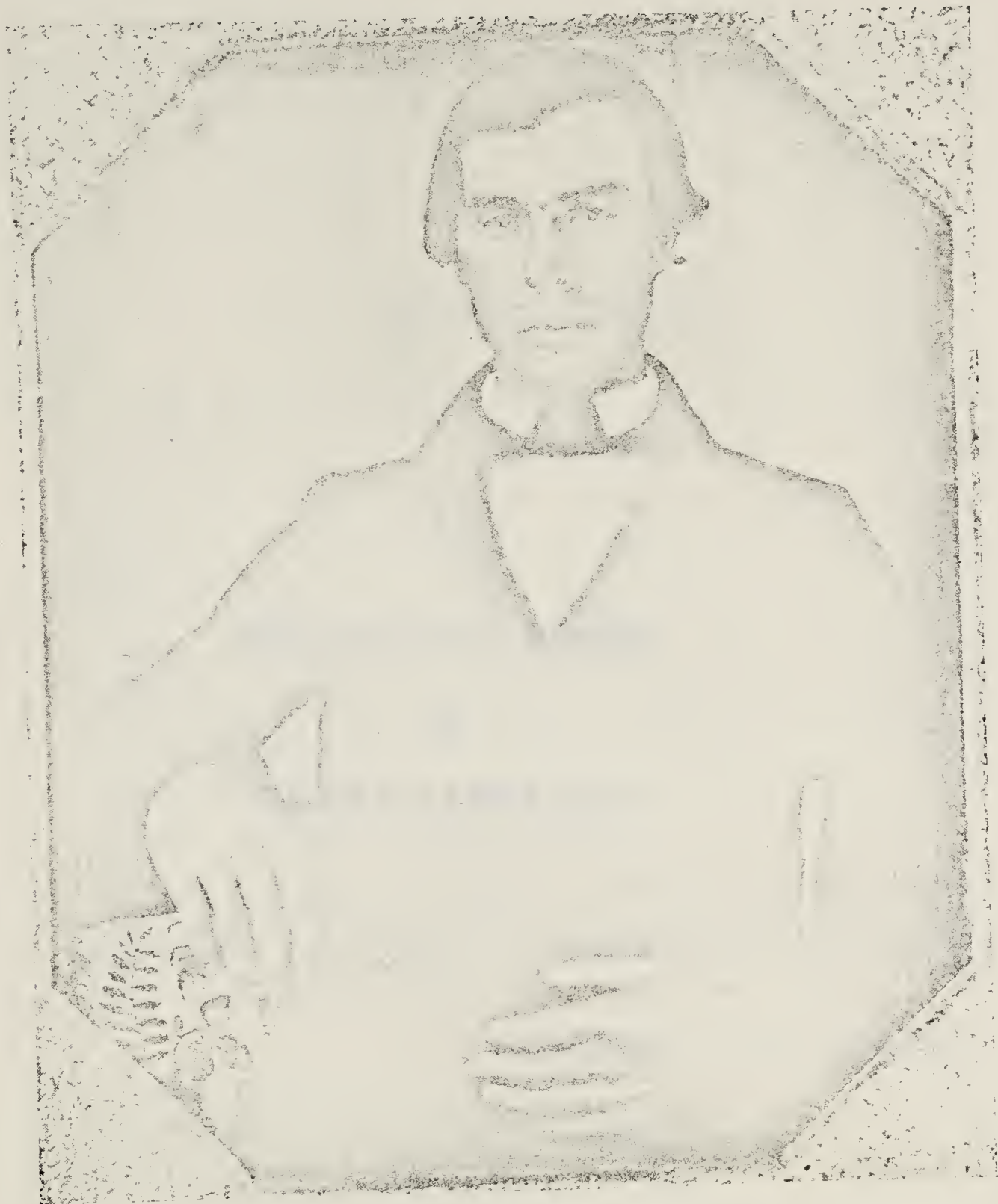
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## Appendix







BENJAMIN BAUSMAN, AT ABOUT THE TIME WHEN HE FIRST CAME  
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF HENRY HARBAUGH.

*(Daguerreotype, formerly in the collection of the Historical Society  
of the Reformed Church, Lancaster)*



I.

THE DIALECT POEMS

of

HENRY HARBAUGH





## FOREWORD

The poems as here published are copied from *The Guardian*, 1861-1867, in their original form. In editing *Harbaugh's Harfe* in 1870, after the author's death, Benjamin Bausman adopted a system of spelling which seemed to him to conform more closely to the German usage. It is of value to have these earlier forms as an indication of the pronunciation of Harbaugh's day. Two of the poems, given here, were not included in the *Harfe*. These are: *Das Union Arch*, and *En-Stick Üwer's Aern-defeld*. No other dialect poems have come to light.

In the original, a number of obvious printer's errors are found. Like the rest of the spelling, however, these have been repeated here, with only a few notes.

ELIZABETH CLARKE KIEFFER.



## DAS ALT SCHUL-HAUS AN DER KRICK.

The following Poem is written in what is generally called "Pennsylvania German." This is a peculiar dialect, created by a strange mixture of all the European German dialects, with a large sprinkling of English words and pronunciations. It is passing away before the victorious progress of the English, and must ultimately become extinct. It will, however, always remain as a curiosity in literature. This Poem, written by a Pennsylvania pastor, is here inserted at the request of literary friends who saw it in manuscript. It has, we believe, the ring of the true vernacular.—Ed. Guardian.

Heit ishts exactly zwanzig Yohr,  
Das Ich bin Owa naus;  
Nau bin Ich widder lewig z'rick,  
Un' steh' am Schul-haus an der Krick,  
Yusht naekst an's atty's<sup>1</sup> Haus.'

Ich bin in hundert Haeuser g'west,  
Von marbel Stein un' Brick;  
Un' alles was Ich hab' geseh,  
Det Ich verschwappa any day,  
Fuer's Schul-haus and der Krick.

Wer mued da heme is, un' will fort,  
So los ihn numma geh;  
Ich sag ihm awer forna naus,  
Es is all Humbug Owa draus,  
Un' er werd's selver seh.

Ich bin draus rum in alle Eck'  
Getravelled high un' low;  
Hab awer noch in kennem Spot,  
Uf e'mol so fiel Joy gehat,  
Wie in dem Schul-haus do.

Wie haemelt mich do alles a'!  
Ich steh, un' denk, un' guk;  
Un' was Ich schier vergessa hab,  
Kummt wider z'rick, wie aus seim Grab,  
Un' steht do wie e' Spook!





Des Krickle spielt verbei wie's hot,  
 Wo Ich noch g'spielt hab do;  
 Un' unner sella Hollerbuesch,  
 Speila noch die klene Fisch,  
 So smart wie long ago.

Der Weisech' steht noch an der Tuehr—  
 Macht Schatta ueber's Dach:  
 Die Trauberank is a' noch grue'—  
 Un's Amsel nescht—guk yuscht 'mol hi'!—  
 O was is des en Sach'!

Die Schwalma skiypa ueber's Feld—  
 Die fedderst is die besht!  
 Un sechst du. dort am Guebeleck,  
 En Haus von Stoppla un' von Dreck?—  
 Sel is e' Schwalma Nescht.

Die yunge leia stil just now,  
 Un' schlofa alle sound;  
 Wart bis die Alta kriega Werm,  
 Nord herscht du awer gros gelarm,  
 Von Meuler all around!

Ya, alles des is noch wie's war  
 Wo Ich noch war e' Buh';  
 Doch andere Dings sin' net meh so,  
 For alles dut sich enera do,  
 Wie Ich mich enera thu'!

Ich steh, wie Ossian in seim Thal,  
 Un' seh ins wolka Spiel,—  
 Bewegt mit Freed un' Trauer—ach!  
 Die Traena Komma wan Ich lach!—  
 Kanscht denka wie Ich fuehl!

Do bin Ich ganga in die Schul,  
 Wo Ich noch war gans Kle;  
 Dort war der Meschter in seim Stuhl;  
 Dort war sei Wip, un' dort sei Ruhl—  
 Ich kan's noch alles seh!



Die langa Desks ring's an der Wand—  
Die grossa Schuler d'rum:  
Uf ener Seid die grosa Maed,  
Und dort die Buwa—net sa blaed—  
Guk wie sie peepa 'rum!

Der Meschter watch't sie close just now—  
Sie gewa besser acht:  
Dort Seller wo love Letters schreibt,  
Un' Seller wo sei Spoochta treibt,  
Un' Seller Kerl wo lacht.

Die grosa un' die klena all,  
Sin' unner ener Rule;  
Un des is yusht der rechte weg;  
Wer Rules verbrecht der nemmt sie Schleg,  
Oder verlost die Schul.

Imwendig um der Offa 'rum,  
Hocka die klene chaps;  
Sie studya all gar hart, you see,  
Un' wer net lernt sei A.B.C.,  
Sei Ohra kriega Rapps.

S'is hart zu hocka uf so Benk,—  
Die Fues net uf em Floor;  
En mancher krickt en weher Rueck,  
In sellem Schul-haus an der Krick,  
Un' fuehlt about right sore!

Die arma Drep! dort hoeka sie  
In misery!—yuscht denk!  
Es is ke' wunner—nem my Wort—  
Das sie so wenig lerna dort  
Uf sella hoch a Benk.

Mit all da' Drawbaks anyhow.  
War's doch e' first rate Schul;  
Du finscht ke' Meschter so—geh such—  
Der cyphera kan durch's ganza Buch,  
Un' Skipt ke' ehne Rule.





Boes war er! Ya, des mus Ich k'steh;  
G'wipt hot er all around:  
Gar kreislich gute Rules obsarved,  
Un wer Schlek krickt hot, hot's desarved,  
Completely, I'll be bound.

Wan's Dinner war, un Schul war aus,  
Nord hat m'r gut gefueht:  
Deel hen der balla Game gechoost,  
Deel hen sich in der Race amused,  
Un deel hen Solger g'spielt.

Die grossa Maid hen ausgekert—  
Die Buwa naus gestaabt!  
Zu helfa, hen a deel pretend,—  
Der Meschter hot sie naus gesend!—  
Die Rules hen's net erlabt.

Die Klena Maed hen Ring gespielt,  
Uf sellem Wassa da;  
Wann grossa Maed sin' in der Ring—  
'S is doch e' wounnervolles Ding!—  
Sin' grosa Buwa a'!

Die grosa hen, die grosa 'tagg't—  
Die Klena all vermisst!  
Wie sin' sie g' sprunga, ab un' uf,,  
Wer g'wonna hot—verlos dich druf—  
Hot tuechtiglich gekisst!

Am Christag wa' die reehte zeit—  
O wan Ich yuscht d'ra' denk!  
Der Meschter hen mir naus gesperrt,  
De Teuhr and Fenster vest gebarrt,—  
"Nau, Meschter, e' Geschenk!

Nord hot er mightily brobirt,  
Mit force du komma nei;  
Un' mir hen—als er hot geklopt—  
En Schreiwes unna naus gestopt,  
"Wann's seinsht dan kanscht du rei."



Nau hot der Meschter raus gelanst—  
 Gar Kreislich sheepish 'gukt!—  
 Appel un' Keshta, un' noch meh,  
 S'war yuscht a ment in fact recht schoe:  
 Mir hen's mit Lushta k' slucht!

O wu sin' now die Schuler all,  
 Wo hawa do gelernt?  
 A deel sin' wiet awek gereest,  
 By fortune uf un' ab gecheest,—  
 Deel hot der Tod geernt!

Mei Hertz schwellt mit Gedanka uf,  
 Bis Ich schier gar verstick!  
 Konnt heula's dut mir nau so leed—  
 Un' dock gebt mir die groschte Freed,  
 Des Schul-haus an der Krick!

Good bye! alt Schul-haus—echo Kreischt  
 Good bye! Good bye! zurueck;  
 O Schul-haus! Schul-haus! mus Ich geh?  
 Un' du stehst nord do alle' aleh—  
 Du Schul-haus an der Krick!

O horcht ihr Leut wo nach mir lebt,  
 Ich Schreib euch noch des Stick:  
 Ich warn euch, droh euch, gebt docht acht  
 Un' nemmt for ever gut enacht,  
 Des Schul-haus an der Krick!

August 1861.

<sup>1</sup>A printer's error. Compare "Tatty" and "Tatte" in 12 and 16 stanzas of Haemweh.

## H A E M W E H

### I.

Ich wees net was die Ursach is'—  
 Wees net warum Ich's thu':  
 En jedes Yohr mach Ich der Weg  
 Der alte Haemath zu.





Hab weiters nix zu suche' dort—  
 Ke Erbschaft un ke Geld;  
 Un' doch treibt mich das Haem-gefuehl  
 So stark wei alle Welt;  
 Nörd start Ich ewa ab, un geh'  
 Wie Owa schon gemelt.

## II.

Wie naecher das Ich komm zum Ziel,  
 Wie sterker will Ich geh',  
 For Eppes in meim Hertz werd letz  
 Un' thut mir kreislich weh,  
 Der letschte Hivel spring Ich nuf,  
 Un' ep Ich drowa bin  
 Streck Ich mich uf so hoch Ich kan  
 Un' guk mit lushta hin  
 Ich seh's alt Stehaus durch die Baeme,  
 Un' wot Ich wer schon drin.

## III.

Guk wie der Kuecha Schansthe schmok'd—  
 Wie oft hab Ich sel k'sch!<sup>1</sup>  
 Wann ich draus in de Felder war,  
 A Buwele yung un' kle.  
 O senscht die Fenschter-scheibe dort?  
 Sie gueke roth wie Blut;  
 Hab oft considert,—doch net g'wist,  
 Das sell die Sonn so thut;  
 Ya, manehes wees en kind noch net—  
 Wan's det, wers a' net gut!

## IV.

Wie geich Ich selle Babble Baeme  
 Sie stehn wie Brueder daar;  
 Un' uf em Gippel—g'wis Ich leb!  
 Hocht alleweil e' Staar!  
 S'Gipple buegt sich-guk wie's gaunsched—  
 Er hebt sich awer fescht.  
 Ich seh sei rothe Flugela plain  
 Wan er sei Fettere wescht:  
 Will wetta das sei Fraule hot  
 Uf sellem Bame a Nescht!



## V.

O, es gedenkt mir noch ganz gut,  
Wo selle verry Baeme,  
Net groeser als en Welshkorn-stock,  
Gebrocht sin warra Haeme.  
Die Mamme war ans Grandats g'west,  
Dort warra Baeme wie die;  
Drie Wiplein hot sie mit gebrocht  
Un' g'sat: "Dort plantzt sie hie."  
Mir hens gethu—un' glabscht dus now—  
Dort selle Baeme sin sie!

## VI.

Guk!—wirklich Ich bin schier am Haus!—  
Wie schnell get doch die Zeit!  
Wann m'r so in Gedanke geht  
So wees m'r net wie wiet.  
Dort is der Shop, die welshkorn Crib,  
Die Cider-press dort draus;  
Dort is die Scheur un dort die Spring—  
Frish quillt das Wasser raus;  
Un' guk! die same alt klapbord Fens  
Un's Taerle vor em Haus.

## VII.

Alles is still!—sie wissa net  
Das Epper Fremdes kommt.  
Ich denk der alte Watch is Tod,  
Schonst wer er raus gejumpst;  
For er hot als verschinert brullt  
Wan er hot's Taerle g'hoert;  
Es war d'a Travlers greislich bang  
Sie werra gans verzehrt:  
Ke g'fohr—er hot paar mol gegautzt,,  
Nord is er um gekert.

## VIII.

Alles is still!—die Tare is zu!  
Ich steh—besinne mich!  
Es rappelt doch e wenig now





Dort hinna in der Kuech.  
 Ich geh net nei—Ich kann noch net!  
 Mei Hertz fuelst schwer un krank;  
 Ich geh e wenig uf die Borch  
 Un hok mich uf die Bank—  
 Es seht mich niemand wan seh heul,  
 Hinter der Trauwarank!

## IX.

Zwe Blaetz sin do uf derra Borch,  
 Die halt Ich hoch in acht,  
 Bis meines Leben's Sonn versinkt  
 In stiller Todes Nacht!  
 Wo ich von alte Vater-haus  
 S'erscht mol bin ganga fort,  
 Stand mei Mamme weinend da  
 An sellem Reigel dort!  
 Un nix is mir so heilig now  
 Als grada seller Ort!

## X.

Ich kann sie Heut noch sehna steh  
 Ihr Schnuptuck in der Hand;  
 Die Backa roth—die Auga nass—  
 O wie sie doch do stand!  
 Dort gab Ich ihr my Ferrewell,  
 Un' weinte als Ich's gab.  
 S'war's letzte mol in derra Welt.,  
 Das Ich's ihr gewa hab!  
 Before Ich widder komma bin  
 War sie in ihrem Grab!

## XI.

Now wan Ich an mei Mamme denk,  
 Un' mane Ich det sie seh,  
 So steht sie an dem Riegel dort,  
 Un' weint weil Ich wek geh!  
 Ich seh sie net im Schockle-Stuhl.,  
 Net an kem annere Ort—



Ich denk net an sie als im Grab—  
Yuscht an dem Riegel dort!  
Dort steht sie immer vor meim Hertz  
Un' weint noch liebeich fort!

## XII.

Was machts das Ich so dorthie guk,  
An sell End von der Bank!  
Wescht du's? Mei Hertz is noch net tod,  
Ich wees es—Gott sei dank!  
Wie manchmal sas mei Tatty dort  
Am Sommer Nachmittag:  
Die Handen uf der Schoos gekreitzt—  
Sei Stock bei seite lag.  
Was hot er dort im stilla denkt  
Wer moecht es wissa—sag?

## XIII.

Veleicht is es e kindheits Traum,  
Das ihn so sanft bewegt;  
Oder is er e Yungling jetzt,  
Der schoena Planna legt!  
Er hebt sei Auga uf yuscht now,  
Un' gukt weit ueber's Feld,  
Er seht veleicht der Kirrchof dort,  
Der schon die Mamme haelt!  
Er sehnt veleicht nach seiner Ruh  
Dort in der bessere Welt!

## XIV.

Ich wees net soll I nei in's Haus—  
Ich zitter an der Tehr!  
Es is wol alles foll inside,  
Un' doch is alles lehr!  
S'is net meh Haem wie's emol war  
Un kans a mimme sei;  
Was naus mit unsere Eltere geht.  
Kommt Ewig nimme nei!  
Die Freude hat der Tod geernt,  
Das Trauertheil is mei!





## XV.

So geths in derra rauhe Welt  
 Wo alles mus vergeh!  
 Ya, in der alte Haemath gar,  
 Fuehlt m'r sich all alleh!  
 O wan's net fuhr den Himmel wer,  
 Mit seiner schoene Ruh,  
 Dann wer's m'r do schon lang verlaed,  
 Ich wisst net was z' thu.  
 Doch Hoffnung leuchtet meinen Weg  
 Der ew'gen Haemath zu.

## XVI.

Dort is en schoe' schoe' Fater-haus;  
 Dort geht m'r nimme fort;  
 Es weint ke gute Mamme meh  
 In sellem freude' Ort.  
 Ke Tatte sucht meh far en Grab,  
 Wo was er lieb hat liegt!  
 Sell is ke Elend-Welt wie die,  
 Wo alle Luscht betruengt;  
 Dort hat das Lewa ewiglich,  
 Ueber den Tod gesiegt.

## XVII.

Dort find m'r was m'r do verliert  
 Un' palts in Ewigkeit;  
 Dort Lewa unsere Tode all  
 In licht un' ewiger Freud!  
 Wie oft, wan Ich in Truwell bin,  
 Denk ich an selle Ruh,  
 Un wot; wan's nur Gott's Wille wer  
 Ich ging ihr schneller zu,  
 Doch wart Ich bis mei Stundle Schlaegt,  
 Nord sag Ich—Welt Adieu?

November 1861.



Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth

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Life—Light—Love.

# THE GUARDIAN.



I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong.

She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.

DEVOTED TO THE  
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS  
OF  
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES

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They that seek me early shall find me.

COVER DESIGN USED FOR MANY YEARS FOR THE GUARDIAN.





## DER REGEBOGA

In der schoene Natur sin' gar fiel schoene Sacha,  
 Die Bluma wo blueha, die Kricklen wo lacha,  
 Die Voegel wo singa, die Wolka wo fliega:  
 Die Waesser wo herlich im Sonne Licht liega:  
 Die Taehler, die Hiwela, die Felder un Wissa:  
 Die Berga, die Schier gar den Himmel thun kissa;  
 Bin Ich awer now net gar krieslich betroga,  
 So beat sie beiweitem der schoe Regeboga.

Was macht er abatige Freed for die Kinner!—  
 Wes des, wan Ich mich an mi Kindheit errinner.  
 Dei Sonn is a schoe, awer sie is m'r g'waent;  
 So Sterna un Mond die m'r alle Nacht sehnt;  
 Wes wohl das die Calender-macher thun melda,  
 Des weren gar grosse, erstaunliche Welda:  
 S'mag sein wie sie saga—and wer er a klener,  
 Ich k'steh druf der Boga is Tausend mahl schoener.

Wan Donner un Wetter im Sommer gehn ueber,  
 Dann kannst du was sehna am Himmel, mein Leiber!  
 Es hebt sich das Wetter im Westen e wenig,  
 Nord guckt die Sonn raus wie ein gloreicher Koening;  
 Dann gebts in ihr strahlen e troppe Gewimmel,  
 Un dort steht der Boga im dunkele Himmel!  
 E Fus uf de Berga, un e Fus im Thala—  
 Den show kanst du sehna un brauchst nix bezala!

Philosophers—die sin gar weis heut zu Taga,  
 Un hen hohe Dinge vom Boga zu saga;  
 "Das is die Natur—die thut all des so macha":  
 Ihr grosses geplapper macht mir yuscht a Lacha!  
 Was geb Ich um all ihre dumme Natur,  
 Mi Boge messt keiner mit so einer Schnur;  
 Sie schwetze mir gut—es is alles geloga,  
 For niemand als Gott macht der Schoe Regeboga!

Horch net if die g'lernte—lass sie numma schwetza,  
 Sie ruppa dir yuscht alles schoene in Fetza;  
 Wek-wek mit dem k'scheide geprall un gedengel—  
 Glaub lieber der Boge sei Brueck for die Engel!





Ens wees Ich gewiss—durch ihn thut Gott kunde  
 Sei Zeiga der Liebe im ewigen Bunde:  
 So lang das der Boga am Himmel thut steha,  
 Kann nie meh die Erde mit Wasser vergeha!

Sell steht in der Biwel—sell is ewig sicher!  
 Ihr g'lernte, ihr kritzelt mir gut in euer Buecher;  
 Macht numma euer Taflen, euer Muster, un' Dinga,  
 Zu ziega wie des die Natur thut volbringa;  
 Weist mir euer armselig Goetle von g'setza,  
 Ich wills mit der Biwel vom Tron herab Setza!  
 Weit ueber dem Himmel will Ich e Gott zeiga,  
 Der euer Goetle g'macht hot—vor Ihm sollt ihr beuga!

Was hen m'r als Spas g'hat an dem Regeboga!  
 Wie hot uns die Mamme als freundlich betroga!  
 "Gukt Kinner, der Boga im Bungard dort draus,  
 Er steht mit eme Fus gar net weit vor em Haus;  
 Geht hi wo er steht, dort findet ihr liega  
 Viel goldene Loeffel, ihr koeennt sie leicht griega—  
 Ya goldene Loeffel, un Gablen, un Bowla,  
 Un goldene Benzen!—wollt ihr sie net hola?"

Nord sin mir gejumpt, un gerrent, un gesprunga—  
 Geyauktst un geschneppert, gekrischa un k'sunga!  
 O wann'ich dra denk mus Ich Hent noch recht lacha;  
 Der fedderst der krikt wohl 's menscht von de Sacha!  
 S' Gras 'lang un nass 'war verwikelt abscheulich;  
 Da is m'r gestolpert, gepartzelt gar greulich,  
 Die Mamme, die sah von der Borch mit vergnuega  
 Das Springen die goldene Sacha zu kriegga.

An der bungard Fens oben, da stand er gar schoe,  
 Goss goldene Dinga herab in den Klee.  
 Dort hie sin mir g'sprunga, da stand er—ach leider!—  
 Gar herlich un schoe a parr Felder-breit weiter!  
 Dan ging's wider los, wie—wescht wohl ohne saga—  
 Wie Hounds de den Hirsch thun uf's neue aufyaga:  
 Es ging uber Fensa, un Felder, un Ferga,  
 Un da!—ya, nord stand er dort draus in de Berga!





Now naecher beim huelen, un weiter vom lacha,  
 Sagt eins zu dem andere—"was is do zu macha?  
 Der Goldmacher-Boga, der weicht immer weiter;  
 Wir gehn besser Hame—des wer verleicht k'scheiter.  
 Es haest wueshte Zwerga im Berg tragen Pelzen,  
 Un schmeise die Kinner mit maechtigen Felsen!  
 Was hoelft uns des Gold, m'r kan 's ya net essa,  
 Un was, wan die Zwerga uns fanga un fressa!"

Nord sin m'r zurueck-die Mamme hot g'schmunzelt,  
 Ihr liebliche Auge gans rings um gerunzelt.  
 "Wo is dan euer Gold?—in Saecken un Schertzen?"  
 "Nix Muterchen!" sagten wir Kinner mit Schmertzen.  
 "Ya das is e spassige goldene Leiter;  
 Sie stellt ihren Fus immer weiter un weiter;  
 Un endlich verliert m'r sie gans in de Berga,  
 Dort wohnen die wueshta Menschfresser—die Zwerga!"

Nord sagte die Mamme gar lieblich un leise:  
 "Ich wollt euch, mit diesem Betrug, nur bewaise  
 Wie's geht mit de schlechte goldliebende Leute;  
 Gold lockt sie in's Irre, gold fuehrt sie in's Weite;  
 Das Glueck das sie sucha das thun sie net finda,  
 Un fallen dabei noch in allerlei Suenda;  
 Der Tod find sie endlich in dunkelen Bergen,  
 Da fangen sie Geister noch boeser wie Zwergen!"

"Die Erde gebt Gold zu den weltlich gesinntten!  
 Es liegt awer immer Verfuehrung dahinten!  
 Der schoe Regeboga im Wolken getuemmel,  
 Weist uber die Erde zum goldenen Himmel;  
 Er zeuget Gottes Treue, die nimmer thut weicha,  
 Un macht a die Seele in Ewigkeit reicha.  
 Vergesst net, ihr Kinner, wie euch hot betroga,  
 Das suchen um Gold bei dem goldene Boga!"

January 1862

Harbaugh has this note regarding the title: "The word 'Regenbogen,' is always pronounced *Regeboga* in the Pennsylvania German dialect. In like manner such words as *Sachen*, *lachen*, *fliegen*, *legen*, *Bergen*, &c., al-



ways have the final *en* changed into *a*. Hence we have spelled these words as they are pronounced. The specimens of this kind of poetry given in previous Numbers having been well received, we submit the 'Regeboga' to all who are versed in this singular language. This dialect sustains a relation to the pure German, something like the Scotch dialect does to the English; and on account of its simple, tender, sincere, and half-humorous character it seems to have the same adaptation to a certain kind of poetry. It is very amusing to hear some European-German scholars rail at it. Why did they not live a hundred years ago and prevent its existence? Better regard it now as a historical *fact*, which German scholars know so well to make much of, and write a philosophical Book on it!"

#### LAW BUSINESS

Zwee deutsche Bauer brov un gut,  
 Un ehrlich uf die core,  
 Ganz, enig wie aus enem Guss,  
 Agirten am Cadorus Fluss  
 Beisamme manche Yohr.

Der ene hot geheese, Hans,  
 Der anner awer, Jeck;  
 For, unner alle bauers Leut,  
 War's so die fashing zelle Zeit—  
 Der letschte Nahm' blieb wek.

Die Bauer hen viel intercourse  
 Gehat von Zeit zu Zeit;  
 Ene hot dem an'ra g'holfa gern,  
 So bei der Hoyet un der Ern  
 Wie's is bei bauers Leut.

Sie hen enaner Sache g'lehnt,  
 Un des un sell abkafft:  
 Enaner b'sucht durch Schnee un Dreck,  
 Un freundlich gessa Kraut un Speck,—  
 Viel uf un ab gelaaft.





Uf's Wort hen sie enaner bargt—  
Hen nie nix aufgesetzt;  
Un ehrlich uf der very Tag  
Zurick bezahlt, so gwiss Ich sag—  
Ke Bens war do verletzt!

Die Law un Courts hen sie gehasst,  
Gar kreislich, nem mei Wort;  
Kunstabler sin am Haus vorbei;  
Verloss dich druf, sie sin net nei—  
Ke bisness hen sie dort.

Es ging woll gut bei Hans un Jeck,  
So noch dem alte Schlag:  
Doch, wer net naus geht kommt net weit,  
Un lernt a nix von an're Leut,  
Wie er es lerna mag.

Still, wie m'r sagt, en blinde Sau  
Findt als e mol en Kesch;  
So hot der Hans e mol, bei Glueck,  
Gelernt en wahres meister Stueck,  
Ihm un seim Jeck zum bescht.

Im Spodyohr war er an dem Poll,  
Am gen'ral Lecktion Tag;  
Da war e low gesoffa g'schlecht,  
Die komma in en wuescht gefecht—  
Wie m'r sich's denka mag.

Nord hot der en der anner g'rescht,  
Un's kam before den Squire;  
Der Hans war g'sommened to appear  
Als Zeuga in dem wueschte Schmear,  
Gans gege sei desire.

Uf Samstag war die Suit bestellt;  
Hans ging gnau uf die Stund;  
Wie hot er nau die Aksela zuekt,  
Un in der Office 'rum geguckt,  
Un ufgesperrt sei Mund!



Dem gute Hans war alles neu;  
Er is verschroka schier!  
Was war do en gelernt Gemisch,  
Mit grosse Buecher uf em Tisch,  
Un Tinte, un Bapbier!

Das Zeugniss hot sie guilty g'macht  
S'war nix zu helfa da;  
Nord hot der Squire gar kreislich scharf  
Gesat das m'r net fechta darf,  
According zu der Law!

Der Squire hot die gans Pack gefined;  
Sell hot sei tief affect;  
Der Wirt hot sie gebailed—wan net,  
Dann het der Squire die lumpa Sett,  
Grad in die Presend k'stecht!

Des hot der Hans about gepleased,  
Wie m'r sich's denka kann;  
"Mei lieber Squire," sagt er, "ei ya,  
Ich seh dei Schreiwes un dei Law,  
Bringt alles an der Mann!"

Now, Owyts ging der Hans zum Jeck,  
Un hot ihm alles k'saat;  
"Ya, unser eme"—so mente Jeck—  
"Sitzt do dahame, un kommt nie wek;  
In dem Ding hen m'r g'fehlt."

"Mir hen now so viel dealings g'hat,  
Un nix von dem gewisst!  
Ke Squire, ke Schreiwes, un ke Law,—  
Ich glaub gewiss—glaubst du net a—  
In dem hen mir's gemissed?"

"Yusht so, mei lieber Jeck," sagt Hans;  
"Sell is about mei Sinn;  
Un weil Ich now der Squire gut kenn,  
So, wan mir widder Bisness hen,  
Dann reit Ich dapper hin."





Sagt Hans; "es fällt m'r ebe ei,  
Ich brauch yuscht now e Pferd!  
Ich glab dei schwarze Jim is fehl,  
Ich det ihn kaaffa, meiner Seel!  
Was menscht du is er wert?"

"Ei ya, der Jim is fehl," sagt Jeck,  
"Ich hab yo sex beside;  
E hunnert Taler grad awek—  
Verhaftig wolfeil," meinte Jeck—  
"Doch,—mir sin nochbar's Leut!"

"All right," sagt Hans, "Ich nem ihn mit—  
"Ich denk du bargst doch mir?  
Ich kennt ihn woll bezala cash,  
Doch in der Law geht's not so rash!  
S'mus serscht uf's Law Bapbier!"

"Ich reit ihn Morga naus zum Squire;  
Er macht uns Schreiwes aus;  
For, unsere alte dumme Plan,  
Die bringt die Sach net au der Mann—  
M'r Kummt aus Haem un Haus!"

Der naekste Owet kam der Hans  
Beizeita zu seim Jeck;  
"Do is nau's Schreiwes, all complete,  
Gemixed mit Law das alles beat—  
Es hot ke Flaw or Fleck.

"Well, les es vor," sagt Jeek zu Hans;  
"Kan net!" sagt Hans zu Jeck;  
"Sis Englisch g'schriwa—seh mol da!  
Wescht doch, es gebt in Deutsch ke Law!—  
Los mir dei Spoochta wek!"

"Ich hab's gesigned, sell is genunk:  
Der Squire hot alles drin;  
Sex monat nach dem presend day  
Mus Hans e hunnert Dollars pay—  
Des is so 'bout der Sinn."



"All right," sagt Jeck—"was dut m'r now,  
 Mit dem schöe Law Bapbier?"  
 "Ya, sure enough," sagt Hans—"well—hem!  
 Des Ding is mir doch wenig frem—  
 Ich wot der Squire wer hier!"

"Doch now scheint mir die Sach gans klohr,"  
 Sagt Hans—"Ich crack die Nuss;  
 Ich mus es palta obne<sup>1</sup> streit,  
 Nord kann Ich sehne do die zeit  
 Wan Ich bezahla mus!"

Sex monat nach dem very Tag,  
 War Hans do mit em Geld;  
 "Do sin dei hunnert Taler grad,  
 Un do's Bapbier—now nem mi Rath—  
 Die Law beat alle Welt!"

"All right," sagt Jeck;—wo dut m'r now  
 Des Law-Bapbierle hin?"  
 "Ya, freilich, Jeck—doch, any how—  
 Du paltscht—es weist das ich dir now  
 Ke Bens meh Schuldig bin!"

"Gans gut—do hoscht du recht mei Hans—  
 Die Bisness hot ke Flaw!"  
 Die Bauer hen geseh wie gut  
 Es geht wan m'r sei Bisness dut  
 According zu der Law!

February 1862.

<sup>1</sup> Ohne.

### BUSCH UN STETTEL

Deel Buschleut hen ke Luscht dahame—  
 Sie hank're for die Stadt:  
 For mi part, Ich hab immer noch  
 Ke Noshing so gehat.

'S mag gut genunk im Stettel sei—  
 Geb mir das gruene Land;  
 Do is net alles Haus un Dach—  
 Net alles Stross un Wand.





Was hot m'r in der Stadt for Freed?  
 'S is Nix als Lerm un Yacht;  
 M'r hot ke Ruh den ganze Tag—  
 Ke Schlof die ganze Nacht.

Die Buwa guka mat un bleche;  
 Die Maed sin weis un din;  
 Sie hen woll schoene Kleder a',  
 Awer's is Nix rechtes drin.

Die Staetler sin zu zimberlich,  
 Sie rege schier Nix a';  
 Sie usa net ihr weise Hend,  
 For fear 's bleibt Eppes dra'!

Mir is zu wenig gruenes do,  
 Ke Bluma un ke Bame;  
 Wann Ich e Stund im Stettel bin,,  
 Dann will Ich widder Hame.

March 1862.

## DIE ALT SCHLOFSTUB

### I.

En Pilger geh Ich wider hin,  
 In's Haus wo Ich gebora bin—  
 Do tret m'r awer leis!  
 Mei Hertz tragt, wie en heilig Ding,  
 Die Feelings die Ich mit mir bring,  
 Hame von der langa Reis!

### II.

Was is m'r des en g' waenter Weg  
 Zum zweta Stock, uf derra Steg;  
 Wie oft bin Ich do nuf!  
 Wie's selmol war so is es noch—  
 Im Washbord dort en Knarraloch:  
 Guk! fact es steht noch uf!



## III.

Neun Steps—es brauch ken zeles do—  
 Ich wet dich was du wit 's is so—  
 Die kle Steg dort hot vier.  
 Der Rigel hot uns Spas gemacht;  
 Mir Buwa hen do g'rutscht un g'lacht—  
 Der Datty war net hier!

## IV.

Sell Fenshter dort—guk yusht mol hie—  
 Sei Lada, g'macht von Laetlen grue,  
 Wie immer, sin noch zu;  
 Un's Owet licht fallt in der Gang  
 So spookish bleche—'s wert mir schier bang—  
 Was Ich doch fuella thu!

## V.

Bald bin Ich froh, bald thut 's m'r leed:  
 So halb in Furcht un halb in Freed,  
 Geh Ich die Treppa nuf;  
 En Dare grad owa au der Steg—  
 Mit Seufza Ich die Latsch a reg,  
 Mit Traena thu Ich uf!

## VI.

Du alte Stub! wie manche Nacht,  
 Hab Ich im Schlof do zu gebracht,  
 Wo Ich noch war en Kind!  
 In sellem Eck, dort war mi Bet;  
 Wan Ich's vergessa koennt, wer's net  
 About en wuesehte Suend!

## VII.

Wie hot m'r g'schlofa selle Zeit!  
 So find m'r Nix bei grose Leut—  
 Ich schlof a nimme so;  
 Viel Yohra macha's Kisse hart,  
 Nord leit m'r ewa wakrich dort,  
 Un Stunda passa slow!





## VIII.

Der Mond is uf—er is yusht voll—  
 Er peeped am Fenschter rei—guk moll—  
 Un scheint uf Bet un Floor!  
 Was regt sich au der Wand? Ich glaab  
 'S is Schattaspiel von Baplelaab;  
 Ich hab's so g' seh before!

## IX.

Alles is still! es 'regt sich Nix;  
 Yusht now am Fenschter kreisht en Krix,  
 In seller hohla Sill:  
 Horch! dort im Schank, die Todesuhr!  
 Wes woll es is der Holzwurm nur;  
 Doch wot Ich er wer still!

## X.

Wan's Spaengster gebt—Ich denk es thut—  
 Der Platz die Zeit, for sie wer gut;  
 Sie sin verleicht a hier!  
 Ich seh mit Aga woll Nix so,  
 Doch fuel Ich als wer Eppes dô;  
 Wie feirlich werd 's doch mir!

## XI.

Ya, Geister sind 's vom Kindheit's Kreis,  
 Sie Komma heilig, sanft, un leis,  
 Ueber die Yahra bei;  
 Sie spiegla vor meim Hertze dar,  
 Die frohe Zeit die sellmol war,  
 Un kann now nimme sei!

## XII.

Sin Unchuld's Geister, froh un schlicht,  
 Sie wimmela do im Mondalicht,  
 Sie Tanza an der Wand;  
 Will wetta Engel sin net weit  
 Von unsere schoene Kindheitszeit—  
 Sie leit an 's Himmels Rand!



## XIII.

So Geister sin uns Menscha gut,  
 Wie's a die Biwel saga thut;  
 Des doubt Ich ewig net.  
 Sie watcha das eme Nachts Nix plagt,  
 Wan m'r sei "Unser Vater" sagt,  
 Before m'r geht in's Bet.

## XIV.

Des hot die Mamme fesht behabt;  
 Mir Kinner hen's a so geklabt;  
 M'r hen's a so gethu.  
 Du sagst verleicht, mit weisem Kling,  
 Des wer en superstitious Ding—  
 Dumheit! was wesht dann du!

## XV.

Bei mir hot's anyhow gethu;  
 Ich that darauf die Aga zu,  
 Un ruig war die Nacht.  
 Ich thu 's a noch, un's gaht noch gut;  
 Ich glaab gewis das wer des thut,  
 Der hot en Engel Wacht!

## XVI.

Hab oft gewot—verleicht ist 's Suend—  
 Ich wer als noch yusht so en Kind,  
 Wie sellmoll an dem Ort;  
 Doch will sch palta, wan Ich kann,  
 Die Kindheit's Unschuld in em Mann;  
 Nord lebt 's Kind in m'r fort.

## XVII.

Ei! Guk—wie schnell der Mond nuf eilt;  
 Wie lang hab Ich mich do verweilt!  
 Ich mus now wider geh.  
 Good bye, klee Stivele!—halt—Ich mane  
 'S wer Eppes in meim Ag—en Traene!  
 Der Farrewell thut weh!

April 1862.





# Es alt Schul-haus an der Krick.

## I

Heit ishts exactig zwanzig Johr  
Das ich bin owa naus;  
Aaw bin ich wider lewig friel,  
Un steh ~~am~~ Schul-haus an der Krick,  
Yucht traktst ons Dattys Haus.

## II.

Ich bin in hundert Heiser g'weist,  
Von murte Stei un Brick;  
Un alles was ich hab geseh,  
Bet ich verschappa any day  
Fors Schulhaus an der Krick.

## III.

Wer müd dahame is, un will fort,  
So los ihn numma geh;  
Ich sag ihm awer forna naus  
Es is all Humbug owa draus.  
Un er werts selwer seh.

## IV.

Ich bin in derra waite Welt  
Getravelled high un low;  
Hut awer noch in Kennem Spot  
Ist e mol so viel joy, gihat  
Wie in dem Schulhaus do.

## V

So bin ich ganga in die Schul  
Wo ich noch war ganz ills;  
Dort war der Mashter in seim Stuhl.  
Dort war sei Wip, un dort sei Ruhe.  
Ich kans noch alles seh.

## VI

Die Langa Desks rings an der Wand.  
Die Groza Shuler drum;  
Uf ener Seid die Groza Mäid,  
Un dort die Buwa, net so blood.  
Gut, wie sie peepa 'rum

## VII

Der Mashter watch'd sie clon just now.  
Sie guwa besser acht!  
Dort seller wo Love Letters Schreibt,  
Dort seller wo sei Spoodhta treibl

EXAMPLE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF HENRY HARBAUGH.

(This copy of Es alt Schulhaus probably prepared for the printer.  
Collection of the Historical Society of the Reformed Church,  
Lancaster)



DER PEWEE

"Pewee, Pewee, Pewittitee!"  
Ei Pewee, bisht du zrick?  
Now hok dich uf der Posta hie,  
Un sing di Morga Stick.

Hosht lang verweilt im Sommer Land,  
Bisht seit October fort;  
Bisht drunna artlich gut bekannt?  
Wie geht's da Fegel dort?

'S wer scho' sei uf da Orange Bame;  
Gell 's gebt dort gar ken Schöne?  
Doch fuelsht du als recht krank for Hame,  
Wan's zeit is for zu geh!

Bisht anyhow recht wilkom do:  
Denk du bisht net zu fruh;  
Der Morga gukts a mol net so—  
Gell net, du kle Pewee?

Pewee!—wo bausht du des Yohr hie?  
Kansht choosa wo wo du wit;  
Wilsht du am Haus en Plaetzele?  
Ich deel der's willig mit.

Ich geb dir neuer Dreck for Nix.  
Geilshohr, un Flax, un Moss;  
Nemscht's enyhow!—Ich kenn dei Tricks!  
Du Schmerter klener Boss.

Des is yusht Spass, mei Pewee Freund;  
Ich rechel dich ken Dieb!  
Hetscht mit meim Gold dei Nescht gelined,  
Du wersht m'r yusht so leib!

En Fruchyohr ohne dich, Pewee,  
Wer wie en leeri Welt!  
Di Dinsht, mi liebes Fegele,  
Begahlt m'r net mit Geld!





Pewee!—welch sanfte Luft du bringst;  
 Die Fruchling Sonn, wie Scho';  
 S' gebt now, weil du mol Margets singst,  
 Ke Winter Taga meh.

Pewee, Pewee, Pewittitee!  
 Bin froh das du bisht zrick;  
 Now hok dich uf der Poshta hie,  
 Un sing dei Morga Stick.

May 1862.

## DIE ALTE MUEL

### I.

Dort unna in der Valley an der Krick,  
 Sehnst du en Groupe von gele Weida steh'?  
 Sehnst a e Tollhaus, un e Turnpike Brick,  
 Wo lange Bapla. schiese in die heh?  
 Un sehnst, durch's silver Weidalab Gespiel—  
 Wan yusht der Wind die Nesht e wenig weht—  
 En alt Gebei, das dort im Schatta kuel,  
 Recht mitta in da gele Weida steht?  
 Sell is die gut altfashion kunna Muel.

### II.

Ihr Dach geboga wie en g'sunka Grab,  
 Die schwartza Shindla halb gedeckt mit Moss;  
 Die Waend gesteipert—sin versprunga, glab—  
 Ya, wirklich aus de Kracks wakst frishes Gras.  
 Die trueba Fenstra, mit Geweb bedekt  
 Von Spinna-neshter, macha spookish Licht;  
 Un wo en Scheib verbocha is—dort stekt  
 En alter Hut, der thut seit letzte Pflicht.  
 Was doch das ganze Ding Gedanka wekt!

### III.

Un sehnst abov der Muel en Weida-Roy?  
 Sie slaengelt dort so shracks am Hivel hie;  
 Uf ener seit die Wiss. Wie Scho' im Mai  
 Die Fegel singe dort vergesst m'r nie!  
 Sell is der Race. Dort hab Ich oft gespied  
 Mushrotta, Schlanga, an de gruena Banks;



Sie leia schlaefrig uf der Summer Side;  
 Nord wan m'r sie verschrekt gebt's awer Pranks!  
 Sie hassa Buwa meh wei grose Leut.

## IV.

Die Muel! En Stick vom Dach steht owa naus;  
 Dort henkt en Strick—den looped m'r an die Seck;  
 Sell hebt sie scho' vom Waggabet heraus,  
 Un heist si handi in die ow'ra Steck.  
 Sell es en gutes Ding—es saved viel mueh:  
 Now hat der Miller net viel Truvel meh;  
 Inwendig is es a gefixed, you see,  
 Der Weza now laft selver uf die Steh;  
 Un's Mehl kommt unna raus von Kleia free.

## V.

'S is recht blaesierlich in die Muel zu geh,  
 Abatig wan m'r warta soll uf's Mehl;  
 Nord hot m'r zeit—un kann recht alles seh;  
 Sell is for Buwa als das beshte Deel.  
 Dann get m'r an der Damm, un fished aweil;  
 Un macht sich Peifa von de Weida Bame,  
 Sell macht der zrickweg nord zu klene Mile;  
 M'r hokt sich uf der Sack un peift sich Hame.  
 Der Gaul kan langsam geh—'s hot yo ken ile.

## VI.

Der Miller war about en nicer Mann;  
 Er hot eme gern sei Gat uu Ang'la g'lehnt;  
 Un so sei Messer; ya, Ich muss, Ich kann  
 Gesteh—er hot's mit Buwa gut gemeht.  
 Un ehrlich war er a bis uf der Cend.  
 Abov suspicion war der Mister Braun;  
 Sei Bushel un sei Toll-box, may depend,  
 Hen's an der Mann gebrocht strait up un down;  
 Un die er g'sat hot so war's yusht a mend.

## VII.

Es war net alsfort so in seller Muel!  
 So saga enyhow schier alle Leut.





'S mus Eppes dra sei; for m'r hoert gar viel  
 Wie's dort getrieva war in frue'ra Zeit.  
 Es hest en schlechter Mann mit Nama Reisht,  
 Het falsh gewoga, falsh gemessa dort!  
 Un endlich het en Schwartzter boeser Geisht  
 Mol Nachts der Miller Leib un Seel mit fort!  
 Hoert des, Betrueger! wo un wer du seischt.

## VIII.

Guk owa an der Dere—dort fehlt en Seheib—  
 Es hest m'r thut umsonst en neues nei!  
 Der Reisht hot noch ken Ruh! un in seim Treib,  
 Kommt er als Nachts an sellem Scheib-lock rei!  
 Hab oft mit wonner an sell Loch gegukt;  
 For alle Leut hen fesht geglabt das noch  
 Der Reisht in seller alte Muel rum Spookt,  
 Un aus un ei geht an dem Scheiba-loch!  
 Die Zeitung hot a mol davon gedruckt!

## IX.

Nekst an der Muel wohnt noch en alte Fra,  
 (Sonsht hoert m'r von der Sach now weiters Nix)  
 Sie sagt der Reisht wer als noch uebel dra,  
 Un traght am Hals zwe grose Fifty-six!  
 Er yumert Nachts! un ruft aus—"Toll! Toll! Toll!"  
 Bald stost er aus die schauerlichste Fluch!  
 Bald Bet er—"O mi Seel! mi Seel! mi Soul!"  
 Balt Kratzt or Eppes in seim Ledger Buch!  
 Un sagt—"des is net mi! des hab Ich g'stol'!"

## X.

'S mag sei wei 's will—wer in dei Beivel gukt  
 Seht das Betrug am end sei Elend find.  
 Un wan der Reisht a in der Muel net spookt,  
 So buest sei Seel doch for sei wueshte Suend!  
 Die Gnade dauert aus die Gnadezeit;  
 Un's geht daher verleicht e weil recht gut;  
 Doch endlich treibs's der boese Mensch zu weit!  
 Wan er sei letzter Strich gottloses thut,  
 Nord kommt die Pein in langer Ewigkeit!

June 1862.



## DAS UNION ARCH

Sehnst du sell Arch von vierundreisig ste?  
 Un wescht du a was sell bedeuta dut?  
 Es stellt die Union vor, gar grieslich schoe;  
 Der Keystone in der Mit steht fesht un gut.  
 Sell Arch loss sei!—ke single Ste reg a;  
 Dort muss es steh bis Alles geht zu Nix;  
 Wan Epper legt sei Treason Hend dort dra,  
 Den schießt m'r wie en Hund mit Minnie's Bix!  
 Sell Arch is vesht cement mit hertzens Blut;  
 Es stant en harter Rebel sturm, I'll bet;  
 Verreist's!" kreisht aus die gans Sesession Brut—  
 Der Lincoln watcht sie close un losst sie net!  
 August 1862.

## WILL WIDDER BUVELE SEI!

## I.

Es regert Heut—m'r kann net naus,  
 Un's is so lonesome do im Haus:  
 M'r wees net wie m'r fuehlt.  
 Ich will mol thu als wer Ich kle,  
 Un uf der oewersht Speicher geh—  
 Dort hab Ich oft gespielt.

## II.

En Buvele bin Ich wider yetz,  
 Wo sin mei Krutza un mei Kletz?  
 Now wert en Haus gebaut!—  
 Es spielt sich doch net gut alleh—  
 Ich bin yo a ke Buvele meh!  
 Was klopt mei Hertz so laut!

## III.

Horch!—was en sonderbare Sach!—  
 Der Rega rappelt uf em Dach  
 Gar nimme wie er hot!  
 Ich hab's als g'hoert mit leichtem Hertz.  
 Now macht's mir kreislich Hameweh  
 Schmertz—  
 Koennt heula wan Ich wot!





## IV.

M'r leba yuscht betrueg risch nei  
 In's spiela un in's Buvele sei;  
 'S is net so leicht zu thu.  
 For Epper sagt—"Nix an der Sach:  
 Hoerscht du der Rege uf em Dach—  
 Sagt er du waerscht en Buh?"

## V.

Des spiela geht net—soll Ich fort?  
 Was is uf sella Balka dort?  
 Now bin Ich widder Buh!  
 Dort hen m'r Keschta ausgestreit,  
 Zu derra uf die Krishtag Zeit—  
 Det's gleicha widder thu!

## VI.

En Buvele sei—sell is derwert—  
 Die Keschta roshta uf der Herdt—  
 Was war des en gekrach!  
 Sell is vorbei, Ich fuehl's im G'mued—  
 Er spielt en rechtes Hameweh Lied,  
 Der Rega uf em Dach!

## VII.

Dort steht die same alt Walnus Kisht—  
 Ich wunner now was dort drin ischt?  
 'S mus Eppes 'battig's sei.  
 Callenner, Zeiting, Buecher—ho!  
 Die alte Sacha hen sie do  
 All drunersht droewersht nei!

## VIII.

Now bin Ich awer recht en Buh,  
 Weil Ich do widder sehna thu,  
 Des alt bekanta Sach.  
 Harch!—hoerscht der Rega! yes in deed—  
 Er spielt en rechtes Hameweh Lied,  
 Dort owa uf em Dach!



## IX.

"Still Rega! Buvele spielt da hame:"  
Die Stenner dort von Gumma Bame,  
Stehn noch am alta Platz;  
Dort bin Ich alle Samstag hie—  
Hab Saltz geholt for Schof un Kueh—  
Sell war als Rule un Satz.

## X.

Wo sin die Saettel un die Zaeme?  
Die Maed sin nimme do dahame—  
Sie wohna anders wo!  
Sie hen die Sacha mit-ya-ach—  
Wie klopt der Rega uf em Dach!—  
Ich gleich net spiela do!

## XI.

Dort is so g'wiss 's alt Trun'le Bet!  
Denksh't du Ich kenn sell Treundle net?  
Wie sues war dort die Ruh!  
Die Buwa hen scheints Feelings 'zeugt,  
Un hen's net uf der Fendu g'steigt,  
Sell war a schoe gethu.

## XII.

Sell Trun'le Bet—sell war als mei—  
Ich leg mich ewig nimme nei—  
Sell is vergang'ne Sach!  
Es regert—ach, in yedem Glied,  
Fuehl Ich dis zarte Kindheit's Lied,  
Vom Rega uf em Dach.

## XIII.

Sie henka net am Balka meh,  
Die Buendlen von Gekreider Zee,  
Un Allerhand Gewertz;  
Now will Ich widder Buvele sei—  
Ich hol sie for die Mamme rei;  
Sell pleased mei buvele Hertz!





## XIV.

Die Mamme? leider! sie is fort—  
 Sie schloft yo uf em Kerchhof dort!  
 Vergesst m'r sich doch so?  
 Now werd's mir zart in meim Gemueth—  
 Der Rega! was en Kerchhof Lied!  
 Ich spiel net laenger do!

November 1862.

## DER REICHE HERR IM TEICH

Der Bauer Batdorf war gar reich,  
 Un kreislich stoltz dabei;  
 Es war ken Land im ganza Teich,  
 Wie Batdorf's Bauerei.

Bei Batdorf wohnt' en deutscher Knecht,  
 Der war net juscht so dumm;  
 Hot g'wisst was Letz is, un was Recht—  
 Was grad is, un was krumm.

"Ich hab," sagt Batdorf zu seim Knecht,  
 "Das beschte Land in Teich;  
 Von dir Ich now mol wissa moecht.  
 Warum bin Ich so reich?"

"Ei ja," sagt Hans, "des wees Ich woll."  
 "Los hoera—wie—warum?"  
 "Ich wees net ep Ich's saga soll—  
 Du schlagst mich steif un krumm!"

"Dei Antwort is mir ewafiel—  
 Es macht mich g'wiss net boes;  
 Ich bin die fett Maus in der Muehl!  
 Die Katz am grossa Kaes!"

"Raus mit der Sach, mei smerter Knecht,  
 Was macht mich Herr vom Teich?  
 Ich doch dei Maehnung wissa moecht,  
 Warum bin Ich so reich?"



“Well, wann Ich mus, dan mus Ich, denk,  
 Ich thu's gewiss net gern;  
 Du hoscht die Schuld wann Ich dich krenk—  
 Mei reicher Herr verzern!

“Alls Christus in der Wueschte war,  
 Da kam der Satan nah,  
 Un hot Ihn dort versucht so gar,  
 Er soll ihn beta a'!

“Un wann Er's thaet, dann kaem Ihm zu  
 Der Reichthum aller Welt!  
 Der Heiland hot ihn abgethu:  
 'Weck Satan mit deinem Geld.'

“Damals warscht du net weit awek—  
 Hoerscht dem Proposal zu:  
 Fallscht uf dei Knee, und rufsch gans keck—  
 'Hoer, Satan—e will 's thu!'

“Darum sitzt du in fetter Waed,  
 Un bischt der Herr im Teich,  
 Wann mir den rechte Mann anbet,  
 Er macht sei Christa reich!”

February 1863

### DER KERCHAGANG IN ALTER ZEIT

Es thut eme gans von Hertza leed,  
 Wann m'r ans Alte denkt;  
 Nau geht fascht Alles überzwerg,  
 In Land un' Staat, in Haus un' Kerch—  
 M'h fühlt sich recht gekränkt.

Denk yusht a' mol ans Kerch-Geh'!  
 Wie war's in alter Zeit?  
 Darch Hitz un Kält 'darch Staab un' Schnee,  
 Isch Alles ganga, Grosz un' Kle',  
 Bei reich' un' arme Leit'.





M'r is net yaehtig nei gerrent—  
 Gekläppert mit da Schu;  
 Sche isch m'r ganga, sacht un' bläd,  
 Im Stuhl sich leis in Hut gebät—  
 Sell wert nau net gethu!

In's Lied hott Alles eigestimmt—  
 Sell singa war en' Freed!  
 Nau thut fascht niemand 's Maul meh uf—  
 Zum singa gehn die Bordkerch nuf  
 Paar Buwa un' Paar Mäd?

Mit Demuth hott mir's zugehorcht,  
 Was a' der Parra sagt;  
 Nau sitzt m'r stoltz wie Jurymann—  
 Gukt wie der Mann doch schwetza kann!  
 Un' wie er sich betragt!

Die alte Worhet hott m'r g'liebt,  
 Un selwer a' gewent;  
 Nau sitzt m'r stoltz wie Jurymann—  
 Wie doch der Mann die Sünder schwitzt!  
 Er gebt's ihn' yuschtament!

Un wan m'r in der City wohnt,  
 Schliest m'r sich an ken Ort:  
 Wo yuscht en grosser Schwätzer brüllt,  
 Do wert gewiss die Kerch gefüllt—  
 Un' unser eme isch dort!

Was Hutlerei! was Hutlerei!  
 Die Leut hen leichte Köpp;  
 'S'is alles leer—ken saft, ken sals—  
 En Braten ohne g'schmach un' Schmalsz,  
 En lappiges Geschlepp!

September 1863.



## DER ALTE FEURHERD

## I.

Die alte Dichter lowa schmert  
'S Holzfeuer uf der Feuerherd;  
Ihr schreiwes hämelt unser e'm—  
Ich lees es gern—es kummt mir He'm!  
'S is mir wie aus 'em Hertz gereed't;  
Ich fühl wie wann ich's sehna det.

## II.

Now heutzutag is' net meh so,  
Kohlöffa sehnt m'r high un' low;  
Un bei da menshta hochha Leut,  
Is net a mol a Feu'r in sight!  
Du staunscht?—'s is so—verloss dich druf—  
Die Hitz kommt aus 'm Keller ruf!

## III.

Do is m'r oft recht ubel dra';  
Wo sitzt m'r hi'?—wo gukt m'r nah?  
G'wohnt is m'r an die alte Leier  
Un nix scheint recht—m'r gukt for's Feuer!  
Wek mit so fashions—sin nix wert—  
Geb mir die alte Feuerherd.

## IV.

For seller Spot trag ich im Hertz  
Fascht immer fort 'n He'mweh-Schmertz,  
Was ich a thu—wo ich a bin—  
Dort gehna mei Gedanka hin.  
Es bleibt mir immer lieb un' wert,  
Der alte, warme Feuerherd.

## V.

Der Hinnerklotz war dick un' rund,  
Un forna dra' die Feuerhund,  
Uf seller thut mer's klener Holtz,  
Nord steigt die Flamm gar hell un' stoltz;  
Un' wann der Sturmwind drausa haust,  
Wie dann der Zug im Scharnsta braust!





## VI.

Im Vorroth hot m'r Holtz bereit,  
Un' ufgepeilt uf ener Seit;  
Un' driwa steht, nach alter Ruhl,  
Der gutgewor'ne Schinnastuhl.  
Die Zang un' Schaufel hen ihr Zweck  
M'r stellt sie dort in's Scharnsta-Eck.

## VII.

Sell Mantelborn—was halt's so viel!—  
Die Lichtersteck un' Kaffemühl—  
Die Biegeleisa, gros un kle,  
Seht m'r dort all beisamma steh;  
Die Schwöwelhöltzlin noch dazu—  
M'r könnt net ohne selle thu!

## VIII.

Now, wan m'r Owets sitzt un gukt,  
Wie's doch dort in da Kohla spuckt!  
Es glüht, un strahlt—weis, schwartz, un roth—  
Now gans lewendig, un now tod;  
M'r gukt, un denkt—m'r werd gans still!—  
Un' kann jusht sehna was m'r will!

## IX.

Wie schö, wan m'r der Owet spendt  
Am Feuer, bis es nunner brennt;  
M'r mehnt die Kohla sucha Ruh.  
Die Weis-Esch schliert, un dekt sie zu,  
Sie gewa sich so träumisch hin,  
Wie Aaga wann sie schläfrig sin!

## X.

Hot m'r en g'wisser Freund bei Seit!  
M'r sehnt fiel meh bei solcher Zeit!  
Wann zwe mit nanner guka, scheint  
Das Herdfeuer herlich, guter Freund!  
Un bisht du ens von solchem Paar,  
Dann sagst net gern wer's anner war!



## XI.

Do hest es, werra Junge oft,  
 Wie gans vernaddert unverhofft!  
 Sie sehna in der Kohla gluth  
 En Haus for sich—en schönes Gut—  
 Un wolla mitenanner fort,  
 Zu hausa an dem schöne Ort.

## XII.

Ich glab net viel an Hexerei—  
 Mag sei, sis eppes do dabei!  
 E'ns wees ich awer gans gewiss,  
 Es gebt ken Platz wie seller is;  
 Er spukt mir immer vor em Hertz,  
 Un weckt en Art von Freudeschmertz.

## XIII.

Denk ich an sell alt Mantelstück,  
 Dann kommt mei Kindheit wider z'rück;  
 Dann lebt der gute Vater noch—  
 Dann is die Mammi wider Koch!  
 Un' die Geschwister—all zerstreit!—  
 Versammle an der Owetzeit!

## XIV.

Vor mir, en Buweli zart un' kle—  
 Liegt 's Lewa wider wunder schö!  
 Die Hoffnung lächelt freudig fort,  
 Wie's Bildwerk in da Kohla dort!  
 Hier hab ich was mei'm Hertz gefällt,  
 Loss brause draus die rauhe Welt!

March 1864.

## DER KRISTKINGLE

O du lieber Kindheit's Christag!  
 Lebst noch wack'rig in meim Hertz;  
 Denk ich an dich, was en Pulsschlag  
 Fühl ich—was en Hämweh-Schmertz!  
 Dunkle Wolka sehn ich henka  
 Zwischa mir un seller Zeit;  
 Du scheinst awer in meim denka,  
 Beschtes Licht der Kindheit's Freud.





Ya, ich sehn der Christbaam funkla—  
Schmunzla an der Stubba Wand;  
Was en Licht war sell im dunkla—  
Himmel schö im Erdeland.  
Wer kan zähla die Geschenka—  
Nüss und Zucker allerlei;  
Mus m'r stauna, mus m'r denka,  
Wer schafft all die Sacha bei!

Des war sure der gut Kristkingle,  
Er hot alles des gemacht;  
Hörst du net sei Bellakingle  
In der stillen Christennacht?  
Ueber Berga, Hiwel, Fensa,  
Yagt er mit seim Schlitta bei;  
Stoppt am Haus, un kriecht ganz sachta  
Mit seim Sack am Scharnsta nei.

'S is alles still!—die Kinner stecka  
Snug im Bett un Träuma schö;  
Sancta Claus werd sie net wecka,  
Er thut all sei Sach alleh:  
Hänkt der Baam mit schöna Sacha;  
Schleicht herum im ganza Haus;  
Legt sei Gaba raus mit Lacha,  
Und dann—Whew!—zum Scharnsta naus!

Möcht den Wundermann mol sehna,  
Doch er is zu schlicht un schlau!  
Schmoked un lacht er wie Leut mehna?  
Is sei Bart sehr lang un grau?  
Hot er Backa roth wie Aeppel?  
Is sei G'sicht so bräd und fett?  
Hängt sei lang Haar im e Zäppel?  
Is er so gar kreislich nett?

Un sei Rennthier,—acht im Schlitta!  
Ach! ich möcht ihn sehna geh;  
Das is g'fahra, das is g'ritta—  
Ueber Frost, un Ice, un Schnee!



Er thut bei sich selwer lacha;  
 Net weil 's fahra geht so gut,  
 Awer weil er so viel Sacha,  
 Uf der Kinner Christbaam thut.

Deel Leut mehna des wer Fabel,  
 Es wer ken Kristkingle so;  
 Vögel pfeifen nach dem Schnabel,  
 Slowe Christa glaaba slow.  
 Ich hab ihn noch nie geseha,  
 In der heil'gen Christennacht;  
 Doch, sehn ich der Christbaam funkla;  
 Sag ich er hot des gemacht..

Sei gegrüst du schönes Männle,  
 Bleibe immer frisch un yung;  
 Deine Güte, deine Wunder,  
 Sing ein yede Kinder Zung!  
 Komme wieder—komme ewig,  
 Komme freudig, sanft un sacht;  
 Zier den Christbaam für die Kinner,  
 In der heil'gen Christennacht.

December 1865.

### DER BELZNICKLE

O kennscht du den wüschte, den gaschtige Mann?  
 Hui!—derf m'r den Kerl e Mensch häsa?  
 Ya, das er en Mensch is mag glaba wer kann,,  
 Er gukt mir zu fiel wie der Bösa!

Seh yuschtmol sei Aaga, sei Naas—alle Welt!—  
 Er thut's Maul uf un zu wie die Schära;  
 En Schwanz wie en Ocks, ya, des hot er—gelt?  
 Un en horiger Belz wie die Bära.

Kommt der in dei Haus, dann gebt's Lärma genunk—  
 Er sucht die nixnutzige Kinder!  
 Un dängelt gar bom'risch die Sünder.  
 Un dängelt gar bom'hisch die Sünder.





Er stellt sich do hie mit der furchtbara Ruth,  
 Un brummelt sei drohende Reda;  
 Da werra die Kinder uf e mol gar gut,  
 Un fanga recht heftig a' Beta!

War ene—wie es manchmal happen'd—recht Knitz;  
 Wollt die kle Ruth der Mutter yuscht spöttla!  
 Ich wet er lacht net vor der Belznickle Fitz—  
 Er zittert, un thut Quarters bettla.

Now schüttelt der Belznickle grausam sei Sack—  
 Raus falla die Kucha un Keschta;  
 Wer gut is kann lesa—wer schlecht is den—whack!—  
 Den schmiert er mit Fitzöhl zum Bäschtla.

E Lesson hab ich vom Belznickle gelernt,  
 Die wer ich a nie net vergessa:  
 Nach dem das m'r säet werd eme a in der Ernt  
 Die Frucht von seim Werk ausgemessa.

January 1866.

### DIE NEUE SART GENTLELEUT

O hört ihr liewe Leut was sin' des Zeita!  
 Das unser eme noch des erlewa muss!  
 En yeder Bauers Buh muss Carriage reita,  
 Un Bauers Mäd die steppa rum in Seita,,  
 Un niemand nemmt an all dem Stolz verdrus.

En eg'ne Buggy hat en yeder Bauers Buh,  
 En spreier Gaul mit g'silvered Harness druf,  
 Un plenty spending Geld im Sack—do is ken Ruh,  
 Am Samstag gehn die Gentlemen 'em Stättle zu,  
 Un stella dort am theurschta Wertzhaus uf.

Wie is des yunge Bauers Volk doch ufgedresst!  
 Wie hewa sie die Köp so steif un hoch!  
 Wie thun sie in die stolza Fashions renna,  
 M'r kann sie nimme von da Städler kenna—  
 Sie macha all ihr Hochmuths Wega noch.



# Sämmes.

1. Ich wees net was die Ue - sach' is, zöbes net wa - rum ich's thu' - | Was wet ter's mir zu - fu - de - der, Ach Gib - schaft um ich Welt.

Im je - des Je - hr mach' ich der Weg Der al - ten Na - math - hu.

Um doch treilt mich das Häm - ge - fühl | So stant wie al - te zödt; Gled stant ich e - wa ab um geh, Wie o - be - schen ge - mett.

FROM A BROADSIDE IN THE POSSESSION OF WILLIAM TRONELL, ALLENTOWN, PA.





Der Vater denkt: Was hab ich schmerte Söhne—  
 Die Mutter sagt: Mei Mädchen komma raus!  
 So style koscht Geld. Ei ya, m'r kann yo lehna.—  
 Sell geht e weil. Bass uf, du werscht bal' sehna,  
 Der Vater, 'geht der Bungere Fens hinaus!"

Vor alters wer es als en Sünd un Schand  
 Meh Schulda macha as m'r zahla kann;  
 'S is net meh so—m'r gebt yuscht Notice darch  
 die editors,  
 M'r het geclosed, un det compounda mit da  
 creditors,  
 Wer so betrügt, der is en gentleman!

Wie lebt m'r now? Ich seh' du wescht noch Nix!—  
 M'r lebt yuscht wie zuvor—des fixed die Law—  
 M'r egent Nix—die Fra hots all in Hand—  
 M'r is ihr Agent, managed Geld un Land  
 Un geht now in die Koscht bei seiner Fra!  
 February 1866.

## EN STICK UWER'S AERNDEFELD

*Vom Calennerman Ufg'setzt.*

Published in "The Almanac of the Reformed Church in the  
 U. S." 1868, with a picture of a girl in a harvest field.

Die gold'ne Aern is wider do,  
 Die Hoyet is verbei;  
 Die geele Felder gucka froh.  
 Sie wäva schö im Wind, you know—  
 Un, Marga ge'en m'r nei.

M'r hot als mit der Sichel g'rupt—  
 Wo's g'stanna hot gerefft;  
 Des war en Elend many a day,  
 Von Schwitza un' von Buckelweh,  
 Un' soreness right un' left.



Der Picture, wo do owa steht,  
Is weit behind the age:  
M'r lacht wann m'r en Sichel seht,  
Un' even's Reff is ausgeplay'd—  
Reapers sin now die rage.

En Sichel un' en Wätzaschäb  
Hot's Mädél in der Hand!  
Was macht der Drucker do for G'fräs?  
Sell basst yo gar net now a days,  
Die Mäd hen meh Verstand.

En Mädél now im Aerndefeld  
Wär gut for Aageweh!  
Uf so en Scene sin des my Strictures:  
Sell los da Poets un' da Pictures,  
'S is nix in our day.

Wer now en Aernde-Picture macht,  
Losst Mäd un' Sichel wek;  
Spannt Geil in Reaper, wie en Stage,  
Dann geht's ahead in perfect rage,  
Un' kracht in alle Eck.

Wer des geplan'd hot, der verdient  
Die thanks von every soul;  
Un' doch en mancher dummer Trop,  
Verlacht des Studya mit dem Kop—  
Sei eg'nes kan er wohl!

July 1868.





## II.

SELECTED METRICAL VERSIONS  
of the  
DIALECT POEMS OF HENRY HARBAUGH  
by  
ELIZABETH CLARKE KIEFFER.

It has been thought wise to prepare English versions of some of the dialect poems, for the benefit of readers unable to enjoy them in the original. As not all of the poems are of equal value, and as some are interesting for their idioms only, and lose all point in translation, it was determined to include only a representative selection. I have based this selection largely on the content of the poems, and have chosen those which best illustrate the author's childhood memories, omitting, in several cases (especially the "Rainbow") verses not relevant to the subject. The two exceptions to this rule are "New-fangled Gentlefolk" and the "Rich Man" which are included as typical examples of his "social criticism" in verse.

Readers of the "Harfe" will wonder why Dr. Harbaugh's own English versions of the poems were not used. The reason which, after serious thought determined the preparation of new versions, was that in his translations the author very frequently lost, or slurred over, some of the most entertaining features of the original. Whether this was because he feared that some of the idioms, too literally translated, might offend the English reader; or whether his own ineptitude in the English



made him miss possible phrases that would more closely approximate the dialect, we cannot say.

Anyone who has experimented with the pleasant pastime of making verse translations, knows that it is equally impossible to produce good English poetry as to do more than approximately represent the original. The smoother one makes the English, the further one departs from the author's meaning, and the closer one follows the original, the worse becomes one's own versification. The translator can only attempt to steer a middle course, and to hope to convey to the reader a vague idea of what the author was trying to do.

### THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE ON THE CREEK

It's twenty years ago today,  
Since I set out to roam,  
And I've returned, my youth to seek,  
Here in the schoolhouse by the creek,  
Next to my father's home.

I've been in houses everywhere,  
Of marble, stone, and brick;  
And, I don't care what people say,  
I'd gladly swap them any day  
For this one, by the creek.

The boy that's tired of his home,  
I warn him not to go.  
He may as well at once decide  
All's humbug in the world outside  
And he will find it so.

I've been about most every place,  
I've been all kinds of fool,  
I've never found—not anywhere—  
Such perfect joy as I had there,  
In that same little school.





How homelike seems the place to me,  
I stand and dream—almost  
It seems that scenes I had forgot  
Are re-enacted on the spot  
As if I saw their ghost.

The little creek is rippling, as  
It rippled long ago;  
And underneath the elder tree  
The little fishes play in glee,  
Like those I used to know.

The white-oak standing by the door  
Makes shadows on the roof.  
And where the grape hangs cool and green  
A robin's nest can still be seen.—  
That is the final proof!

The swallows skip across the field  
And play "The first's the best!"  
And in the gable, tucked away,  
A house of stubble and of clay,—  
It is the swallow's nest.

The young within lie mighty still—  
They're surely fast asleep!—  
But let the old ones bring a worm  
And straight you'll hear a loud alarm,  
Of lusty: "Peep, peep, peep!"

Yes everything is as it was  
When I was yet a boy;  
But boyhood's self has passed away,  
'Tis I have changed since yesterday,  
And lost my carefree joy.

I stand like Ossian in his dale,  
And watch the clouds go by,  
Am swayed alike by joy and woe—  
When I would laugh the hot tears flow  
—You know as well as I.



'Twas here that first I went to school,  
When I was very small,  
There sat the teacher on his stool,  
There was his whip, and there his rule,  
I still can see it all.

At long desks, built to face the wall  
The oldest sat a-row—  
The girls to left, the boys to right,  
To keep temptation from their sight.  
(They peeked, as you may know).

The master has a gimlet eye.  
He'll find the culprits out!  
The boy who writes love-letters—there,  
That spit-ball thrower should beware,  
And that great giggling lout.

The big and little, both alike,  
Are governed by one rule;  
One common punishment will hap,  
Who breaks a rule, he gets a slap,  
Or else must leave the school.

There in the middle, by the stove,  
The little fellows sit.  
They learn with pain, it seems to me.  
Who does not know his A B C,  
His ears must smart for it.

It's hard to sit on such a bench,  
Their feet don't touch the floor;  
And little legs are sore and sick,  
Here in the schoolhouse on the creek,  
And little backs are sore.

Poor little wretches! There they sit  
In misery. It is  
But little wonder that they gain  
Such little lore, while they remain  
On such a bench as this.





Yet, even when the worst is said,  
It was a goodly school.  
You'll find no man, where'er you look,  
Like him can cipher through the book,  
Nor miss a single rule.

At dinner time, when school was out,  
How happy then were we;  
Some to the ball game haste away,  
Some to run races, others play  
At soldiers—"One-two-three!"

The girls stay in to clean the room,  
The big boys stand about.  
They all pretend they are of use—  
The master sees through that excuse,  
And quickly turns them out.

The little maids at ring-games play,  
As little maidens do.  
But if a big girl joins the ring,  
Why then—'tis a mysterious thing—  
The big boys join them too.

And only big girls then are caught.  
The little ones are missed.  
No matter how they run away,  
The boys are swifter far than they,  
And who gets caught, gets kissed.

On Christmas day—Now that was fun!—  
It all comes back to me!  
We locked the master out of school—  
Barred doors and windows—'twas the rule—  
"Now, master, pay your fee!"

No matter how the poor man tried,  
He never could get in.  
We wrote a treaty planned before,  
And slipped it underneath the door—  
"Sign this, and entrance win!"



Let in, at last, he looked around  
With somewhat sheepish air,  
And then produced a hidden store,  
Of apples, chestnuts, and much more—  
A Christmas treat for fair!

Oh where are all those pupils, now,  
That were so young and brave?  
Well, some have journeyed far away,  
And through the world un-noted stray,  
And some are in the grave.

My heart is swollen with the thought  
Till it is like to break;  
And solemn cares my mind employ,  
Yet it has given me deep joy,  
This pilgrimage to make.

Goodbye, old schoolhouse!—Echo sends  
The answer back—"Goodbye!"  
Dear schoolhouse, can I really go,  
And let you stand forsaken so,  
With none to love you by?

Hear me, all you who love me still,  
It is to you I speak,  
I warn you solemnly, beware,  
How of my schoolhouse you take care,  
My schoolhouse on the creek.

#### HOMESICKNESS.

I know not why, but once a year,  
A pilgrimage I make,  
And to the home my childhood knew  
The well-known road I take.  
There's nothing there to lure me now—  
No heritage, no gold—  
Yet a magnetic current flows  
As strongly as of old,  
And I start up in haste to go,  
Nor chains my feet could hold.





As near and nearer draws the goal,  
Stronger the impulse grows,  
And in my shaken heart the urge  
Of old impatience flows.  
Up the last hill in haste I climb,  
And when the top is near,  
I walk tiptoe, and stretch myself  
That sooner may appear  
The roof, the house, the poplar trees  
The things I hold most dear.

Smoke from the kitchen chimney pours  
Just as it used to do  
When in these mountain fields I played  
And all the world was new.  
The westward windows seem to glow  
Blood red. How oft, in awe,  
I saw them thus, yet never guessed  
The cause of what I saw.  
How ignorant a boy can be!—  
That, too, is natural law.

That dear old row of poplar trees,  
Like brothers slim and tall!  
A starling from the topmost twig  
Seems just about to fall.  
It bends!—Twill break beneath his weight!  
He clings and swings in glee  
I'll wager that his mate has got  
Her nest upon that tree.

I can remember very well  
When those same trees were still  
No thicker than a stalk of corn  
And could be bent at will.  
Mother had been to Grand-dad's place  
Where poplars used to grow  
And she had brought three switches home  
And bade us plant a row.  
We planted them, they grew apace  
And here they stand just so.



Now I have almost reached the house—  
How quick the time went by!—  
When memory beside us walks  
The moments seem to fly.  
I've passed the shop, the corn-crib too,  
The cider-press I've passed;  
Here is the barn, and there the spring—  
Its stream flows cool and fast;  
I walk beside the clapboard fence,  
And reach the gate at last.

Everything's still—They do not know  
A traveller has come.  
I guess old Watch is dead, or he  
Would bid me welcome home;  
He used to give unearthly howls  
Each time the gate would creak.  
Strangers were sometimes scared away  
And of their fright would speak.  
It was a joke! Met face to face,  
That dog was strangely meek.

Everything's still!—The door is shut.  
I'll stand awhile and look!  
Sounds reach me from the kitchen now  
Someone's begun to cook.  
My heart is heavy, and I sigh.  
I can't—I won't go in.  
I'll sit a moment on the porch  
Till I composure win.  
No one can see me on this bench,  
Where twilight shades begin.

Two places on this friendly porch  
Are hallowed in my sight  
And shall be till my sun has set  
In death's relentless night.  
When first I left my father's house  
My mother leaned and wept  
Upon the porch rail, and my heart





The memory has kept,  
And I could still recall the spot  
If all my memory slept.

I see her wave her handkerchief,  
I see her stand and stare,  
Her cheeks are flushed,—her eyes are red—  
I almost think she's there!  
Weeping I said my last farewell,  
Weeping her kiss she gave—  
It was our last farewell on earth,  
Last memory I have,  
Before I journeyed home again  
She slumbered in the grave.

And now, whene'er I think of her,  
I see her standing so,  
Leaning upon the rail, as then,  
Weeping because I go;  
Not in her worn old rocking-chair,  
Nor any wonted place,  
Less still within her grave, but here  
Beside the rail.—I trace  
Her figure in the twilight still,  
The tears still on her face.

And why is it my eyes must stray  
To yonder bench. I know  
It's empty—but my heart is full  
And I'm glad it's so.  
Oft in the summer afternoon,  
My daddy, old and gray,  
Sat with hands folded in his lap,  
His stick beside him lay.  
What did he think of, sitting here?  
What ponder?—who can say?

Perhaps it was of childhood joys  
He dreamed. Perhaps there came  
Visions of youth when hopes were high  
And love was like a flame.



But if across the nearest field  
He chanced to turn his eyes,  
He saw the churchyard, still and green,  
Where the dear mother lies;  
And so, perhaps, he thought of life  
With her above the skies.

I don't believe I can go in,  
I tremble at the door!  
The house is filled with living folk,  
But it is full no more.  
This place no longer is my home,  
As once it used to be—,  
Its soul, that with my parents left,  
Can ne'er recaptured be.  
The dead have won their peace at last;  
The passion's left for me.

So in this cruel world it goes  
Where all things pass away,  
And homesick, even in my home  
I grieve alone today.  
Oh were it not for heaven, and  
For heaven's peaceful rest,  
I'd join them in the churchyard there  
And think that I was blest;  
But hope points out a heavenly home  
And that, I know, is best.

There is our perfect home, at last;  
There shall our wanderings cease;  
Mother shall never weep again,  
In that abode of peace;  
Nor father's eyes turn toward a grave,  
For what he loved he hath.  
That is no world of change like this,  
Where joy is brief as breath;  
For there hath life eternally,  
Won victory from death.





There shall we find what we have lost  
Nor ever lose it more.  
Our sainted dead there live in light  
Upon that happy shore.  
In troubled days I oft am fain  
In that fair world to dwell;  
And wish that God would let me in  
If so my fate befell.  
Yet I must wait the hour decreed  
Ere I say, "World farewell!"

### THE RAINBOW

Fair nature has given us many fair things,  
The blossoms that shimmer, the brooklet that sings,  
The gay little song-birds, the clouds sailing by,  
The waters that calm in the summer light lie,  
The dales and the hills, and the fields in the mist,  
The mountains whose peaks by the heavens are kissed;  
And many will think me capricious, I know,  
If I say that the fairest is still the rainbow.

Say, what can give children the greatest of pleasure?  
I'm sure I am right, when I think at my leisure.  
The sun, it is fine; but we see it each day.  
The moon and the stars—every night there are they.  
I'm sure if the calendar-man left them out  
Their absence would cause the most terrible rout.  
I know that's the truth—and yet if they were rarer—  
I'd still say the rainbow is finer and fairer.

When thunder-storms rage in the hot summer sky,  
Then a very fine sight you can see if you try,  
The clouds in the west for a space give away,  
And glorious shineth the bright king of day;  
When over his splendor the gleaming drops go,  
Then in the dark heaven is standing the bow—  
One foot on the mountain, one foot in the dale  
Its glory so splendid that language must fail.

(Three stanzas are here omitted in the translation.)



What fun, for us youngsters, the rainbow once made,  
Dear mammy the merriest joke on us played:  
"Look, children, the bow in the orchard out there,  
It stands with one foot near the house, I declare,  
Run quick where it stands, and right there you will find  
A lot of gold spoons, if you aren't quite blind.  
Gold spoons, forks, and goblets you surely will see  
And bright golden pennies, please bring them to me."

Oh then how we jumped, how we ran, how we sprang!  
We raced and we dashed as we laughed and we sang!  
I laugh when I think of it, even today.  
The first to get there would the most bring away.  
The grass, long and wet, tripped our hurrying feet,  
We tumbled and slipped as we tried to be fleet.  
And mammy, who stood on the porch, saw with glee,  
Our race for the gold, and right merry laughed she.

Right down in the orchard the bow seemed to stand;  
Just over the fence lay the gold, to our hand.  
We all tumbled over, and there—Oh, I say!  
The foot of the rainbow was two fields away!  
Well we started afresh—need I mention the fact?—  
Like hounds when the hare leads them on a new track.  
Over fences and fields, newly turned by the plow,—  
And the foot of the bow on the mountain stood now.

We were nearer to tears than to laughter, by this.  
Said each to the other, "Let's give it a miss!  
That nasty old bow just gets further away,  
We'd better go home and give up for today.  
They say wicked dwarfs on the mountain-top hide  
They'd roll the rocks down on us now, if we tried.  
What use is the gold? We can't eat it, you know.  
And suppose the dwarfs caught us, and ate us. Oh woe!"

So home we all went—and the dear mammy smiled,  
With merry eyes gleaming she looked at each child.  
"Well, where is this gold? Have you hid it away?"  
"No, mammy," we said—for the truth we must say—  
"That tricky old rainbow has fooled us again."





It won't keep its foot in one place, that is plain.  
It climbed up the mountain and ended our joys,  
For there live the brown dwarfs that eat little boys."

Then mother said gently, so kind and so wise,  
"I gave you this lesson to open your eyes.  
It always goes thus, with the folk who love gold,  
Gold leads them to error; betrays young and old;  
The joy they are seeking they never can find,  
But they fall into sin, for the gold makes them blind  
Till death, on the mountain, shall find them at last,  
And worse spirits than dwarfs shall entangle them fast.

"Earth gives of its gold to the earthling 'tis true;  
But gold to the earth must be paid when its due.  
The rainbow that gleams in the clouds, up on high,  
Leads over the earth to the gold of the sky.  
'Tis the sign of God's promise He never will break  
That to riches eternal the soul can awake.  
—Forget not, dear children, how badly things go,  
When you seek for the gold at the foot of the bow."

### MY OLD ROOM

A pilgrimage I've made once more  
To my dear birthplace. Through the door  
I enter reverently.  
My heart bears like a holy thing,  
The sacred memories I bring  
Back through the years with me.

How well I know each rafter there,  
Each creaking step upon the stair.  
How often to the top  
I've climbed. Each splinter seems as then,  
Knots in the washboard, just as when,  
My steps, each step would stop.

I need not count each single stair,  
I know each splintered riser there,—  
Just four short treads have they.



The rail—Oh that was glorious fun!—  
We mounted and went whizzing down  
When dad was well away.

The window—stay until you've seen  
The slatted shutters, painted green—  
They're always bolted now.  
And twilight fills the passageway  
With ghostly shimmer, dim and grey,  
I tremble here, I vow.

One moment gay, one moment sad,  
And halfway frightened, halfway glad,  
I climb the ancient stair.  
Just at the top there is a door.  
I turn the knob. I tread the floor.  
With tears I enter there.

Old chamber! Many a quiet night  
You held me dreaming till the light,  
When I was but a boy.  
There in that corner stood my bed—  
How warm! How soft!—I laid my head  
Upon that couch with joy.

How very sound a child can sleep!  
No full-grown man such hours can keep.  
I don't sleep that way now.  
Years somehow make the pillow hard,  
Weary we keep our wakeful ward,  
Care makes a heavy brow.

The moon is up. It is just full.  
Into the window, silver, cool,  
It shines on bed and floor.  
What moved along the wall?—Ah me!—  
The shadow of the poplar tree,  
Just as it moved of yore.

The room doth wary silence keep  
Only the window gives a creak,





From its old well-worn sill.  
The death-clock ticks—of course I know  
It is a lowly worm, but oh  
I wish that it were still.

If there are ghosts—I think there are—  
The place and time are ripe. They are  
Perhaps already here.  
I cannot see them with the eye  
But I can feel them, passing by,  
And, oh, I have no fear.

These are the ghosts of infant joy.  
They enter soft. They don't annoy.  
They linger tenderly.  
They mirror in my inner mind  
The days that have been left behind  
And can no longer be.

The ghosts are innocent and fair  
That wander in the moonlight there  
And dance with joy at even.  
I'll wager angels often stray  
Into our childhood's world to play  
So close it lies to heaven.

Such spirits love our human kind.  
In Bible stories you will find  
That here I tell no lie.  
They watch at night beside our bed  
After the evening prayer is said  
While silent hours go by.

Our mother taught us thus to say,  
And she believed it in her day,  
And told us it was so.  
Perhaps you say: "Such fairy lore  
Is symbolism, nothing more."  
Stupid! How do you know?



At any rate, it did me good.  
I closed my eyes. I understood  
That safe my rest should be.  
If I could trust as simply now,  
I'd sleep more peacefully, I trow,  
While angels watched for me.

I've often wished—Perhaps 'tis sin—  
That back to boyhood I could win—  
If sin, may God forgive!—  
Yet I will treasure, if I can,  
A childlike spirit in the man,  
And so the boy shall live.

Ah look, how fast the moon doth rise!  
I've tarried late to feast my eyes.  
And I must turn and go.  
Goodnight, small chamber, thou shalt seem  
Often before my eyes in dream.  
Parting brings ever woe!

#### THE PEEWEE

Peewee, Peewee, Peewittitee!  
Ah, Peewee, back again?  
Now perch a moment on my post,  
And sing your old refrain.

You've tarried long in Summerland,  
Since Autumn, I declare.  
You must have thought the place was grand,  
How are the birds down there?

A fine perch is an orange tree:—  
They say it doesn't snow?  
But you got homesick, I can see,  
When it was time to go.

You're very welcome home, my dear;  
For when you're far away.  
The morn that does not bring your song,  
Begins awry the day.





Where will you build your nest this spring?  
You're free to choose the spot—  
A pleasant corner of the eaves?  
Or any site I've got.

And you may have the finest clay,  
Horsehair and flax are free—  
You'll take them anyhow!—I know  
Your tricks, you smart peewee!

I'm joking now, my peewee-friend—  
I would not spoil your fame—  
Nay, if my banknotes lined your nest,  
I'd love you just the same.

A fruitful summer without you,  
Were famine, peewee mine,  
The wages for your service due,  
No gold could pay in fine.

How soft the air you bring along!  
Now fair the New Year sun!  
Now that we hear your morning song,  
The winter days are done.

Peewee, Peewee, Peewittitee!  
I'm glad you're back again;  
Now perch a moment on my post,  
And sing your glad refrain.

### THE OLD MILL

Down in the valley yonder, by the creek,  
You see that group of yellow willows there?  
You see a tool house, and a turnpike bridge,  
Where the tall poplars lift their heads in air?  
Now watch, between the silver willow leaves  
When the wind waves them softly to and fro.  
An old, old building, cool within the shade  
Just in the centre, where the willows grow  
That is the flour mill, where the flour is made.



Its roof is caved-in like a sunken grave,  
The blackened shingles covered well with moss.  
The walls are propped—sprung open. I believe—  
Yes grass is growing where they've cracked across.  
The dusty windows, hung with spider-webs  
Like eerie curtains cast a ghostly light,  
And through a broken pane is stuck a hat  
Playing its last sad role, in sorry plight.  
Ah, what an old forsaken place is that.

Behind the mill, a row of willows stands  
Lifting their slanted boughs to heaven high  
On each side of the meadow. There in May  
The birds sing sweetly. There I loved to lie  
Beside the mill-race, where the muskrat swam  
And snakes came out upon the greening banks,  
And sleepy lay beneath the summer sun.  
I liked to frighten them, and watch their pranks  
For they hate boys much more than anyone.

The mill! A pole stands outward from the roof,  
A rope hung from it, which we looped around  
The sacks of wheat the farmers brought to mill,  
To hoist them to the top clear from the ground.  
It was a handy thing, and trouble saved  
The miller had but little to be done,  
For everything inside was fixed, you see,  
The wheat un-watched over the stones could run,  
And at the bottom flour ran out quite free.

It is quite pleasant to the mill to go,  
Especially when we're allowed to stay,  
Then we have time to look around and see  
How things are done. Boys think that is the way.  
Then to the dam we like to go and fish,  
And carve out whistles from the willow tree  
To pipe us home. The horse can have his wish  
And slowly bear the sacks, from haste we're free.

The miller was the very nicest man;  
He gladly lent us fishing tackle free,





And knives to cut with. I can testify  
No man knew boys so very well as he.  
There was a bad man once, his name was Reischt,  
Who gave short measure and false weight, and so,  
At last there came a black and horrid sprite,  
Each night and caused the miller endless woe.  
(Hear that, you cheats, and mend your ways aright!)

Look at the door, up there, one panel's out—  
They tell a tale about it strange to hear,  
Old Reischt had now no rest, and all night long  
The demon pulled him through that hole in fear!  
In wonder oft I've goggled through that place  
For all the world believed that, every night  
Old Reischt came back, as spook, with heavy pace,  
And through the hole went in and out till light—  
The local papers gave the story space.—

Next to the mill there lived an ancient dame,  
(Otherwise we had never known the tale).  
She said that Reischt came with an evil air,  
That from his neck two great mill-stones did trail.  
She said he groaned, and cried out "Dole! Dole! Dole!"  
Sometimes he cursed most shockingly, and then  
Would pray aloud: "My soul! My soul! My soul!"  
And in his ledger wrote with shaking pen  
Saying: "This is not mine, it's what I stole."

Say what you will, the Bible tells the truth,  
That each ill-deed its full reward will win,  
And if old Reischt still haunts the ancient mill,  
His soul is paying for his body's sin.  
We trust in God and in his charity,  
And truly He is patient very long,  
But evil-doers can too evil be,  
And tempt God's grace too often and too strong  
And then comes pain throughout eternity.



## I WISH I WERE A BOY

Its' raining, and I can't go out.  
Yet I am lonely, and I doubt  
If I can check my woe.  
Nay, I'll pretend I am a boy,  
And seek a well-remembered joy.  
To the attic I will go.

Hurrah! I am a boy once more!  
I've found some corn-cobs on the floor,  
I'll build myself a house!—  
No use!—I cannot play alone!  
The boy I seemed to be is gone.  
Why beats my heart so loud?

Hearken!—That is a curious thing!—  
Upon the roof the rain doth sing.  
I'm sure it did not, when  
I played here with a happy heart;  
But now the tears of longing start,  
So sad is its refrain.

I almost thought I could succeed  
In finding youth again. Indeed,  
It is full hard to do.  
For something whispers in my brain:  
“Hark to the rain,—the singing rain,  
It only tells what's true.”

I can't pretend, I'll go away.—  
But look—hid in the rafters gray!—  
Nay, now I *am* a boy!  
Our Christmas chestnuts here we stored  
And hidden here is such a hoard—  
The perfect source of joy.

There is no better source of mirth  
Than chestnuts roasting on the hearth—  
Alas! In sad reproof,





I hear, above the chestnuts' rune,  
Again that homesick little tune—  
The rain upon the roof.

There's an old walnut chest! Oh my!  
I wonder, now, what treasures lie  
Preserved within its care?  
Calenders, papers, books,—oh ho!  
A perfect hodge-podge—Well I know  
The pleasure waiting there.

And I can be a boy, I'm sure,  
As once again I feel the lure.  
Of these familiar things—  
Nay, nay! Upon the roof, the rain  
Turns youth to age and joy to pain—  
Its homesick tune it sings.

"Now, silence, rain! A boy's at play!"  
I've found a cask of gum-wood gray,  
Here in the same old spot,  
It held the salt. Each week I sought  
Lumps for the sheep and cows, and brought  
Their treat. I had forgot.

Where are the antique chairs? Oh yes,  
The girls have taken them, I guess.  
They live in other homes.  
That's as it should be.—Hark! Again,  
Upon the attic roof, the rain  
How drearily it comes!

Why, surely, that's the trundle bed!  
You did not think I could forget,  
How sweet my rest was, there!  
The boys have shown some sentiment,  
For to the sale it was not sent,  
I'm glad they played it fair.

That trundle bed seemed mine, I vow,  
But it could never hold me now.



That time is vanished long!  
'Tis raining! Ah, in every vein,  
I feel the singing of the rain,  
A tender childhood song.

Under the rafters hang no more  
Bundles of herbs a goodly store  
Strung up, aloft, to dry.  
Here oft the boy I used to be  
Came to get mammy herbs for tea.  
How proud a boy was I!

Mammy! Ah, she who was so fair,  
Is sleeping in the Churchyard there.  
Had I forgotten? Say?  
All senses in one knowledge merge,  
The rain's low singing is a dirge.  
I can no longer play.

#### THE VALLEY'S RICHEST MAN

Now farmer Batdorf, he was rich  
And very, very proud.  
There was no farm like Batdorf's farm  
In all the dale, he vowed.

Now Batdorf had a hired man  
Who was not just so dumb.  
He knew his right hand from his left,  
The straight the crooked from.

"I have," said Batdorf to his man,  
"The best land in the vale;  
Now can you tell the reason why  
My riches never fail?"

"Oh yes," said Hans, "I know quite well."  
"Indeed, pray tell me why!"  
"I do not think I ought to say,  
You'll kill me if I try."





"Why should your notions make me mad?  
Just answer as you please!  
I am the fat mouse in the meal,  
The big cat on the cheese.

"Speak out exactly what you mean,  
And tell me why from which,  
I'd really like to hear you say  
Just why I am so rich?"

"Well, if I must, I guess I must!  
Against my will I speak.  
If I offend, it is your fault—  
So don't my noddle break.

"When Christ was in the wilderness  
Old Satain came that way,  
And tried to fix it up that Christ  
To him should kneel and pray.

"And if he did, he'd give to him  
Riches and wealth untold;  
But Holy Jesus said to him:  
'Get out, you, with your gold!'

"At that time *you* were hanging 'round  
And heard what Satan said,  
And in a flash were on your knees  
With: 'Won't I do, instead?'

"And now you have richest land  
And rule both hill and dale,  
For if we worship Satan, he  
Will surely never fail."

### THE KRISHKINDEL

Ah, sweet Christmas-time of childhood  
Warm and living in the heart,  
Leaping pulses greet thy memory,  
Tears upon my eyelids smart!



Dark the clouds, the years concealing,  
Since I knew thee, as a boy;  
But thou gleamest bright as ever,  
Fairest light of childhood's joy.

Yes, the Christmas-tree is shining,  
Filling all the room with light;  
What an end to winter's darkness  
Heaven is come to earth tonight!  
Who can count the gifts thereunder?  
Nuts and sweets the season brings;  
Everyone who sees must wonder  
Who has made these magic things.

Certainly it was Krishkindel,  
He has made this wonder bright.  
Don't you hear his bells a-ringing  
In the silent Christmas night?  
Over mountain-tops he rides  
Swiftly in his wonder-sleigh,  
At our house he stops and glides  
Silent down the chimney way.

All is still! The children, sleeping  
Snug in bed dream happily,  
Through the house, the wizard creeping  
Wakes nobody, no not he!  
Decks the tree with shining glory,  
Laughing still, with might and main,  
Silent lays his gifts beside us.  
Up the chimney goes again.

I would like to see this fellow,  
But he is too quick, too sly!  
Does he smoke a pipe, and chuckle?  
Is there laughter in his eye?  
Is he apple-cheeked and hoary?  
Long of beard, and mild of mien?  
Short and fat?—so goes the story.—  
Is he very neat and clean?





And his reindeer—eight they tell me—  
How I'd like to see them go!  
That's a wondrous way to travel  
Over frost, and ice, and snow!  
He is laughing as he journeys—  
Not because it is such fun—  
But because he's pleased the children  
And such kindly things has done.

Some folks say it's all a fable—  
There's no Krishkind—maybe so!  
Birds must pipe as birds are able—  
Christian folk know what they know.  
I have never seen Krishkindel  
In the holy Christmas night;  
But I've seen the tree a-sparkle  
And I say: He caused its light.

Blessings on thee, kind Krishkindel!  
Live forever, fresh and young!  
Of thy praise and of thy wonder  
Still shall sing each infant tongue.  
Come again! Ah, come forever!  
Fill our hearts with peace and light,  
Deck the tree for all earth's children,  
Every holy Christmas night.

### THE BELSNICKEL

Have you met with that terrible, horrible man?—  
Nay, is he a man?—I just wonder!  
Yes he's actually human—believe it who can!—  
Though he looks like the animals yonder.

Just look at his eyes and his nose!—what a sight!—  
His mouth like a scissors or shears!  
A tail like an ox—oh he gives me a fright!  
And his pelt is as thick as a bear's.

If he enters your house, then the tears will soon fall.  
And if you've been bad you'll be sorry!



He knows how to punish both big boys and small,  
And he'll not forget one—don't you worry.

He stands in the door with his terrible rod,  
And roars like a threatening thunder;  
The children, too late, wish they all had been good  
And fall on their knees in their wonder.

If one is a rogue, full of jest and of quip  
And like the play tricks on his mammy.  
He won't see much fun in the Belsnickel's whip,  
He'll feel it—I wouldn't be Sammy!

With a threatening gesture now shakes he his sack,  
And chestnuts and cookies go flying.  
Good children may have them. The bad children—whack!  
In whip-oil they soon will be frying.

From the Belsnickel, surely a lesson I've learned,  
In memory well to be treasured.  
The seed that we sow, shall be freely returned  
When the fruit of the harvest is measured.

#### NEWFANGLED GENTLEFOLK

Oh hark, good people, in what times of pride  
We now are living. Has it come to this  
That every farm-boy must in carriage ride,  
A farmer-girl in silks perched at his side,  
And no one seems to think it is amiss?

Each bumpkin has a buggy, made just so,  
A spry young horse, with harness gay to wear,  
And money in his purse. No peace they know,  
Each Saturday to town these gentry go  
And put up at the finest tavern there.

How fine they dress, these new-type country people!  
How stiff they hold the neck, how high the chin!  
To fashion's latest whim their backs they bow,  
From city-folk you scarce can tell them now,  
They strive so hard approval there to win.





The father thinks, "My sons are smart," for certain,"  
The mother says, "My girls have got good sense,  
Style is expensive, but we still can borrow,  
Buy what we want and maybe pay tomorrow."  
Pa says: "Or else we'll jump the orchard fence."

A few years back we thought it a disgrace  
To say we'll pay more money than we can.  
All that is changed. We just give notice through the  
    editors,  
We're bankrupt, and can't satisfy our creditors.  
He who lives thus, he is a gentleman.

How will we get along?—Well, you're a dummy!  
We're none the worse. The law takes care of that.  
We've no estate. We gave it to the wife,  
And act as agent for her all her life,  
And live at her expense, and grow quite fat.



III  
SELECTIONS FROM THE  
ENGLISH POEMS  
of  
HENRY HARBAUGH

JESUS, I LIVE TO THEE

Jesus, I live to Thee,  
The loveliest and best;  
My life in 'Thee, Thy life in me,  
In Thy blest love I rest.

Jesus, I die to Thee,  
Whenever death shall come;  
To die in Thee is life to me  
In my eternal home.

Whether to live or die,  
I know not which is best;  
To live in Thee is bliss to me,  
To die is endless rest.

Living or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be Thine;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
Makes heaven forever mine.

THE MYSTIC WEAVER

I.

At his loom the weaver sitting  
Throws his shuttle to and fro;  
Foot and treadle,  
Hands and pedal,  
Upward, downward,  
Hither, thither,





How the weaver makes them go!  
As the weaver wills they go.  
Up and down the warp is plying,  
And across the woof is flying;  
    What a rattling,  
    What a battling,  
    What a shuffling,  
    What a scuffling,  
As the weaver makes his shuttle,  
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.  
    Threads in single.  
    Threads in double;  
How they mingle,  
    What a trouble!  
Every color—  
    What profusion!  
Every motion—  
    What confusion!  
Whilst the warp and woof are mingling,  
Signal bells above are jingling,  
Telling how each figure ranges,  
Telling when the color changes  
As the weaver makes his shuttle  
Hither, thither scud and scuttle.

## II.

At his loom the weaver sitting  
    Throws his shuttle to and fro;  
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,  
    Well the weaver seems to know,  
As he makes his shuttle go,  
    What each motion  
    And commotion,  
    What each fusion—  
    And confusion,  
In the grand result will show:  
    Weaving daily,  
    Singing gaily,  
    As he makes his busy shuttle,  
    Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.



## III.

At his loom the weaver sitting  
Throws his shuttle to and fro;  
See you not how shape and order  
From the wild confusion grow,  
As he makes his shuttle go?  
As the warp and woof diminish,  
Grows behind the beauteous finish:  
Tufted plaidings,  
Shapes and shadings;  
All the mystery  
Now is history;  
And we see the reason subtle  
Why the weaver makes his shuttle,  
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

## IV.

See the Mystic Weaver sitting  
High in heaven—His loom below.  
Up and down the treadles go;  
Takes for warp the world's long ages,  
Takes for woof its kings and sages,  
Takes the nobles and their pages,  
Takes all stations and all stages.  
Thrones are bobbins in His shuttle;  
Armies make them scud and scuttle.  
Woof into the warp must flow;  
Up and down the nations go;  
As the Weaver wills they go.  
Men are sparring,  
Powers are jarring,  
Upward, downward,  
Hither, thither,  
See how strange the nations go,  
Just like puppets in a show.  
Up and down the warp is plying,  
And across the woof is flying,  
What a rattling,  
What a battling,  
What a shuffling,





What a scuffling,  
As the Weaver makes His shuttle,  
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

## V.

Calmly see the Mystic Weaver  
Throw His shuttle to and fro;  
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,  
Well the Weaver seems to know  
What each motion—  
And commotion,  
What each fusion—  
And confusion,  
In the grand result will show,  
As the nations,  
Kings and stations,  
Upward, downward,  
Hither, thither,  
As in mystic dances, go.  
In the present all is mystery;  
In the past 'tis beauteous History.  
O'er the mixing and the mingling,  
How the signal bells are jingling!  
See you not the Weaver leaving  
Finished work behind in weaving?  
See you not the reason subtle—  
As the warp and woof diminish,  
Changing into beauteous finish—  
Why the Weaver makes His shuttle,  
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle?

## VI.

Glorious wonder! What a weaving!  
To the dull beyond believing!  
Such no fabled ages know.  
Only faith can see the mystery,  
How, along the aisle of History  
Where the feet of sages go,  
Loveliest to the purest eyes,  
Grand the mystic tapet lies!



Soft and smooth and even-spreading,  
As if made for angels' treading;  
Tufted circles touching ever,  
Inwrought beauties fading never;  
Every figure has its plaidings,  
Brighter form and softer shadings;  
Each illumined—what a riddle!—  
From a cross that gems the middle.  
'Tis a saying—some reject it—  
That its light is all reflected;  
That the tapet's hues are given  
By a Sun that shines in Heaven!  
'Tis believed, by all believing,  
That great God Himself is weaving!  
Bringing out the world's dark mystery  
In the light of faith and History;  
And as warp and woof diminish  
Comes the grand and glorious finish—  
When begin the golden ages,  
Long foretold by seers and sages.

## A HYMN

Jesus, my Shepherd, let me share  
Thy guiding hand, Thy tender care;  
And let me ever find in Thee,  
A refuge and a rest for me.

Jesus, O lead me by Thy side,  
Where fields are green, and waters glide!  
And be Thou still, where'er I be,  
A refuge and a rest for me.

While I this barren desert tread,  
Feed Thou my soul on heavenly bread;  
'Mid foes and fears Thee may I see,  
A refuge and a rest for me.

Anoint me with Thy gladdening grace,  
To cheer me in the heavenly race;  
Cause all my gloomy doubts to flee,  
And make my spirit rest in Thee.





When death shall end this mortal strife,  
Bring me through death to endless life;  
Then, face to face beholding Thee,  
My refuge and my rest shall be.

### LAURA AMANDA'S GRAVE

Written at her grave in Lewisburg Cemetery, Nov. 12, 1857.

Ten years since thou art gone—  
Ten years it is today;  
Ten years thine infant form hath slept  
In this lone bed of clay.

We call it death, on earth,  
They call it birth, on high;  
Ten years since thou art truly born  
Where thou shalt never die.

Ten years since thou art gone—  
But they say come, above;  
Ten years among the infant choir,  
At home in joy and love.

We gave thee up with tears—  
They smiled thee welcome home;  
We mourned for thee so early left,  
They hailed thee early come.

Ten years where angels are,  
In that bright world of bliss;  
Would it be love that e'er should dare  
To wish thee back to this?

I came not sadly here,  
I go not sad away:  
I did but long to see thy grave,  
Just ten years old today!



## CONESTOGA

Sad sighs the Autumn wind,  
Pale leaves are falling;  
Sad scenes to thoughts as sad,  
Round me are calling;  
Far west the sun descends—  
Twilight is coming—  
Deep in my spirit's ear  
Voices are humming!  
Dry leaves around me blow,  
Dark waters murmur low,  
Ah! 'tis thy solemn flow,  
Calm Conestoga!

Hither, in thoughtful mood,  
Careless I've wandered,  
Mind seeking fitted food,  
Drawn, as it pondered;  
Back to the olden days  
Memory brings me,  
And many mournful lays  
Sadly it sings me.  
Woodlands around me roar,  
Wavelets do lave the shore,  
Sing me much—sing me more,  
O Conestoga!

Here once the Indian roved  
Wakefully, wildly!  
Looked at the maid he loved  
Tenderly, mildly!  
Slowly, and one by one,  
Red men have vanished;  
On to the setting sun,  
Red men are banished!  
Where other waters creep,  
Where other willows weep,  
There do thy Indians sleep,  
Lone Conestoga!





Still roll these waters on,  
Still do they sing me,  
As roll these waters on  
Thus do they sing me:  
Life, like the summer leaves,  
Fades once for ever!  
Life, like this gliding stream,  
Flows backward never!  
On to the silent sea,  
On to Eternity!  
Thus sing thy scenes to me,  
O Conestoga!

### MATINS AND VESPERS

Pray in the morning hour—  
Grace, like the light and dew,  
Is richest on the spirit shed,  
When thoughts are fresh and new,  
The rising sun lights up the heavens  
Before he shines below;  
So first on God, and then on earth,  
Your morning thoughts bestow.

Pray in the evening hour—  
Grace like the golden light,  
That opens when the sun is set,  
Will smile upon the night.  
The light still lingers on the sky,  
When all is dark below;  
So last on God, and not on earth,  
Your evening thoughts bestow.



#### IV.

### THE POETRY OF GERMAN PENNSYLVANIA.

by

JOSEPH HENRY DUBBS.

(Published in the *Guardian*. March, 1868, p. 85, under the pseudonym of "Joseph Henry").

We think it was Charles Leland, the eminent poet and translator, who some years ago suggested in *Graham's Magazine*, that an interesting book might be formed out of the legends and ballads of German Pennsylvania. We agree with him, and would respectfully commend this hitherto unworked vein to the attention of our young and ambitious litterateurs. To any native born Pennsylvania German, of poetic taste and culture, who has leisure and patience to make the necessary inquiries and collections, we can presage the discovery of a mass of materials of the extent and richness of which he would never have dreamed. Let him go almost from house to house—as Sir Walter Scott did when he collected the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,"—and gather from the lips of the aged the tales that were told, the superstitions that were current, and the songs that were sung in the days of their youth. He will reap a harvest, which—though entirely different in kind—will prove hardly less plentiful than that which rewarded the labors of the "Wizard of the North."

The present writer can claim no special familiarity with the "folk-lore" of German Pennsylvania, and merely ventures to make a few remarks with reference to its poetry, which, of course, constitutes but a small branch of the subject just indicated.





There is no doubt, that from the earliest settlement of the country, there have always been in Pennsylvania men of fine poetic taste, who were able to make agreeable verses in the German Language. Thus, Francis D. Pastorius, the founder of Germantown, who may be termed the father of the great German immigration, was the author of some beautiful stanzas which are still extant. The Protestant monks of Ephrata are also said to have composed a number of fine hymns, some of which the notorious Rapp, of Harmony, Pa., palmed off on his followers as original. Rev. Dr. Helmuth, who was at a later date pastor of the Lutheran church of Philadelphia, was also an accomplished poet. Without enumerating other names which would naturally suggest themselves, we merely remind the reader, that German poems have frequently appeared in our local papers, which, in the opinion of competent judges, would have been no discredit to the fatherland.

But, it may be asked, why did these men never write in the dialect of the people? We might answer, that in the last century, a kind of false dignity prevented most men of genius from condescending to write in a corrupted dialect. We are under the impression, that this was the case even in Germany, until Hebel and his contemporaries showed that the thing could be done, and well done.

But besides this, it might be urged that our peculiar dialect was not fully formed until a considerable time after the first settlement of Pennsylvania. Though it derives its origin principally from the Palatinate, it has received sundry modifications from various sources, and particularly by the admission of many English elements. It may now be said to consist of at least three plainly marked sub-dialects. One of these is principally spoken in Eastern Pennsylvania; the second west of the Schuyl-





kill; and the third among the lesser sects, in Lancaster county and elsewhere. The last mentioned sub-dialect is most unlike the others, and may at once be distinguished by its peculiar drawl.

We consider the idiom of Eastern Pennsylvania rather purer than the others. Many of its words are entirely different from those which are in use further west;—but, of course, our limited space forbids us from entering into particulars. It may, however, generally be recognized by the almost constant use of the diminutive affix *chen* where the second sub-dialect uses *lein*. Thus, a native of Northampton county generally calls a little pig *säuche'*, while a native of Lebanon almost invariably terms it *säulie* or *säulin*. Both expressions are equally proper—or, if you please, equally incorrect—but they serve to distinguish the several idioms.

It is not to be supposed, that because the scholars of the last century rarely condescended to write in the dialect of the people, the latter were, therefore, destitute of songs and ballads. Many of these had indeed been brought from Germany, and needed but little change to adapt them to their new relations. Besides these, there soon came into existence an almost innumerable number of rhymes of local origin,—short songs, epigrams, and *jeu d'esprit*—as the French would call them—which perhaps were never put on paper, but are not without considerable wit and humor. Thus, we remember a little ditty, which undeniably had its origin somewhere west of the Schuylkill:

“Anna Marieli, Zucherstieli,  
Koch mer gehle Rube’!  
Gehle Rube’ ess ich gern,  
Un’ klene Madeli buss ich gern  
Un’ grosse noch viel lieber!”

The first stanza of a song that was much sung in the





days of our childhood also occurs to us; it appears to be a mere jargon:

“Alte Windmuehl geht die Stross 'naus,  
Holt die Kuh haem, thut die Schof' naus.  
Warscht net 'nuf gekrattelt, warscht net'runner  
g'falle,  
Hatscht mei Schwester g'heiert, warscht mei  
Schwoger worre.”

When the writer went to school, more than twenty years ago, in an obscure corner of Eastern Pennsylvania, the boys sang almost any number of such songs. There was the familiar “Yankee Doodle Haversack,” and another which began “Hurrah for General Washington, Hurrah for Captain Stroh!” but for the life of us, we cannot remember what it was about. Some of these songs were changed and parodied again and again, and occasionally assumed a form that was anything but pure and commendable.

During the Mexican war, a number of dismal ballads, descriptive of battles, were written in Pennsylvania German by one of the volunteers. They were hawked about by the pedlars, and were very popular for a while, but are now forgotten. The first Pennsylvania German verses we remember to have seen in print were published, we think, about the year 1840, in a periodical entitled, “Der Deutsche in America.” The opening lines were,

“Betz, steik zu sellem Nest enuff,  
Un' hol die Oyer clean heraus.”

These lines are rather indelicate, and though we have never been able to forget them, we do not feel justified in quoting them at length. In August 1849, an evening hymn, “Margets scheint die Sunn so schoe,” appeared in Schaff's Kirchenfreund. It was written by Rev. Mr. Rondthaler of the Moravian Church, and is a beautiful





production,—barring some irregularities of metre, and an imperfect rhyme in the last stanza.

After the appearance of this hymn, several of our clerical friends tried their hand at Pennsylvania German Poetry, but they feared to run the risk of publication, and their productions never saw the light.

Dr. Schaff was justly pleased with Rev. Mr. Rondthaler's production, and knowing the peculiar genius of Dr. Harbaugh, he directed his attention to this species of poetry. The result was, that exquisite poem, "Das Schulhaus on der Krick."

Dr. Harbaugh was fearful that his poem might not be appreciated and consequently published it anonymously. It was, however, received with a perfect storm of applause, which certainly surprised no one as much as it did the author. We may here remark, that the Dr. was at first greatly annoyed at a blunder of the compositor. He had written:

"Now bin ich witter lewig z'ruck,  
Un' steh am Schulhaus an der Krick,  
Just nackst an's Datty's Haus."

The compositor made it Atty's Haus. Fortunately, the Dr. soon discovered, that the word Atty, or Aetti,—derived from the Old German Atta, father—was still extensively used in parts of Germany, and even by a few families in Pennsylvania, and he accordingly became reconciled to what we cannot help considering an accidental improvement.

Now followed in rapid succession a considerable number of Pennsylvania German lyrics, of which we think "Haemweh" decidedly the best. Of course the Dr's. efforts, like those of other poets, were not of equal excellence. Thus his "Peewee," though otherwise a fine poem, bears a strong, though of course undesigned, re-





semblance to Hebel's "Storch"; while his "Law Bisness" is so much inferior to his other productions as hardly to appear to be from the same hand.

Taking them altogether, Dr. Harbaugh's Pennsylvania German poems must be declared to be real poetry, and they have deservedly added much to their author's reputation. If, as some have declared, "light literature is apt to float longest on the stream of time," it is possible that these poems may be remembered when many of Dr. Harbaugh's weightier productions are forgotten.

When the writer first read "Schulhaus an der Krick," he was struck by the fact, that it was written in what we have designated as the second sub-dialect. With some words—such as *lewig* for *lebendig*, in the first stanza—he was not familiar. Then, too, there were far more English words in the poem than he had been accustomed to use in speaking Pennsylvania German. He accordingly, in February 1862, wrote a poem entitled "Schlitte-fahre," which appeared in the "Messenger." In these verses he endeavored to reproduce the peculiar idiom of Eastern Pennsylvania, while approaching at the same time as nearly as possible, the original German orthography. We give a few stanzas as a specimen:

"Die Schlittebah' is' witter do—  
Guck 'naus un' sehn wie's schneet!  
Die Buwe sin' gar ewig froh,  
Un, so sin' a die Mad,  
Un' ich muss g'steh ich fuhl a so,  
Ich schreib vor lauter Freed."

Wann's Fruhjohr kummt dann freh ich mich  
Un' sehn die Blumme gern;  
Im Summer lob ich Vatter, Dich,—  
Du gebst uns als die Ern!  
Un' Spotjohr's freet jo alles sich  
Un' nemmt de' Nuss die Kern.

Doch wann die Welt is' zugedeckt, etc."



The writer had the satisfaction of learning, that his verses met with the approbation of Dr. Harbaugh. That was enough. He had no desire to strive to enter a field that was already so worthily occupied. He has consequently never attempted to write another line in Pennsylvania German.

Since Dr. Harbaugh led the way, many verses have have been written in our Pennsylvania vernacular. The best of these that have come under our notice, appeared in the "Guardian" under the initials, E. K., by which we think we recognize an honored college classmate. We congratulate him on the success that has attended his efforts. They have a rhythm and a melody which are often sought in vain in similar productions. When we read his "Mahe mit der Deutsche Sens," we almost imagine we see the gleaming of the scythes, and hear the shouts of the mowers. This is an infallible criterion of true poetry.

Several other excellent poems have recently appeared in the "Guardian," and elsewhere: but it would be manifestly improper to speak at length of what is still fresh in the memory of our readers.

We respectfully suggest, that the day for writing Pennsylvania German poetry would seem to be almost past. Let us not forget that it is but a dialect at best and a very corrupt one at that. It was very well "to immortalize it in song before it dies out"; but this has been fully done, both by Dr. Harbaugh and his successors, who have reproduced and illustrated it in almost every conceivable way. Would it not be better, in future, for our young poets to occupy themselves in writing pure German or pure English, than to persist in giving us faint echoes of the music of the acknowledged Master of Pennsylvania German Poetry?













